June 24, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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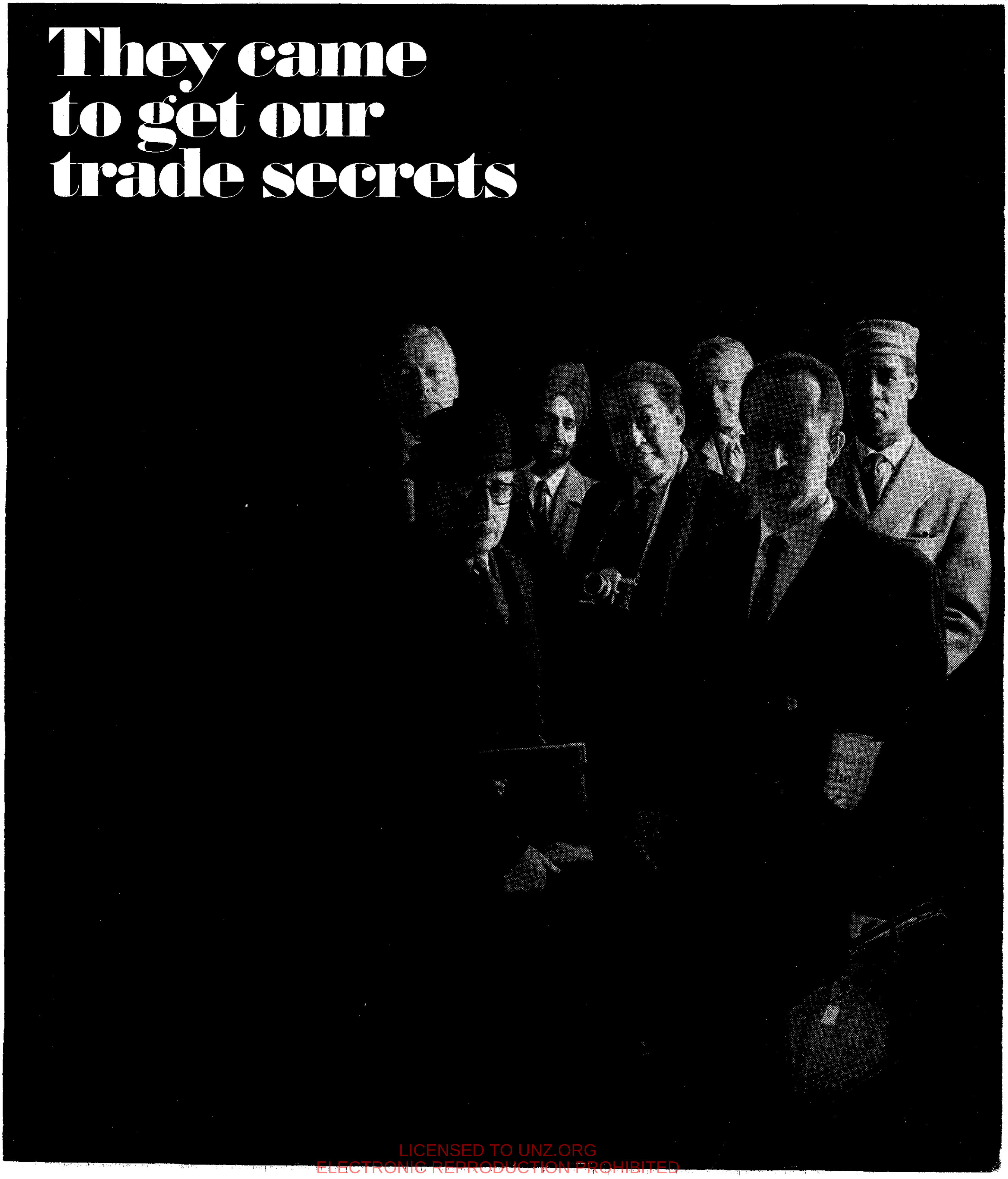

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the actors who perform in it are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

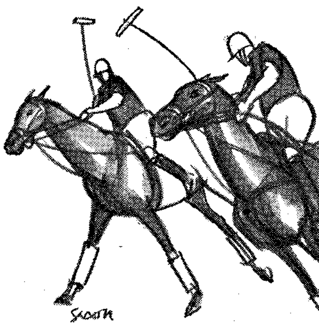
The Star-Spangled Girl—Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Sheilah Wells are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a folk singer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—*Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George* Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 25.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	1

Cabaret—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Leslie Uggams, Robert Hooks, and Allen Case head an excellent cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. Starting Monday, June 26, Billy Dee Williams will replace Mr. Hooks. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

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Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Jane Austen. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SWEET CHARITY:** A tale about a dancehall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, *with Florence Henderson and* Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Absolutely Freee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

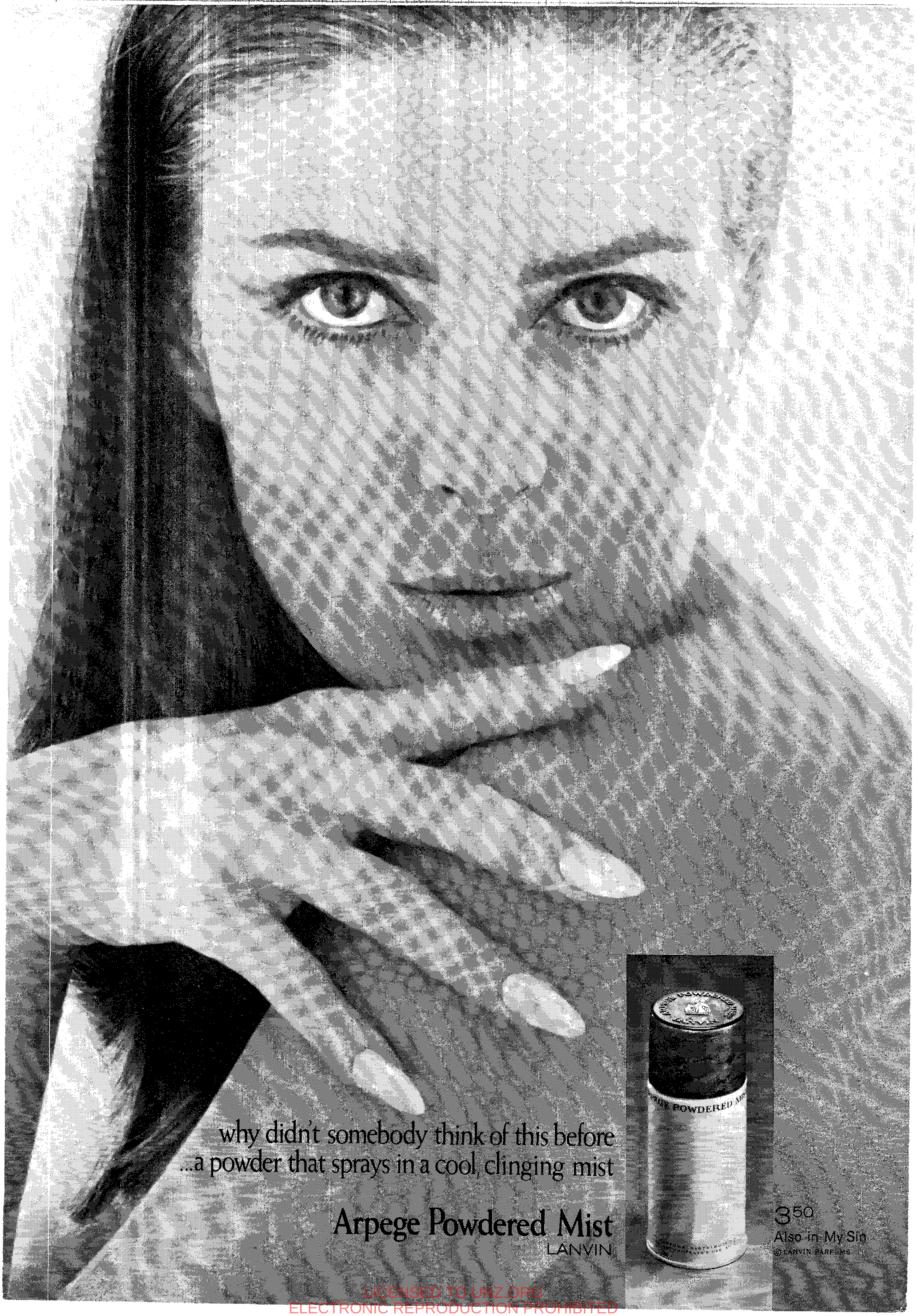
Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **MADAME BUTTERFLY**. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of the Shaw play, *with John Heffernan. Opens Thursday, June 22.* (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A return engagement, after an absence of four years, of Jean Erdman's lively adaptation of portions of "Finnegans Wake." The five members of the company, who act and pantomime and dance and recite, do quite well. Teiji Ito's music sounds just as delightful as it did the first time around, and Joyce's words sound just as wonderful. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No. 18, June 24, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.


why didn't somebody think of this before
...a powder that sprays in a cool, clinging mist
Arpege Powdered Mist
LANVIN
POWDERED MIST
3^{50}
Also in My Sin
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Drums in the Night—It is doubtful whether this very early play by Bertolt Brecht would mean much even if the acting and translation were good. They are not. The action takes place during a Communist uprising in Berlin immediately after the First World War. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—All persons are forbidden to enter upon or cross the tracks. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Closes Saturday, June 24.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Larry Richardson—With his company. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, June 26, at 8:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS**, with Joe Bova, Julienne Marie, John Call, and Charles Durning. The first in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 1. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. Opens Saturday, July 1. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box is ceded to the songs of Paul Anka, whose mission is to set a good example to the young people who make up his parish—a calling at which he is a lot better than the city bumpkins who overcrowd the trade of Pied Piper. The orchestra of Lee Evans is there most of the evening. After the soiree on Saturday, June 24, the enterprise begins a brief holiday.

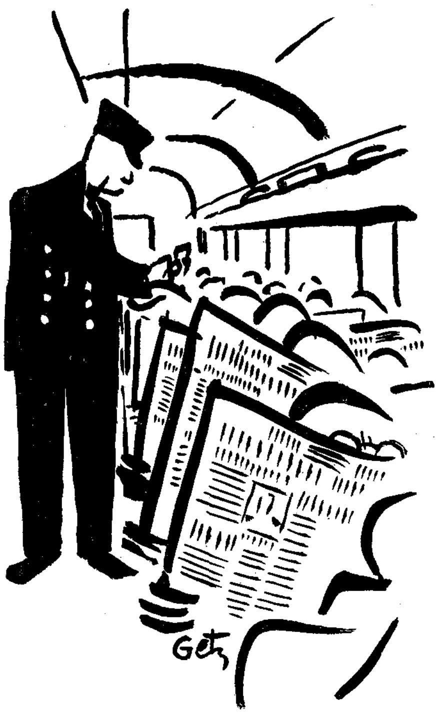
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—This is the old, familiar cityscape of which old, familiar Billy Reed is *padrone*, and now old, familiar Ernie Warren has moved his small band in, too. The dance tunes run from nine until two or three, except Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—It's generally the night before Christmas in the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Mondays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—William Makepeace Thackeray slept here, which is how he got the idea for "Vanity Fair." Lester Lanin (in person, not a myth) runs one band, George Anaya runs another. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The table talk in the Café Pierre, a small lap of luxury, is more hum than dinger; so is the deportment on the dance floor; so are the ministrations of Ben Cutler's cheery little orchestra, which is supplemented, between sets, by Brazilian guitar and song. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jack Jones, milkman's-matinée idol, delivers his fervent arias during the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room, where the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen in the charge of Mark Monte happen through the whole evening. Saturday, June 24, is Mr. Jones' last night. The establishment resumes activities on Wednesday, July 5. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.



Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—On Tuesday, June 27, the great outdoors of Rockefeller Center again becomes a dance pavilion, with music and provender from the English Grill.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Marmalade goes with everything on the menu at this top of the world, for Benny Goodman's clarinet is at work from nine until two, Sundays not included. So is his band, so is his soprano, Lynn Roberts.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—History repeating itself, in the sight and sound of Harry James and orchestra—not a bad way of studying history, or of dancing to it. On Monday, June 26, Bobby Hackett's All-Stars and Tony Pastor's sextet will take over the classroom, which is in session from eight until two every evening but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof will begin its summer festival on Friday, June 23, with George Cort's crew and Marco Rizo's band. They will pulsate from eight to two every night but Sunday and Monday. Tuesday, June 27, will be a black-tie evening.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W., at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The largest stretch of *rus in urbe* we own, equipped with trees, fireflies, open air, and dance tunes (both Latin and Manhattan) every feasible night of the week, beginning at seven-thirty and lasting until half-past twelve or even later. Everybody into the gym if it rains.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In Peacock Alley, Sonny Kendis and his small group play for dancing Tuesday through Thursday from eight to one, and on Friday and Saturday from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Their final night is Thursday, June 29.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—There's always room for one million more on the floor, and no harm can come to anyone, for the Killer-Diller and related exercises are barred. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "I Happen to Like New York" is the theme song, and the people who feel that way arrive for dinner and stay for supper. So do the combinations and permutations of Goldie Hawkins, Wayne Sanders, and Sam Hamilton, who keep one or another piano (or both of them) in a state of euphoria that is just about constant. Closes for ten days after Thursday, June 29. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court

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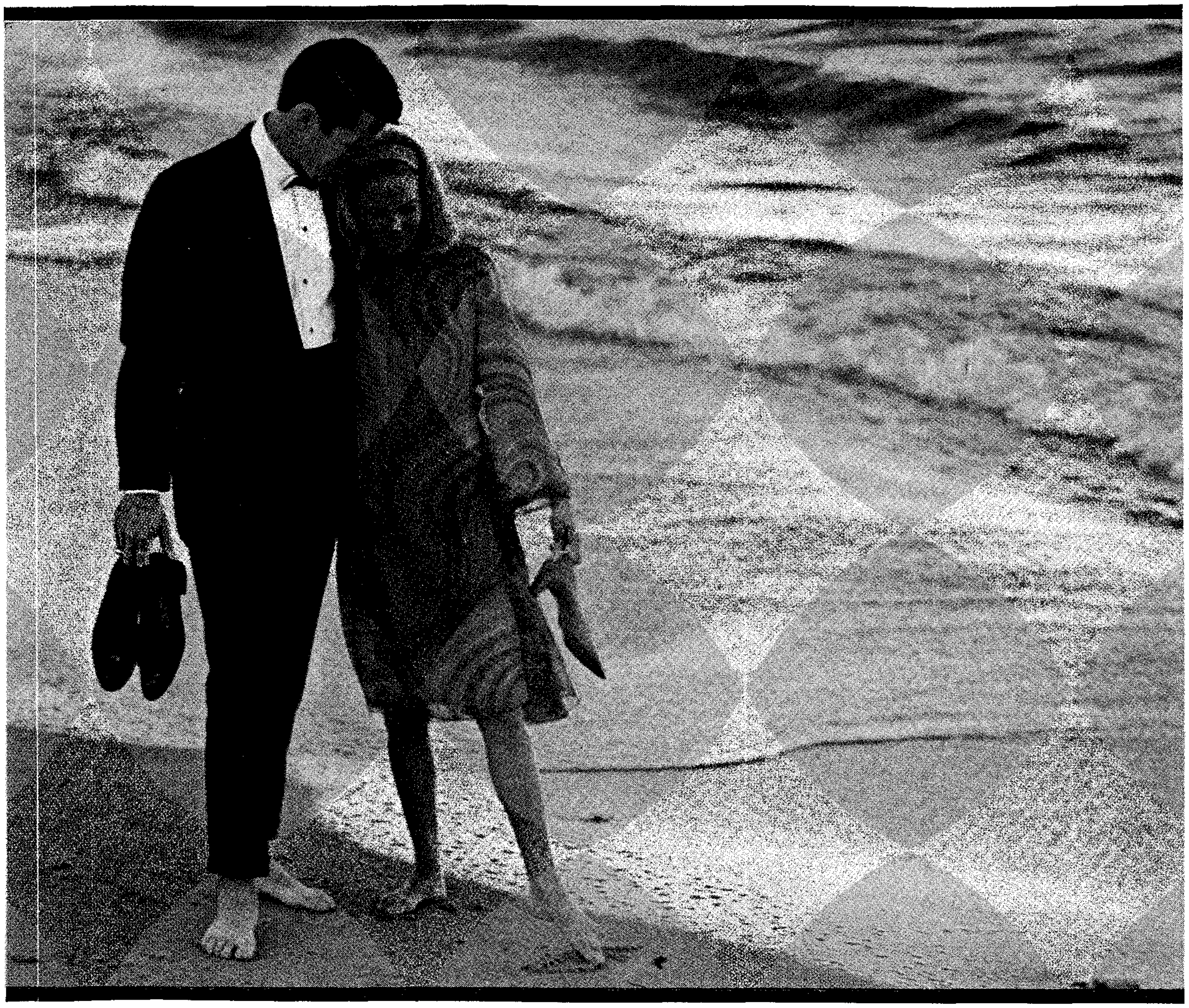

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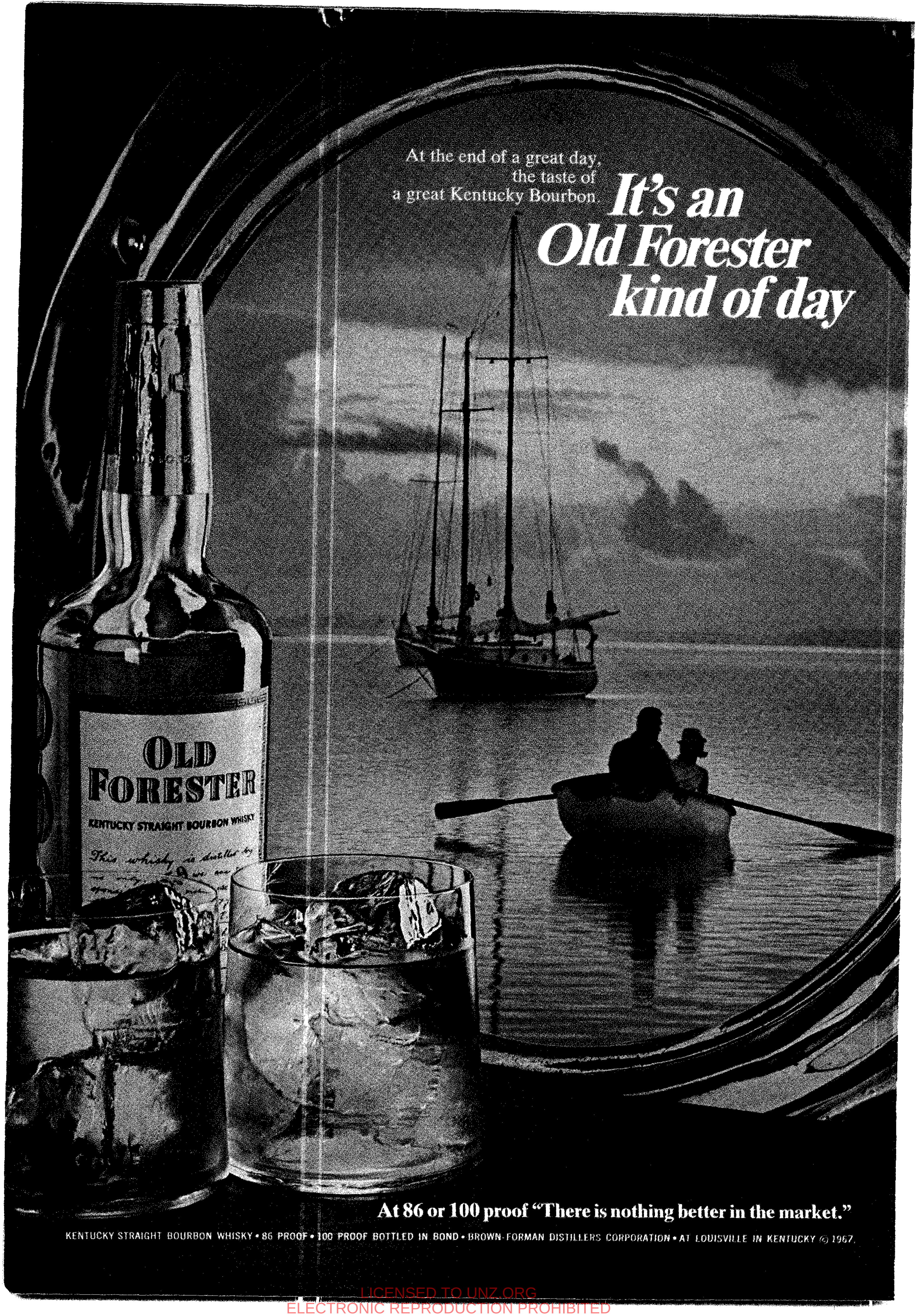
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

favorites. Closes for the summer after Sunday, June 25. . . . **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Himalayan landscape, but from eight to one you can hear the dance music quite clearly. It's worth your while Monday evenings, when Billy Rubenstein's superlative trio is at work, and throughout the six-to-eight session, Monday through Friday, when a threesome involving Allan Haig is at work. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one (done in the new manner of the musical-comedy ancestral drawing room) has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (whether it comes from a speaking tube or from Mortimer—the name the incumbent racket squad has chosen for itself), for it has the fury of a March wind and the Ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which little girls who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme. . . . **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, is at the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does homework, though, on Mondays and Wednesdays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the desultory piano of George Feyer, whose urban base of action this place is from eight-thirty until maybe two. Closed Sundays and Saturday, July 1. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. He will be away Sunday and Monday, and his last night is Friday, June 30. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells, appropriately, at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the courtly Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano discourses with authority and clarity, though without ever raising its voice, from six-thirty until midnight. No music Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Tillotson, a youthful troubadour, is the leading man now; Bobby Ramsen supplies the humor. And there are always the Copa ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. The Messrs. Tillotson and Ramsen depart on Wednesday, June 28; next evening's accessions are singer Nick Palmer and jokester Stu Gilliam. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Frankie Avalon is just what the prom-trotters ordered; the corps de ballet is for the untired businessman. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): All rites, including the Scandinavian, belong to the Great God Pan, none of whose subjects can be out of their twenties, though possibly out of their minds. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons for the dancers; the clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. Silence on Mondays. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The happy grasshopper skipping about the stage, twanging his guitar and voice, is Trini Lopez—happy because his arias indicate that winter is never going to come. He will disappear after Saturday, June 24.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. They show up at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening. The room goes on its summer vacation after Saturday, June 24. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. Ten is her earliest starting time, and her final night is Thursday, June 22. On Friday and Saturday, June 23-24, the brusque words of Flip Wilson will be heard, along with the songs of Joanne Morgan. On Monday, June 26, trial runs begin for a revision of the Upstairs revue, newly titled "Playoffs of Mixed Doubles," in which Miss Graubart and Larry Moss will appear. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reading between the lines of Thelonious Monk's piano is an exercise best assigned to wizards. His quartet and the quartet of Gary Burton take turns on the stand. Their closing night is Sunday, June 25; Archie Shepp's quartet is due on Tuesday, June 27. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The glittery caravanserai is showing off, along with its collection of discothèque records, a new line of imported goods—Rubin Mitchell, a pianist from Jamaica, and his triad. A menu of some note is also afforded. On Monday, June 26, Marian McPartland's trio will succeed the Mitchells. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the street floor, the present incumbents are jazz-pianist Patti Bown and Ellen Starr, who sings to her own piano accompaniment. Monday nights are given to the thoughtful threesome of Daphne Hellman, which is In My Lady's Chamber. Dining of a sort. . . . ¶ In the grotto, Chad Mitchell, a worthy singer; the fivesome of John Handy; and comedian Richard Pryor very fully occupy the big stage. Mondays, the sound is made, instead, by this or that Latin band. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, and Bob Wilber. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**. 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Plain as an old board fence, but the Think music is more intricate. It comes now from Yusef Lateef's quartet. On Tuesday, June 27, Blue Mitchell's quintet moves in. Sun Ra's squad of ten cabalists fill in on Mondays. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott's determined clarinet heads up the local quintet. Sundays, the Jazz Interactions play from five to ten; then discothèque music takes over. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The Elvin Jones quartet, upon which the hopes of many advanced thinkers are pinned, is in residence. The music runs from ten to three, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Clark Terry's band, indefatigable and incandescent, oversees this little pizza palace. Its last night is Sunday, June 25. On Tuesday, June 27, another crew arrives. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. Josh White, who was in on the birth of folk music, withdraws on Saturday, June 24. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, a rock-'n'-roll group, will check in on Friday, June 30. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting scholars.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM ACCORSI—A group of playground sculptures utilizing motion; through Friday, June 30. (Union Square Park, Broadway at E. 14th St.)

GEORGE BIRELINE—Abstract color-field paintings; through Friday, June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

FABER BIRREN—Studies in color by a color technician and his students; through Saturday, July 1. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JUAN GRIS—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist who died forty years ago; through Friday, June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULES MOIGNIEZ—Bird and animal sculptures by a nineteenth-century French artist; through Friday, June 30. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORA NOVAK—One gallery-filling piece of sculpture; through Friday, June 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Saturdays.)

NATHAN OLIVEIRA—Figurative watercolors and drawings; through Friday, June 30. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—An exhibition of drawings that is running simultaneously with his show (ending Sunday) at the Whitney Museum; through Friday, June 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

HARRY SOVIAK AND LEO RABKIN—Collages by the former and Plexiglas light-boxes by the latter; through Saturday, June 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Outdoor/indoor pieces by Bruno Lucchesi, Laura Ziegler, Chaim Gross, Elliot Offner, and Hugo Robus; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Sculpture by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Oils, watercolors, and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, among them Kensett, Weir, and Currier; through July 8. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by Freilicher, Goodnough, Grooms, Porter, and others associated with the gallery; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by newcomers working in a variety of advanced modes; through Friday, June 23. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by, for example, Isabel Bishop, Roy Moyer, and Waldo Peirce; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Items by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Lithographs, etchings, and other prints by an extensive list of contemporaries; through Friday, June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **SACHS**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Howard Mehring and Warren Brandt are two of the five participants in a show of paintings; through Friday, June 23.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings by Avery, Cuevas, Santomaso, and others; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Language to be looked at, things to be read, by well-known contemporaries, from Duchamp to Flavin; through Wednesday,

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June 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . EGAN, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . FRUMKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few); through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . WISE, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by LeParc, Maddox, and Takis; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the ADRIA ART GALLERY, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through Friday, June 30. . . . BIANCHINI, 50 W. 57th St.: Master drawings (sixteenth century through the nineteenth) by Daubigny, Lorrain, Bernini, Guardi, and others of the French and Italian schools; through Friday, June 23. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: Kokoschka, Nolde, Bonnard, and Vuillard are among those represented in a loan exhibition of oils, watercolors, and prints surveying the city of Hamburg; through July 7. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by such gallery artists as Giacometti, Dubuffet, and Miró; through Friday, June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-two prints depicting artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Whimsical pieces by Alexander Calder, presented to the Museum by the artist; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," on loan at the Museum, comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-eight boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well known in the art world since the thirties; through Sunday, June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of over a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by Jules Pascin; through Sunday, June 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) Complementing this exhibit is the Pascin show at the Frumkin Gallery, 41 E. 57th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through Sunday, June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Katherine Anne Porter, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., John Hall Wheelock, and Gunther Schuller. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by David Burliuk, John Heliker, Dennis Leon, William Thon, and others. Through Sunday, June 25. (Daily, 1 to 4.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 28. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Friday, June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Lucia Popp, George Shirley, John Reardon, and Jerome Hines. The last in a series of non-subscription performances. (Thursday, June 22, at 8.)

Hamburg State Opera—Appearing here for the first time, in a series of performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. Friday, June 23, at 8: The New York première of Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," with Enriqueta Tarres, Edith Mathis, Hubert Hofmann, and Richard Cassilly. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8: The New York première of Berg's "Lulu," with Anneliese Rothenberger, Kerstin Meyer, Erwin Wohlfahrt, Toni Blankenheim, and Gerhard Unger. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 3 (at Philharmonic Hall): Leopold Ludwig directing a performance of "Der Freischütz" in concert form, with Arlene Saunders, Edith Mathis, Ernst Kozub, and Gerd Feldhoff. . . . ¶ Monday, June 26, at 8 (back at the Met): "Jenufa," with Nadezda Kniplova, Luisa Bosabalian, Richard Cassilly, and Ragnar Ulfung. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 8: The American première of Klebe's "Jacobovsky and the Colonel," with Arlene Saunders, Oskar Czerwenka, Gerhard Stolze, and Erwin Wohlfahrt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 8: The American première of Schuller's "The Visitation" (in English), with Jeanette Scovotti, Kerstin Meyer, Felicia Weathers, McHenry Boatwright, Heinz Blankenburg, and Erwin Wohlfahrt. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 29, at 8: "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Arlene Saunders, Tatiana Troyanos, Loren Driscoll, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Friday, June 30, at 8: A repeat performance of the June 23 "Mathis der Maler." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: A repeat performance of the

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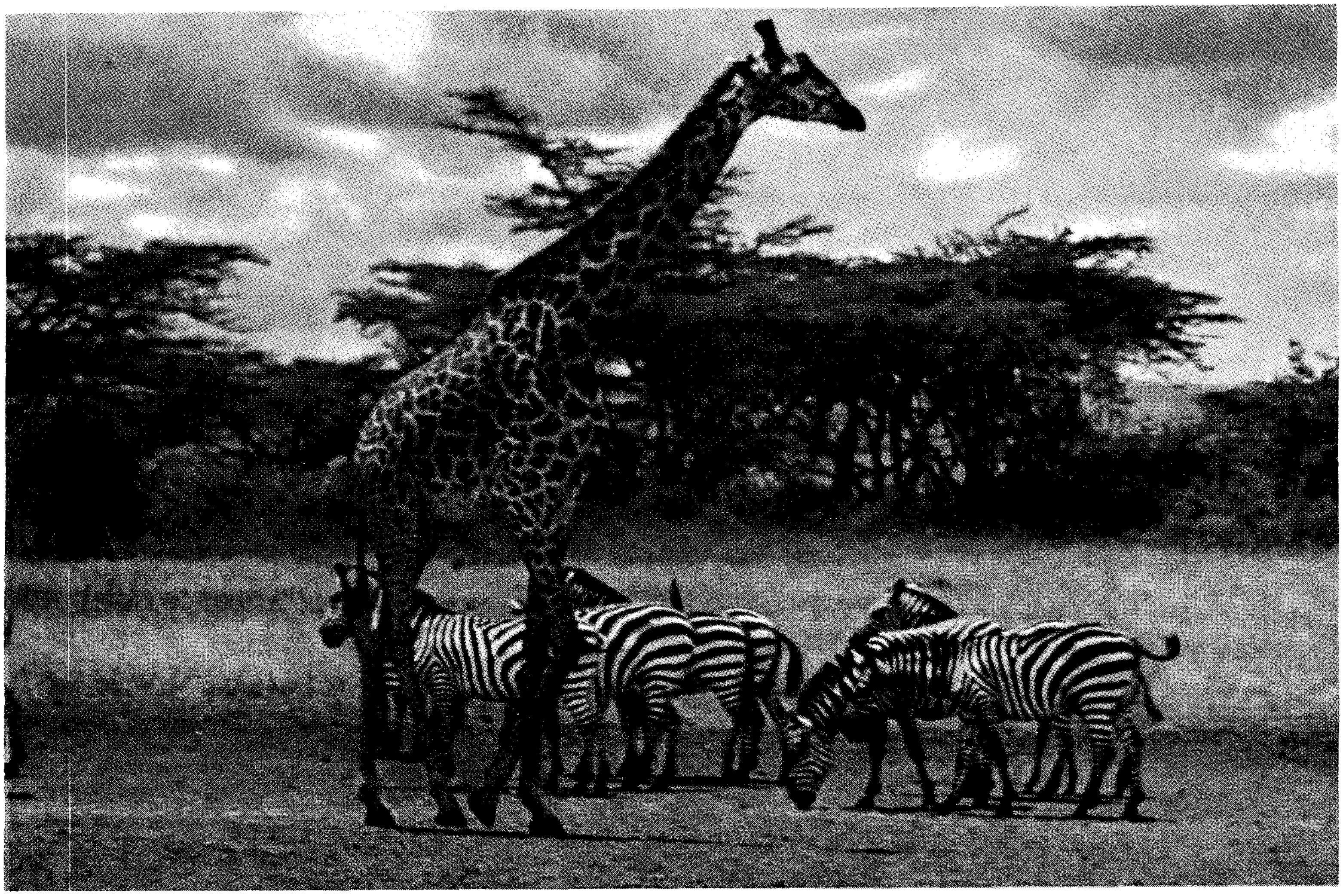

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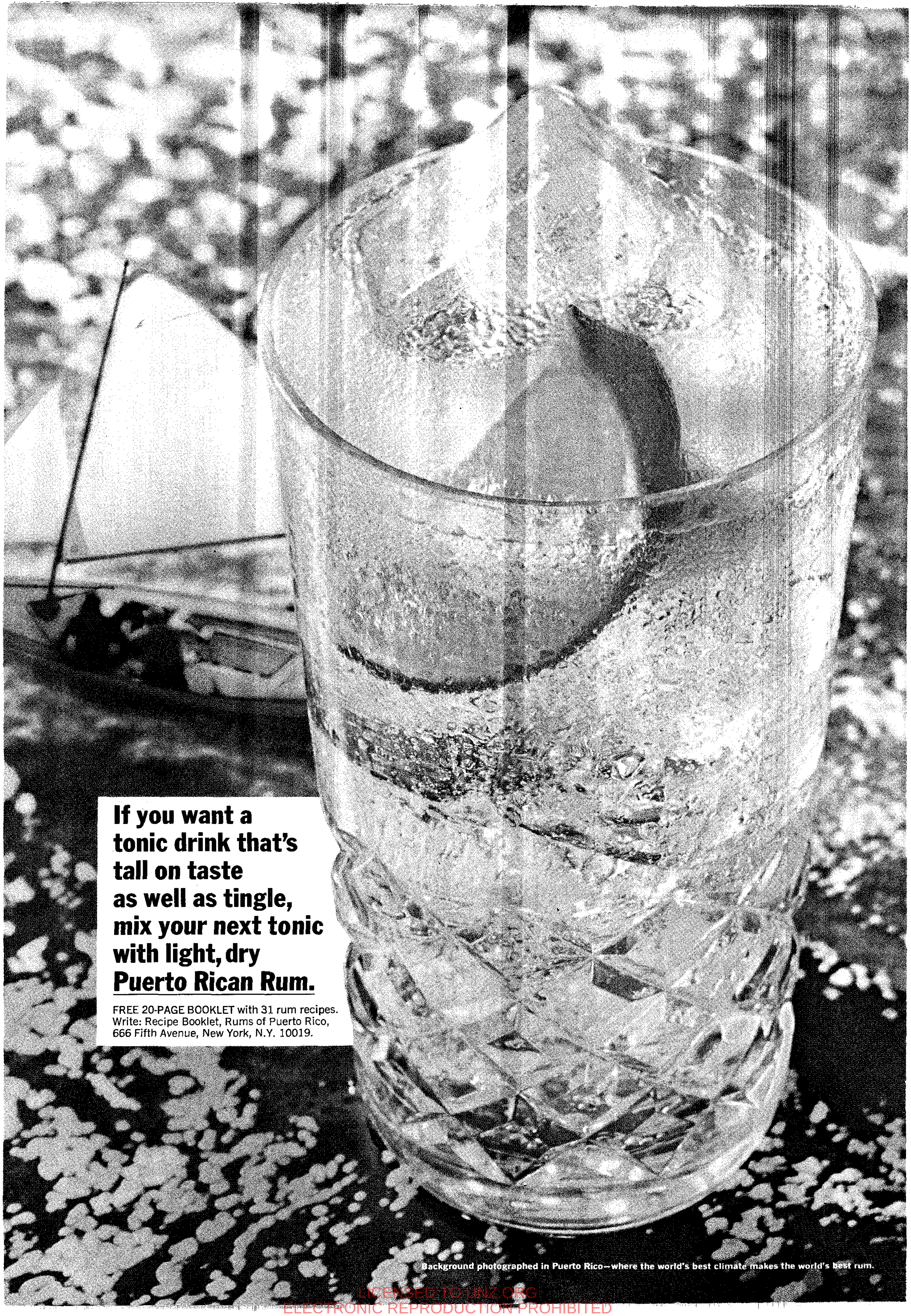

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 29 "The Rake's Progress."... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: A repeat performance of the June 24 "Lulu."... ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 8: A repeat performance of the June 28 "The Visitation."

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—The first five in a series of eight nonsubscription performances. Thursday, June 22, and Saturday, June 24: Leonard Bernstein directing performances of Mahler's Second Symphony, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York.... ¶ Wednesday, June 28, and Friday, June 30: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Saturday, July 1: Karel Ancerl conducting, with Jane Marsh, soprano. (Evenings at 8:30. Through Saturday, July 8.)

Hamburg State Opera—Leopold Ludwig directing a performance of "Der Freischütz" in concert form, with Arlene Saunders, Edith Mathis, Ernst Kozub, and Gerd Feldhoff. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, June 25, at 3.)

L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—At Philharmonic Hall, Ernest Ansermet conducting the orchestra, appearing here for the first time, in two performances. Sunday, June 25, at 8:30: With Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Catherine Eisenhoffer, harp; and Doris Rossiaud, piano.... ¶ Monday, June 26, at 8:30: No soloists.

Bath Festival Orchestra—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and playing the violin in the first in a series of concerts. Also with Jacqueline du Pré, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, June 29, at 8:30. Through Thursday, July 13.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: The Metropolitan Opera presenting two operas in concert form. Saturday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 25), "La Bohème," with Anna Moffo, Laurel Hurley, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Bruno Prevedi, William Walker, and Paul Franke.... **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx: Tuesday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), concert production of "Madame Butterfly" by the Met, with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Bruno Prevedi, William Walker, and Paul Franke.... **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Wednesday, June 28, at 8 (rain date, June 29), "La Bohème" in concert form, with the Met's Anna Moffo, Jean Fenn, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Russell Christopher, and John Macurdy.... **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), the Metropolitan's concert production of "Tosca," with Jean Fenn, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, Russell Christopher, and Fernando Corena.... **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays, except June 22, and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Virgil Thomson will share in the conducting on Thursday, June 29.)... **WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians; musical salutes to various nations; and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Some concerts start at 6, some at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Louis Armstrong, Stan Getz, Joe Williams, and Buddy Rich.... **RIVERSIDE PARK:** Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second in a series of three concerts. (Saturday, June 24, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in Public School No. 75, West End Ave. at 95th St.)

Jazz—Thursday, June 22, at 8:30: Freddie Hubbard's sextet.... Thursday, June 29, at 8:30: Claude Hopkins' sextet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)... ¶ Count Basie's band, Arthur Prysock, and Stan Getz's quintet, in a benefit concert. (Village Theatre, 105 Sec-

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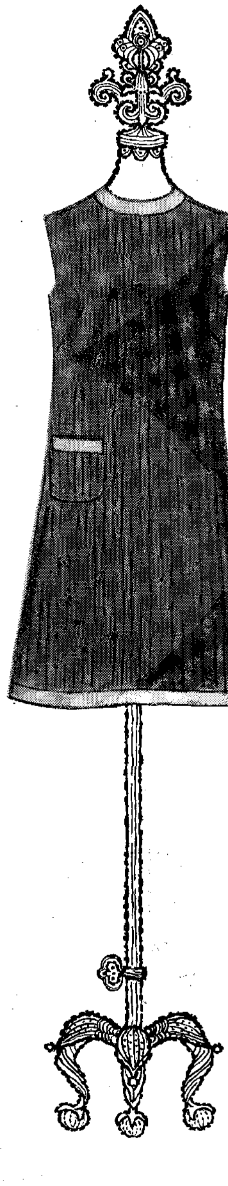

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ond Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Sunday, June 25, at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 20—Friday, June 30, at 7: Malcolm Frager, piano, in a Beethoven-Prokofieff program. . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in three Beethoven-Prokofieff programs. Friday, June 30, at 9: With Yehudi Menuhin, violin. . . . Saturday, July 1, at 8: With David Clatworthy, bass-baritone. . . . Sunday, July 2, at 2:30: With Malcolm Frager, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 27—Thursday and Friday, June 29-30: Harry Belafonte and Miriam Makeba. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, July 1-2: Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Bath Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. Also with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, June 30, at 8: "Schlitz Salute to Jazz 1967," with Olatunji, Earl Hines, Roy Eldridge, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Pee Wee Russell, Willie the Lion Smith, Don Ewell, Count Basie and his orchestra, Buck Clayton, Buddy Tate, Joe Williams, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Connie May, and Albert Ayler's quintet; Father Norman O'Connor and Billy Taylor, narrators. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 2: "The Five Faces of Jazz," with Herbie Mann's octet, Dizzy Gillespie, Olatunji, Gabor Szabo, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 1, at 8: Nina Simone, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, Herbie Mann's sextet, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Earl Hines' quartet (with Budd Johnson), John Handy's quintet, and Gary Burton's quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 2: "Saxophone Workshop," with Booker Ervin's quartet, John Handy, Buddy Tate, Illinois Jacquet, Bud Freeman, Budd Johnson, Roy Haynes, and the Sharps and Flats (a twenty-piece jazz orchestra from Japan). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 2, at 8: Woody Herman's orchestra, Miles Davis's quintet, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Max Roach's quintet, the Bill Evans trio, the Blues Project, and Marilyn Maye. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 2: The Milford Youth Band (with Boots Mussulli), Rolf Kuhn's quartet, and Don Ellis and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Monday, July 3, at 8: Lionel Hampton and his alumni orchestra, Sarah Vaughan, Dave Brubeck's quartet (with Paul Desmond), Wes Montgomery's trio, the Red Norvo All-Stars, Ruby Braff, Jack Lesberg, Illinois Jacquet's trio, and Milt Buckner. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by Ellen Everett and William Glassman, Betty Jones and Fritz Ludin, and the Mariano Parra Ballet Español. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 29, at 3; Friday, June 30, at 8:40; and Saturday, July 1, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 23, at 8; Saturday, June 24, at 7; and Sunday, June 25, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, June 26, at 8, and Tuesday, June 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday and Thursday, June 28-29, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 30, at 8, and Saturday, July 1, at 2:15.

Crew—New York Athletic Club Regatta. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Saturday, June 24, at 10.)

Golf—Women's Metropolitan Golf Association Championship. (Somerset Hills Country Club, Bernardsville, N.J. Through Friday, June 23.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 24, at 8.)

Pan-American Games Trials—Equestrian events, for the selection of the United States dressage team. (Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J. Thursday and Friday, June 29-30.). . . ¶ Rowing events for eights and single sculls. (Orchard Beach Lagoon, the Bronx. Thursday through Saturday, June 29-July 1.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 24; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 28; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 1. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.). . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 24.

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION: New York (represented by Cerro of Uruguay) vs. Dallas (represented by Dundee United of Scotland), Tuesday, June 27, at 8. . . . NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE: Generals vs. Philadelphia Spartans, Saturday, July 1, at 8.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen: Saturday, June 24, at 10, and Sunday, June 25, at 1:05.

Tennis—Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Through Sunday, June 25.). . . ¶ New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Monday, June 26, through Sunday, July 2.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

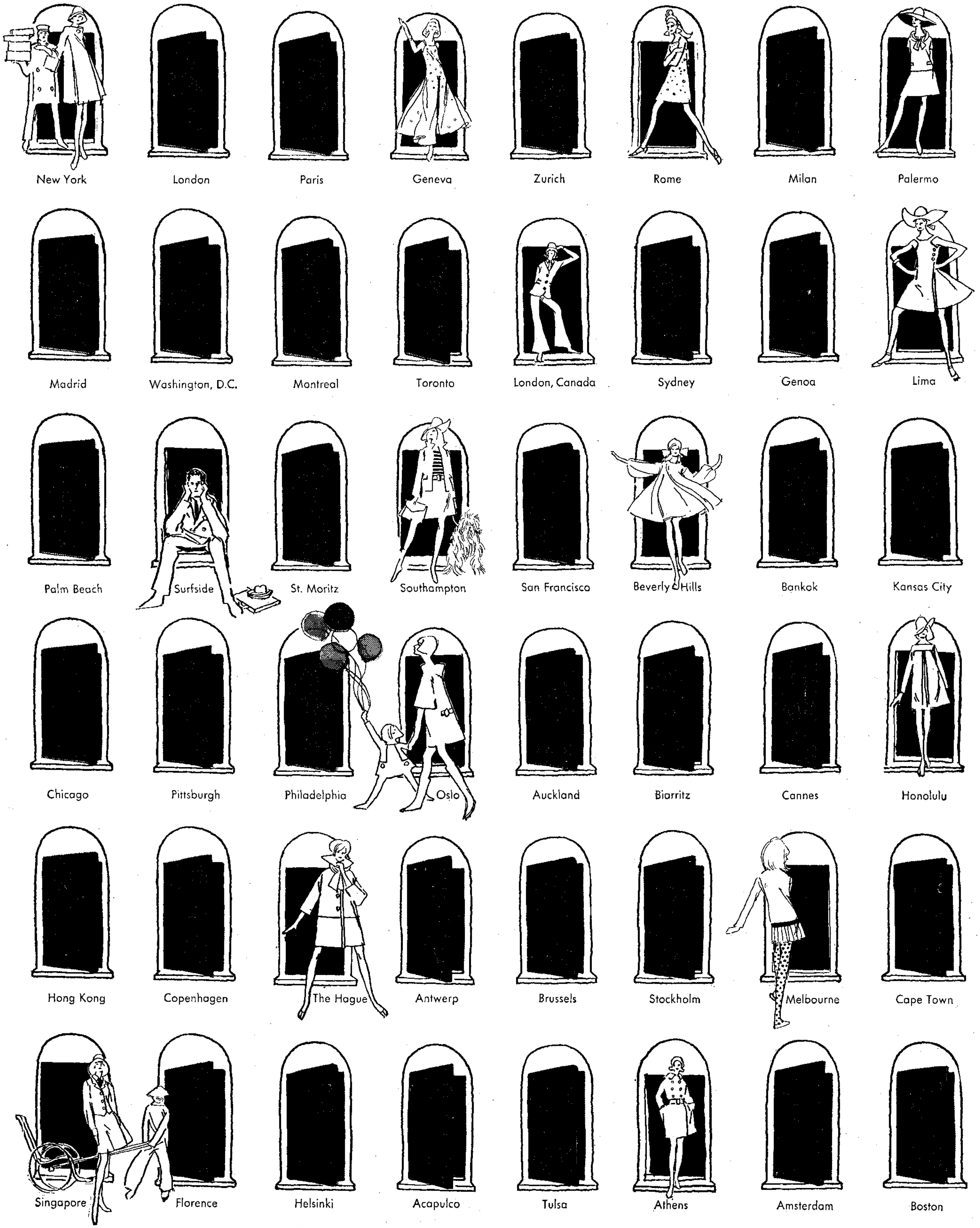
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the General Assembly's special session, as well as meetings of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 30), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Thursday, June 22, at 8:30: Robert Lowell reading translations of the Czechoslovak poetry of Miroslav Holub; the Australian poet, A.D. Hope, reading from his own works; and Leo Vroman reading from his own and from other Dutch poetry, together with Adrienne Rich reading her translations of these works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 8:30: Günter Grass and Hans Magnus Enzensberger reading from their own works, in German, accompanied by English translations. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

Festival of New Czechoslovak Cinema—The final programs in a series of films at the Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St. (245-3200)—Friday, June 23, at 6:15: "Wandering" (1965). . . . ¶ Friday, June 23, at 8:45: "The Daisies" (1966). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 6:15: "When the Cat Comes" (1963). . . . ¶ Saturday, June 24, at 8:45: "A Difficult Love" (1966). . . . ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 6:15: "The End of August at the Hotel Ozone" (1965). . . . ¶ Sunday, June 25, at 8:45: "Hotel for Strangers" (1966). . . . ¶ Monday, June 26, at 6:15: "Nobody Laughs Last" (1965). . . . ¶ Monday, June 26, at 8:45: "Diamonds of the Night" (1964). . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 6:15: "The First Cry" (1963). . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 27, at 8:45: "Courage for Every Day" (1964). . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 6:15: "Lady of the Trolley Tracks" (1966). . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 28, at 8:45: "The Fifth Horseman Is Fear" (1964).

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Final auction of the season. Thursday, June 22, at 10:30 and 1:45: French and other furniture, Baccarat and Steuben glass, Dresden and other porcelain, pottery and faience, Oriental rugs, and decorative objects; from various collectors.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon specializes in affixing shiny lines to a gossamer plot, and his adaptation of his Broadway play makes an admirable movie. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, June 24, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through June 27. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting June 28.)

Casino Royale—David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Deborah Kerr, Orson Welles, Ursula Andress, and a dozen other playful types have a fine time skittering through a farce of surpassingly silly complexity. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

Grand Prix—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camerawork and sound recording, and among the cast are Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, and Eva Marie Saint. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Starting Saturday, June 24, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; starting June 23.)

A Guide for the Married Man—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers, and nearly every other comedian you can name. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. . . . ¶ Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; through June 27.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Starting Saturday, June 24, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—A successful adaptation of the Broadway musical, with Robert Morse, Rudy Vallée, and Michele Lee. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 28.)

The Jokers—Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed as a pair of young London scamps who steal the Crown Jewels not for money but for fame. Well directed by Michael Winner. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

King of Hearts—A fantasy about a soldier at the end of the First World War, alone on a mission in a French village deserted by everyone except lunatics and animals. Philippe de Broca rescues it from feyness and makes some of it touching and strange. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Made in Italy—A delightful assortment of picture-postcard views of the Italian landscape, thickly peopled. Directed by Nanni Loy and starring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Sister, My Love—A Swedish chronicle of a tragic love affair between a brother and sister. Starring Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle, and directed by Vilgot Sjöman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 28, tentative.)

Persona—Ingmar Bergman's latest, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. A beautiful, difficult study of how little we are whom we seem to be. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 27.)

Rush to Judgment—Mark Lane examining the witnesses in his posthumous defense case of Oswald. Crucial and mostly convincing testimony. Directed by Emile de Antonio, who made the McCarthy feature, "Point of Order!" (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; June 22.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, June 24, matinées daily at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—A Negro schoolteacher instills righteousness into a class of London East End teenagers. The film offers Sidney Poitier, miniskirts, and rock, but not much to rescue the story from priggishness. Directed by James Clavell, who adapted it from a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. On the same bill is a French movie, "Chickamauga," which is a tract against all wars, past, present, and future. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through June 27.)

You Only Live Twice—The new James Bond, with the "true" 007, Sean Connery, and the true technological rampaging of the original producers, Saltzman and Broccoli. But there is less implicit self-mockery than before, and the gagging sadism has grown a bit brutish. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through June 26.)

Casanova '70 (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

Chronicle of a Summer (1960)—A pioneer feature-length specimen of *cinéma vérité*, photographed by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 27-28.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 23.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey in an account of present-day London life. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 27.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through June 26.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 27.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 24-26, last showing on June 26 at 2:35.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 28.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness plays the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 28.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

Séance on a Wet Afternoon (1964)—A British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 22.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 24-26, last showing on June 26 at 3:45.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 28.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—June 22 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Doctor Beware" (1941), in Italian, with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ June 23 at 2 and June 24 at 11:30 and 3: "Kriemhild's Revenge" (1923), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ June 25-26, showings at 2: "A Woman of the World" (1925), with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ June 27-28, showings at 2: "Aerograd" (1935), in Russian, no English titles. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." Through June 23: "Broadway Melody of 1929," with Charles King. . . . ¶ June 24: "Broadway Melody of 1936," with Eleanor Powell. . . . ¶ June 25: "Broadway Melody of 1938," with Eleanor Powell. . . . ¶ June 27-28: "Babes in Arms" (1939), with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through June 27: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From June 28: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through June 27: **BLOW-UP.**
From June 28: "The Family Way," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through June 28: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 27: "Don't Make Waves," Tony Curtis, Claudia Cardinale.
From June 28: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TO SIR, WITH LOVE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 27: **BLOW-UP.**
From June 28: "The Family Way," Hayley Mills, John Mills.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 27: "Born Free," revival, Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From June 28: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 27: "Don't Make Waves," Tony Curtis, Claudia Cardinale.
From June 28: "Woman Times Seven," Shirley MacLaine.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 27: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.
From June 28: "Three," a Yugoslavian film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 27: "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux; and "Kimberly Jim," Jim Reeves.
From June 28: "El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Sea Pirate," Terence Morgan.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
CASINO ROYALE.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through June 26: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and **8½** (in Italian), revival.
From June 27: "Deathwatch," Leonard Nimoy.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 27: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom; and "Sallah" (in Hebrew), revival.
From June 28: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **THE WRONG BOX**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 27: **THE WAR GAME.**
From June 28: **BLOW-UP.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
CASINO ROYALE.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through June 27: **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From June 28 (tentative): **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 27: "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux; and "Kimberly Jim," Jim Reeves.
From June 28: "El Dorado," John Wayne, Robert Mitchum; and "The Sea Pirate," Terence Morgan.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 25: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.
From June 26: "Palaces of a Queen," a tour of six palaces belonging to Queen Elizabeth II.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
KING OF HEARTS.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
June 22: **RUSH TO JUDGMENT.**
From June 23: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through June 26: "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux.
From June 27, at 8:30 "Woman Times Seven," Shirley MacLaine. (Opening night by invitation only.)

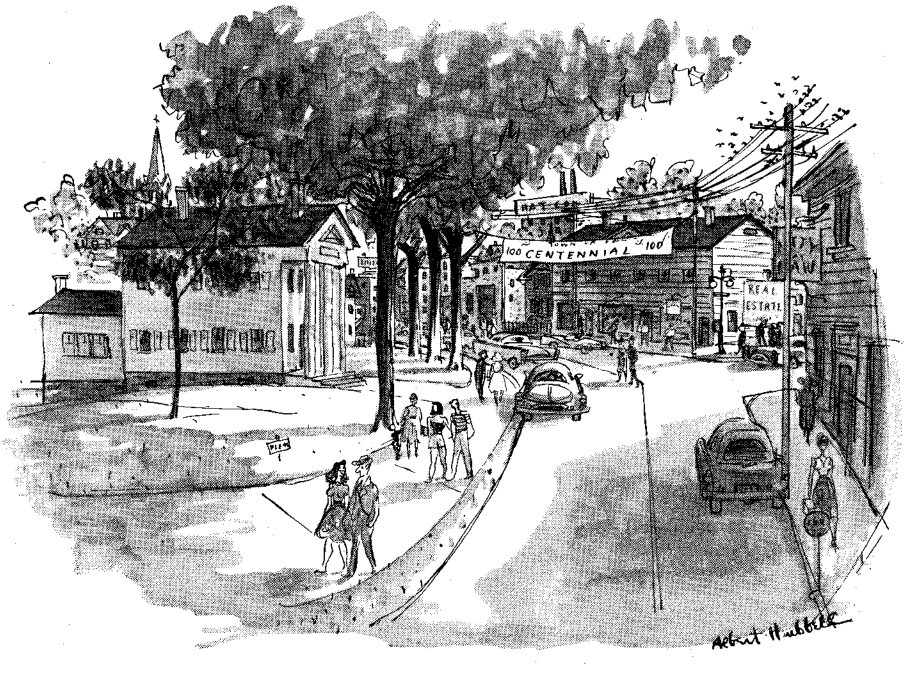
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 23: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival; and "Glorifying the American Girl," revival, Mary Eaton, Helen Morgan.
June 24-26 (last showing on June 26 at 2:35): **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **IT'S A GIFT**, revival.
June 26 at 7, 8:30, and 10: Underground films.
June 27-28: **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (in French), revival; and "Alphaville" (in French), revival, Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 27: **DARLING**, revival; and "The Caper of the Golden Bulls," Stephen Boyd, Yvette Mimieux.
From June 28: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 22: **SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON**, revival; and **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival.
June 23: **M** (in German), revival; and **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival.
June 24: "The Would-Be Gentleman" and "The Marriage of Figaro" (both French revivals, performed by the Comédie-Française).
June 25: "Queen of Spades" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).
June 26: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian), revival; and "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry.
June 27: "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo," revival, a documentary film; and four art films.
June 28: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 27: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
From June 28 (tentative): **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish).



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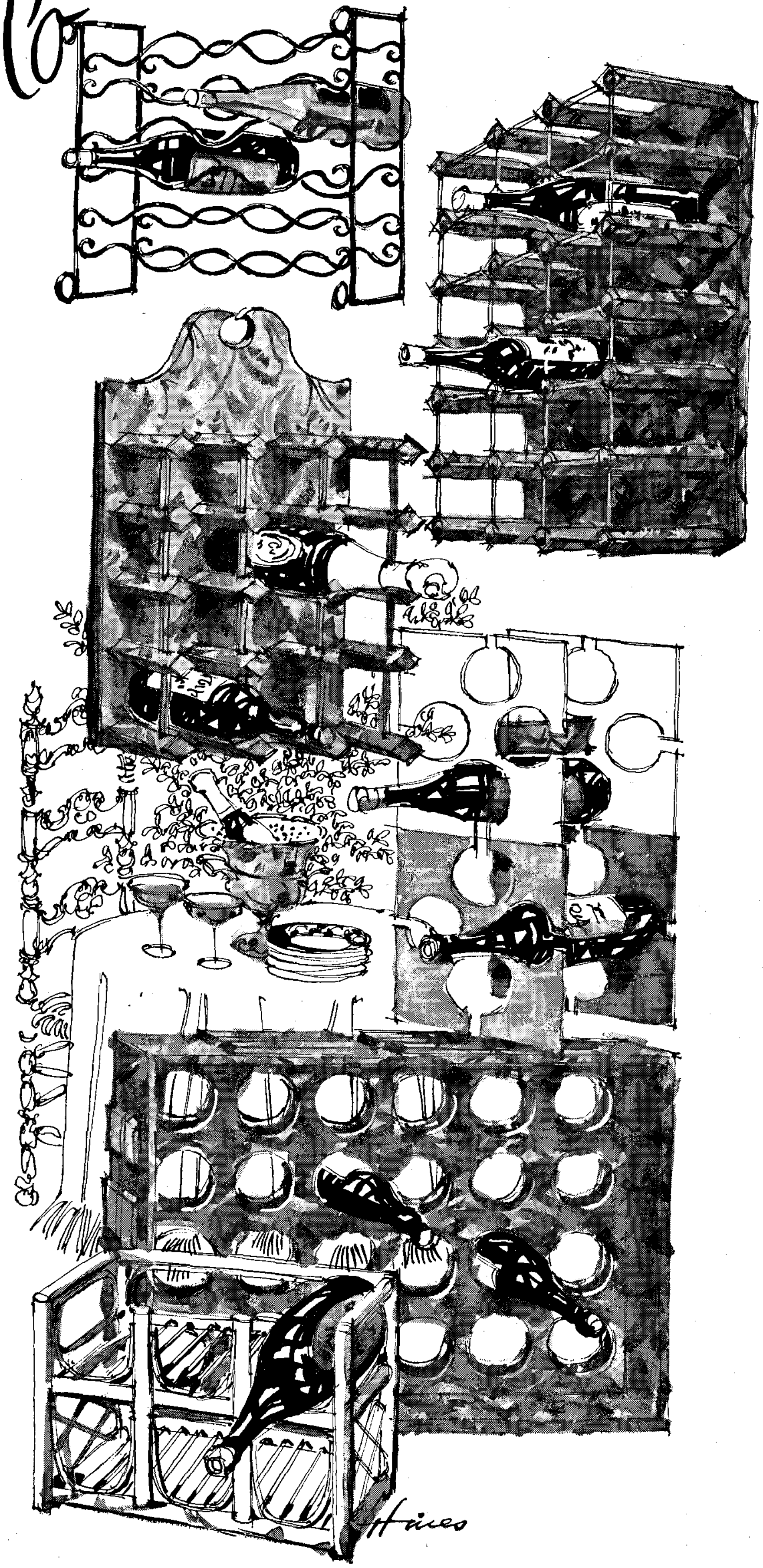
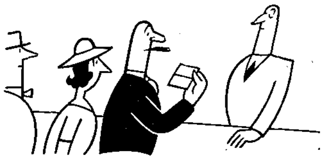


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

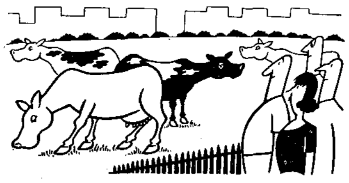
ANYONE who fears that New York's lottery will bring into the state a rash of activities and attitudes appropriate to a gambling casino need merely look at a lottery ticket to have his fears assuaged. Whereas we might have expected the ticket's designers to come up with an elaborate, curlicued certificate, we find that the New York State lottery ticket is a straightforward bit of paper that could almost be mistaken for a baggage-claim check. The ticket itself (which costs a dollar, and consists of two connected small sheets, the top sheet being the ticket proper and the bottom sheet a receipt) has overtones not of heady nights in a pleasure dome but of quiet days about one's own house. In the background of the ticket proper, reproductions of the state seal appear against pale stripes of cucumber green. The printing, in garden-hose black and winesap red, is so plain and familiar-looking as to reassure the most timorous. The receipt underneath is quite homely, too, being printed in privet green and geranium red on paper as thin as a lettuce leaf. Even the numbers—which are printed in the peculiar, deformed figures that computers seem to require—have the wooden solidity of an old set of golf clubs. Far from being flamboyant, a New York State lottery ticket is a modest, unassuming little document that looks as though it's worth about a dollar.

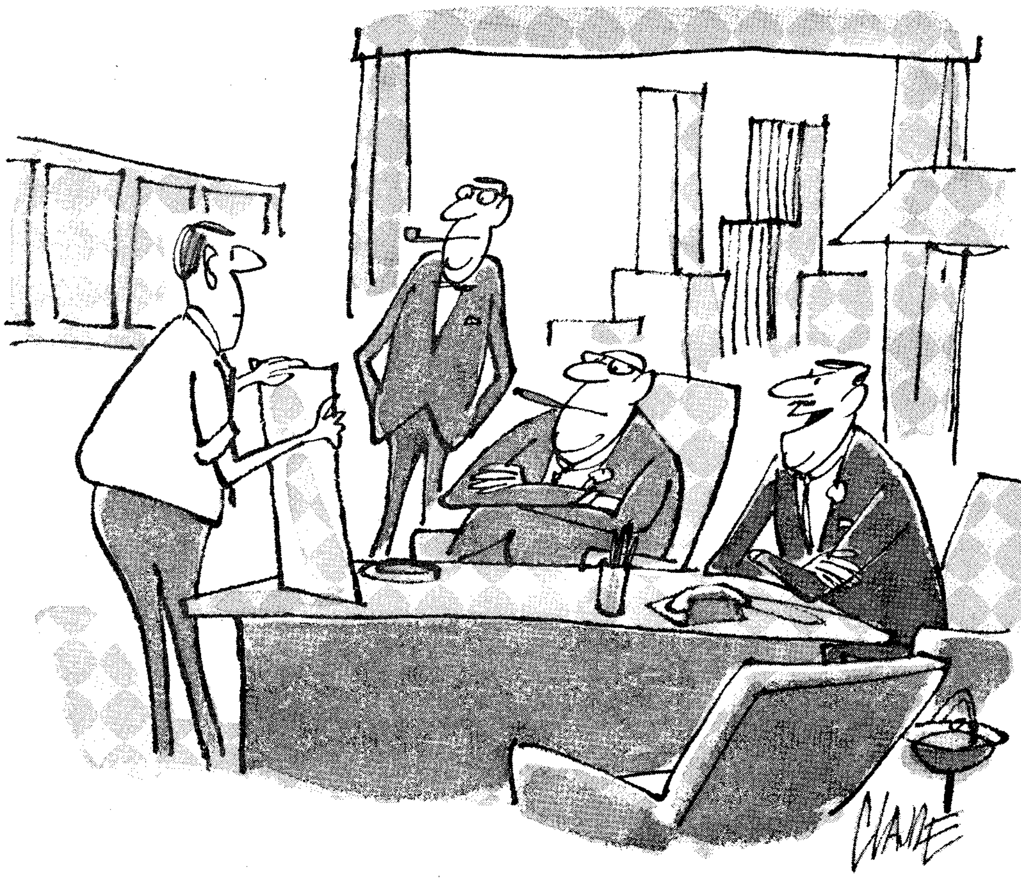


THE vicissitudes of watching television are well known, so there is no use describing them here, but we have looked into some little-known pleasures that can be gained from using a television set in New York City. All that is necessary in order to enjoy these pleasures is to turn to any of the five channels that are not in regular operation in this city. The malaise or mild depression that one may experience while watching one of the seven channels that *are* in regular operation can be easily dispelled by turning, say, to Channel 3, which for most of the day offers a continually changing gray-on-white pattern that shifts from simple lines and whorls to a refulgent moiré. Our eyes were dazzled the other evening when we turned to Channel 3 and saw a display of fluctuating black and white horizontal lines that occasionally were bisected by bold diagonal stripes, oscillating in a random manner. Somewhat less predictable is Channel 6, which will present a quiet picture for some time, only to break suddenly into a grainy, curving image reminiscent of patterns drawn in sand by the wind, alternating with horizontal stripes overlaid by minute flashes that appear and disappear with the resplendence of a Fourth of July sparkler. (If you are lucky when watching Channel 6, you may be able to see an illusion of pink and pale-green clouds that sometimes forms on the screen of a black-and-white TV set when its image has the right sort of billowy vagueness. Generally, you must stare at the screen for a while before you can enjoy this chromatic illusion.) Channel 8 tends toward spectaculars, offering imaginative combinations of dark and light bands whose widths vary greatly while they appear to intersect and slip in and out of each other, like a boardwalk being shuffled. People interested in fabric design might enjoy watching Channel 10, whose finely drawn black and white lines often combine to form herringbone patterns as well as a jiggling houndstooth motif. This channel's stripes range from wide bands that might be found on upholstery material to narrow, wavering lines more typical of seersucker. Channel 12 gives out a fairly sober picture most of the time, and is worth mentioning mainly for a kind of undulating glow that rises from the bottom of the TV screen and vanishes at the top. The only audio message that the five channels we have discussed offer is a steady buzz, so we suggest that the sound be turned off when these channels are being watched—a practice that can produce considerable benefits with the seven other channels, too.

Cows in the Meadow

JUNE, it turns out, is Dairy Month and is being widely celebrated (May was National Tavern Month and was widely celebrated), especially by the Greater New York Dairy Month Committee, which started the whole thing off the other afternoon by milking a number of cows that it had installed in the Central Park Sheep Meadow. People were encouraged to watch, and we did. The cows were a well-mixed group. There were a Guernsey and a Jersey and a Holstein-Friesian (called simply Holstein when referred to informally) and an Ayrshire and a Brown Swiss. They were penned in by snow fences painted the kind of red that comes off on your hands, and they looked more or less tolerant of the doings. We talked to a small, vivacious woman named Marcella Guiney, who works for the National Dairy Council and is a member of the Greater New York Dairy Month Committee, and she explained that the purpose of the public milking was to show cows to New Yorkers who had never seen a cow and to explain how they work. Cows, which have long been known to be useful, apparently have other virtues, and Mrs.





"I like it! It's whimsical, but it's not precious."

• •

Guiney said that she thought people should know about them. She gave us a publicity sheet, which said, among other things, that cows are gentle and make "very little noise," and then suggested that we go over to the Jersey and the Guernsey and the Ayrshire (snow-fenced together and not milked) to hear explanations that were under way.

We did, and found ourself listening to a young fellow named Frank Gargallo, who, we learned, goes to John Bowne High School, in Queens, and is a Future Farmer of America. He talked about the butterfat content of the milk produced by the three breeds—the Jersey has the highest percentage of butterfat, the Guernsey the second highest, and the Ayrshire the third—and said that most cows have horns, which are usually taken off but are left on in the case of the Ayrshire because they look so handsome. That finished his speech, and we told him we were surprised that there were any Future Farmers in Queens, and he said that the agricultural program at his high school is one of the largest in the state.

In the next pen, a Brown Swiss was actually being milked, and we drifted over to watch. Watching with us were second graders three deep; explaining the operation was a young man in blue jeans. He said that his cow was ten years old and that if she were a human being and not a cow she would be sixty or seventy years old. The man doing the milking was wearing a business suit, and he said that he could demonstrate for only a very short time, because the cow wasn't used to being milked in the middle of the afternoon. The fellow in the blue jeans asked if there were any questions, and nearly every second grader asked what the cow's name was. He said that her name was Crystal Run Carlette but that everyone ended up calling her Charlotte. ("Her name's Charlotte," one small boy immediately explained to a classmate.)

Finally, we went to see the Holstein (-Friesian), and talked for a while with Anthony Jones, who is ten years old and lives at the Children's Center. Anthony said he thought it was a good idea to have cows in Central Park. He also said that he already knew how to milk a cow and was very disappointed that no one had asked him to help in the demonstration. "The Holstein is the best," he said. "The Holstein gives the most milk."

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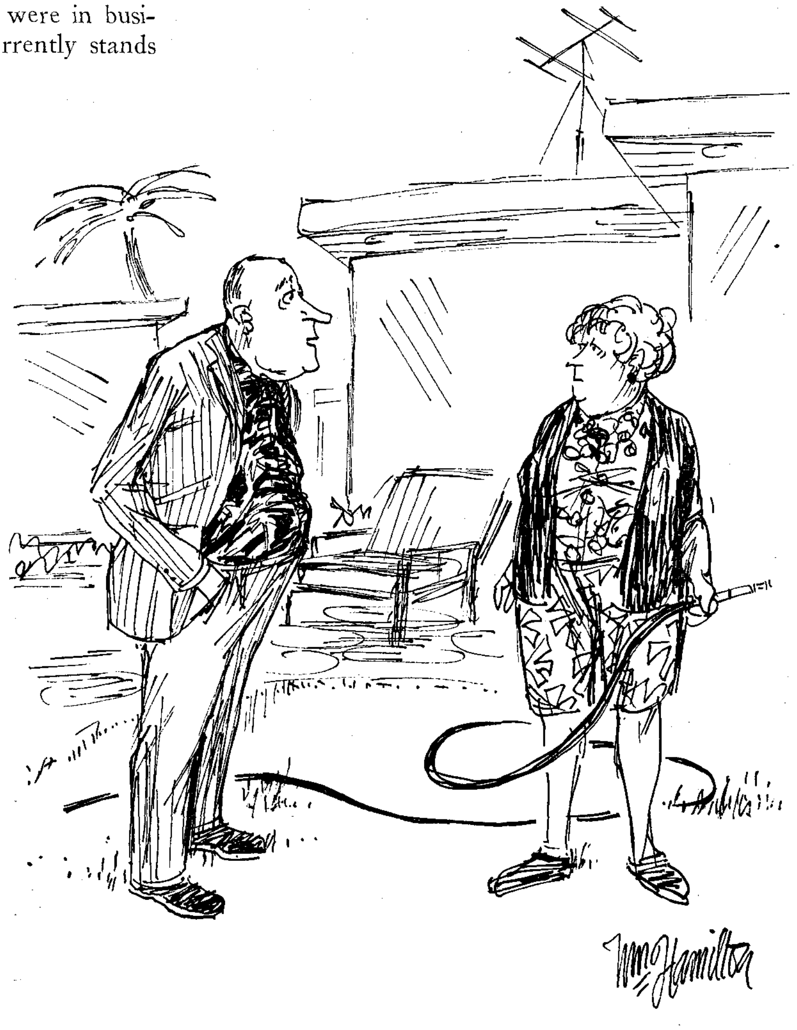
WE'VE heard from a man who was strolling along lower Fifth Avenue and taking a jaundiced gander at the recent Village outdoor art show and had his attention distracted by a crayon drawing of a horse that was dangling from a string lowered from a second-story window. Attached to the drawing was a small card that read, "Forged Degas—10¢."

Robots

IT has been more than forty years since the Czechoslovakian playwright Karel Čapek coined the word "robot" and predicted the overthrow of mankind by automatons in a play entitled "R.U.R." (Rossum's Universal Robots), and though Čapek's creepy forecast of a robot take-over seems highly unlikely at the present time, his vision of a burgeoning robot population is about to become a reality, as we discovered last week when we drove up to Danbury and visited Unimation, Inc., makers of an industrial robot called the Unimate. The Unimation factory is a one-story concrete-block building in the countryside on the eastern outskirts of Danbury. Its setting is enhanced by a background of lush green hills, by an expanse of lawn bordered by a split-rail fence, and by a small pond that contains a pair of swans. We arrived at ten in the morning and were greeted at the entrance to the factory by Torsten H. Lindbom, who is general manager of the company and one of the developers of the Unimate industrial robot. Mr. Lindbom is a handsome Swede in his middle forties, with blue Scandinavian eyes, black hair, and a serious manner, and when he led us inside the factory the quiet environment of the country was suddenly replaced by a steady droning sound coming from the rear of the building. "What you hear is a bunch of Unimates being put through their paces," he explained. "Before we take a look at them, however, I'd like to tell you a bit about industrial robots in general and the development of the Unimate in particular."

Mr. Lindbom went on to say that an industrial robot can be defined as a machine with sufficient intelligence to function without continuous human attention, and that it is designed to replace human operators in hot, hazardous, or tedious jobs, such as forging, die casting, plastic molding, and spot welding. "An industrial robot must have a memory system that can be programmed for a specific job, a built-in capability to give and receive commands, and an arm assembly and a hand assembly that have five degrees of freedom,” he told us. “The Unimate robot has a seven-and-a-half-foot hydraulically powered arm assembly and a pneumatically powered hand assembly, which are operated by servo drives. The arm can swing to the left or right, move up and down, and go in and out, and the hand can swivel around its own axis and bend at right angles to the axis of the arm. The robot is controlled by an electromagnetic memory drum that can be taught a predetermined program of up to two hundred sequential commands. It was invented by George C. Devol, of Greenwich, who took out patents on it in 1954, and it was developed and perfected by us over the next ten years. By mid-1962, we had built three Unimate prototypes and put two of them to work in industry. One Unimate unloaded a die-casting machine at an automotive plant in New Jersey, another loaded a press for an electrical manufacturer here in Connecticut, and both performed in a highly successful fashion. From that point on, we were in business. Our production currently stands at four Unimates a month, but when our retooling program is completed we’ll have the capacity to produce forty machines a month. And that’s only the beginning. We estimate that by 1972 we’ll be making a hundred robots a month, and that there will be a total robot population in the United States of at least five thousand.”

At this point, Mr. Lindbom led us into a large work area, at the rear of the plant, that contained a dozen or so Unimates, whose housing and arm assembly resemble the turret and cannon of a midget tank. Some of the robots were being assembled by workmen in the center of the room; others were standing off to the side in testing areas, and these, droning away at top speed, with their arms rotating left or right, elevating or depressing, and extending or retracting as the clawlike hand assemblies were swivelling and bending, looked like quintuple-jointed monsters in convulsion. Mr. Lindbom explained that each of the Unimates was being put through a two-hundred-hour test program prior to being shipped out to its customer; then he stepped up to the control panel of the nearest Unimate, and stilled the robot by turning a switch. Afterward, he picked up an instrument that looked like a push-button telephone, and plugged its cord into a socket on the arm of the Unimate. “This is called the teach-cable assembly and is used to program the robot,” he told us. “By pushing buttons on the teach-cable selector panel, we activate the servo drives of the Unimate and lead the robot in slow motion through whatever series of its five movements we wish it to perform. These movements are encoded in binary digital form by five position indicators, called encoders, and are then transmitted to the electromagnetic memory drum. When the desired series of movements has been gone through completely, the drum contains a sequential magnetic memory of the whole process. In the playback cycle, the memory drum returns its instructions to the encoders, which then proceed to serve as feedback devices activating the servo drives that operate the robot’s arm and hand. Suppose you want the robot to pick up a hot part from a die-casting machine, carry it through a quenching bath, place it on a cutting mold, and then put it on a conveyor belt. Well, once that program has been recorded in its memory drum, Unimate will repeat the work cycle automatically and endlessly until it is shut off.”



“I heard this terrible rumor that when the other senior citizens no longer consider you a fun couple, you’re put adrift on an iceberg.”

Mr. Lindbom went on to tell us that the hand assembly of Unimate provides for interchangeable pairs of fingers, or claws, that can grasp and hold a wide variety of objects, and that a pressure regulator on the hand assembly can be adjusted to enable the robot to pick up an egg as well as a hundred-pound weight. “No question about it, Unimate is a remarkable creature,” he said. “It is stronger than a human, it can reach farther, it can withstand hostile environments, and it can remain in one place without getting tired or bored. We’ve even been teaching it how to putt a golf ball. Two things that Unimate lacks, of course, are eyes and judgment. Since it doesn’t have eyesight, it can’t locate objects that are not presented to it in orderly fashion, but we’re working on a plan to equip it with a television scanner that will feed data into a computer, which, in turn, will orient the robot for sensory contact. As far as judgment goes—that’s really something for the future.”

At this point, Mr. Lindbom smiled, as if in anticipation of what the future might bring; then he led us through a door at the rear of the factory and into an alley between the main building and a maintenance shop. “The swans in the pond out front made a nest this year, and the female laid five eggs,” he told us. “We lost four of the eggs—to dogs and kids, we think—so we brought the fifth out here and hatched it ourselves." He pointed toward the end of the alley, where a fluffy white cygnet sat in a fenced-off area in a patch of shade cast by a homemade coop. "Our maintenance man made the coop," Mr. Lindbom said. "He takes the cygnet home with him on weekends, so it will be safe. We feed it watercress. When it grows big enough, we'll return it to its parents in the pond." For some moments, Mr. Lindbom gazed down at the tiny cygnet. Then, speaking over the drone of the robots coming through an open window of the factory, he said, "Isn't it beautiful?"

Uninstructive

A FRIEND of ours who insists on using his small foreign automobile in the city reports that last Wednesday he approached his car and found it hemmed in by a double-parked delivery truck. The driver was nowhere to be seen, no messages were posted on the windshield, the truck's doors were locked, and the situation seemed quite hopeless until a policeman ambled by. Our friend called the officer's attention to the offending vehicle and demanded forthright action. The policeman sighed and drew from his pocket a crude instrument that appeared to be born of a wire coat hanger. "Turn around and don't watch," the officer said. "I'm going to open the side window, so I can get into the truck and move it."

"Why can't I watch?" our friend asked.

"Look, Mister, I do this about half a dozen times a day," the policeman said. "I don't want to teach half a dozen people every day how to steal a locked car. Now turn around and promise *not* to peek, and I'll have you on your way in two minutes."

Our honorable friend did as he was told, and exactly two minutes later, happy but unenlightened, he was on his way.

Sgt. Pepper

"MEET THE BEATLES," the first (January, 1964) record album in the United States of John, Paul, George, and Ringo, has sold five million three hundred thousand copies to date. Pictures of the faces of John, Paul, George, and Ringo appeared on its cover. The songs "I Want to Hold Your Hand," "I Saw Her Standing There," and "All My Loving," among others, were featured. "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," the thirteenth and latest (June, 1967) album of John, Paul, George, and Ringo, came out the week before last and has sold twelve hundred thousand copies to date, with ninety-five thousand more in back orders. On the cover, John, Paul, George, and Ringo are pictured, wearing old-timey satin-and-braid brass-band costumes, in the company of the faces of—to name just a few—Shirley Temple, H. G. Wells, Marilyn Monroe, Karl Marx, Lenny Bruce, Edgar Allan Poe, Lawrence of Arabia, Marlene Dietrich, Johnny Weissmuller, Dion, Carl Jung, Mae West, Fred Astaire, Tom Mix, W. C. Fields, Laurel and Hardy, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Bob Dylan, Oscar Wilde, and Madame Tussaud's wax figures of John, Paul, George, and Ringo. On this record, the Beatles (with Paul singing most of the solos) create the effect of a live show, starting with a number about "Sgt. Pepper" and going on, with no more than momentary interruptions, to numbers called, among others, "A Little Help from My Friends," "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," "Fixing a Hole," "She's Leaving Home," "When I'm Sixty-four," "Lovely Rita," and "A Day in the Life." (The other Beatles albums: No. 2, "The Beatles' Second Album," was brought out in April, 1964. No. 3, "Something New," was brought out in July, 1964. No. 4, "A Hard Day's Night," September, 1964. No. 5, "The Beatles' Story," November, 1964. No. 6, "Beatles '65," December, 1964. No. 7, "The Early Beatles," March, 1965. No. 8, "Beatles VI," June, 1965. No. 9, "Help!," the sound track of the movie of that name, August, 1965. No. 10, "Rubber Soul," December, 1965. No. 11, "Yesterday and Today," June, 1966. No. 12, "Revolver," August, 1966.)

About a year ago, the screams of the Beatles' teen-age fans abated somewhat, and other voices began to be heard, saying that the Beatles were "going too far," or were "burned out," or were "getting too serious," or weren't "funny anymore." Now "Sgt. Pepper" is out, and it's a huge success, and we've been talking to some record people about it. "We were the first to play it on the air," a WMCA disc jockey named Joe O'Brien told us. "We played 'A Day in the Life' on April 18th, six weeks before the album came out. This to me is the first *album* that's ever been made by a popular group. All others, including all other Beatles albums, are a collection of singles. This one is a forty-minute-*long* single."

"How did the listeners react?" we asked.

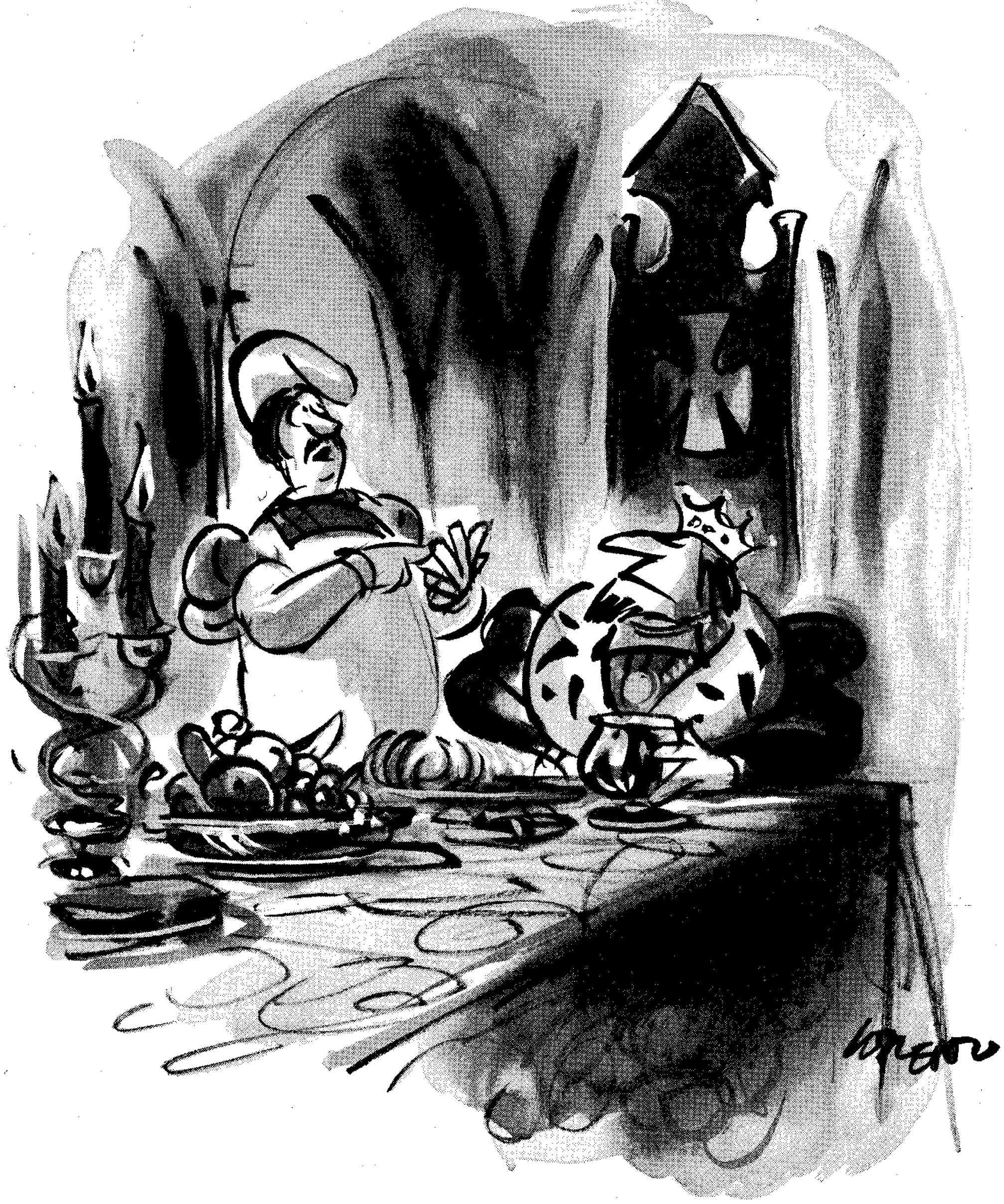
"Not much," O'Brien said. "They're unprepared. Just as people were unprepared for Picasso. That's because this album is not a teen-age album. It's a terribly intellectual album. My youngest son is a freshman at Yale. He tells me that the day the album was issued the entire student body of Yale went out and bought it. Exactly the same thing happened at Harvard. The college students are now the hard-core Beatles fans. This album is really a cantata. Teen-agers don't want *that*."

"Proof positive of their musical maturity," was Murray the K's pronouncement to us. "The Beatles had the guts to go ahead and do something different from anything they've ever done before. There are very few commercial songs in this one, but it's a giant step forward. I've been playing the whole album, non-stop, on my show. I don't have to worry. My listeners are in the eighteen-to-twenty-five age group."

We went over to Sam Goody's West Forty-ninth Street record shop, and there we ran into a couple of young men who were picking up the album. "It's like a show!," a tieless, shoeless guitar carrier named Richard Mellerton told us. "It stones you." We elicited a more detailed response from a dark-suited young man wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, who told us he was an English Lit. major at C.C.N.Y. and is now a summer busboy at the Hotel Penn Garden Coffee House. The student, John Van Aalst, told us, "I'm really more interested in classical music, but this Beatles record goes beyond the sound of the record. It's technically interesting and imaginative. This is no longer computerized rock 'n' roll. This may have grown out of the hoodlum rock 'n' roll of the fifties, but it's an attempt to create music with meaning. It goes beyond making you feel good, although it does do that. It has aesthetic appeal. It conforms more to my conception of art."

One of Goody's staff men watched the parade of Beatles buyers with a friendly eye. The record, he told us, was big, very big, at Goody's. "We've sold thousands," he said. "It's selling like the first Horowitz Carnegie Hall return concert."

Up at the Colony Record Center, on Broadway at Fifty-second Street, we came across a spirited, professorial-looking man named Lawrence LeFevre, who was plucking the Beatles' new record from a bin that contained the works of the Jefferson Airplane, the Blues Project, the Mamas and the Papas, and the Lovin' Spoonful. Mr. LeFevre gave us a little lecture: "This is really a coming of age for the Beatles," he said. "In musical substance, 'Sgt. Pepper' is a much bigger advance than 'Revolver,' and 'Revolver' was a tremendous advance, if you recall. There are many musical structures here that are both new and extremely interesting, as well as new combinations of rhythms, new chord progressions, new instrumentations, and a continuation of the great fresh flow of melody. The Beatles, as you know, have drawn upon everything musical that has been done in the past, including Romantic, baroque, liturgical, and all the popular genres of music, including blues, jazz, the English music hall, English folk, and, of course, rock 'n' roll. Many people have pointed out how eclectic the Beatles are. They've drawn on everything. But now this is *Beatles* music. Hundreds of people are imitating what they do, but no one even gets close. This record is a musical *event*, comparable to a notable new opera or symphonic work. However, there is more going on musically in this one record than has gone on lately almost anywhere else. 'A Day in the Life' is not only the most ambitious thing they ever wrote but possibly the best piece of music they've done up to now. One can't say just what it is—it fits into no category—but it's a complex and powerful number. Another number, 'When I'm Sixty-four,' has so much charm and taste. It's a parody, but, like the best parody, it is written with affection, and it has an excellence in its own right, independent of its value as parody. And 'Fixing a Hole' is right up there with the Beatles' nicest. The Beatles write to please themselves. Unlike many artists now, who get their kicks out of offending the public, they're having a great time with the stuff itself. It has enormous cheerfulness, along with the sadness that keeps turning up. It's buoyant. This album is a whole world created by the Beatles. It's a musical comedy. It's a film. Only, it's a record. There's no individual number that's as downright lovely as, say, 'Michelle' or 'Here, There, and Everywhere,' but you have to look at this album as an entity, and as such it has considerable beauty. Of course, you can't talk about the Beatles without mentioning the transcendent Duke Ellington. Just as he has never fit into the jazz scheme of things, the Beatles don't fit into the rock-'n'-roll scheme. They are off by themselves, doing their own thing, just as Ellington always has been. Like Ellington, they're unclassifiable musicians. And, again like Ellington, they are working in that special territory where entertainment slips over into art. I might add that in this record there isn't anything that is manufactured or contrived or synthetic. All of it is spontaneous, inspired music. There's a wry kind of sweetness in several of the numbers, some of which has to do with McCartney's—excuse me, I mean Paul's—way of singing. You never feel that the Beatles are writing themselves out. They have a lot in reserve. This is just a beginning for them. The high point of the high point for me is the delicate way, in 'A Day in the Life,' Lennon—John—sings the words 'oh boy.' Let me add one last thing. The Beatles have done more to brighten up the world in recent years than almost anything else in the arts."



"We have apple, peach, raspberry, blueberry, and blackbird."

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CONVERSATION overheard on a corner of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, between two portly, unhappy men waiting for the light to change:

FIRST MAN: What are you going to do? Business is lousy. There's trouble with the help. Every day another new tax. Crooked politicians. Pollutions. Vietnam!

SECOND MAN (*exhaling portentously*): You know what I think, Ben? I'll tell you what I think.

FIRST MAN: What?

SECOND MAN (*after a reflective pause*): I just don't know.

OFFICIAL LIFE

"TUESDAYS are the worst," Luba said. She was sitting on a chair in Ismet's office, taking off her waterproof boots. A succession of people had used the chair for the same purpose in the last fifteen minutes, because the office coatrack was just outside Ismet's door. This annoyed Ismet in general, and he minded particularly when it was Luba.

Luba, a beauty, was looking terrible—her copper-colored hair newly released from a plastic headdress, but soaking all the same, her open coat revealing a succession of sweaters, her sleep-flattened face not made up. "Tuesday mornings are worse than Mondays, I tell you why. Mondays you're still fresh from the weekend. Wednesdays you already look forward to Friday. But Tuesdays—Ismet, I tell you, Tuesdays are No Man's Land." Now she had her boots off but still sat on the edge of the chair, holding each boot up by its top. Her accent thickened when she got emotional, which was a good deal of the time. "What a morning. An hour to get here. What a country." She rolled her eyes toward the grey window. "Did you see the television last night? Not one thing worth seeing. I watched till midnight. I told my husband, What decadence."

Go away, Ismet was saying, in his mind and his own language. Go away.

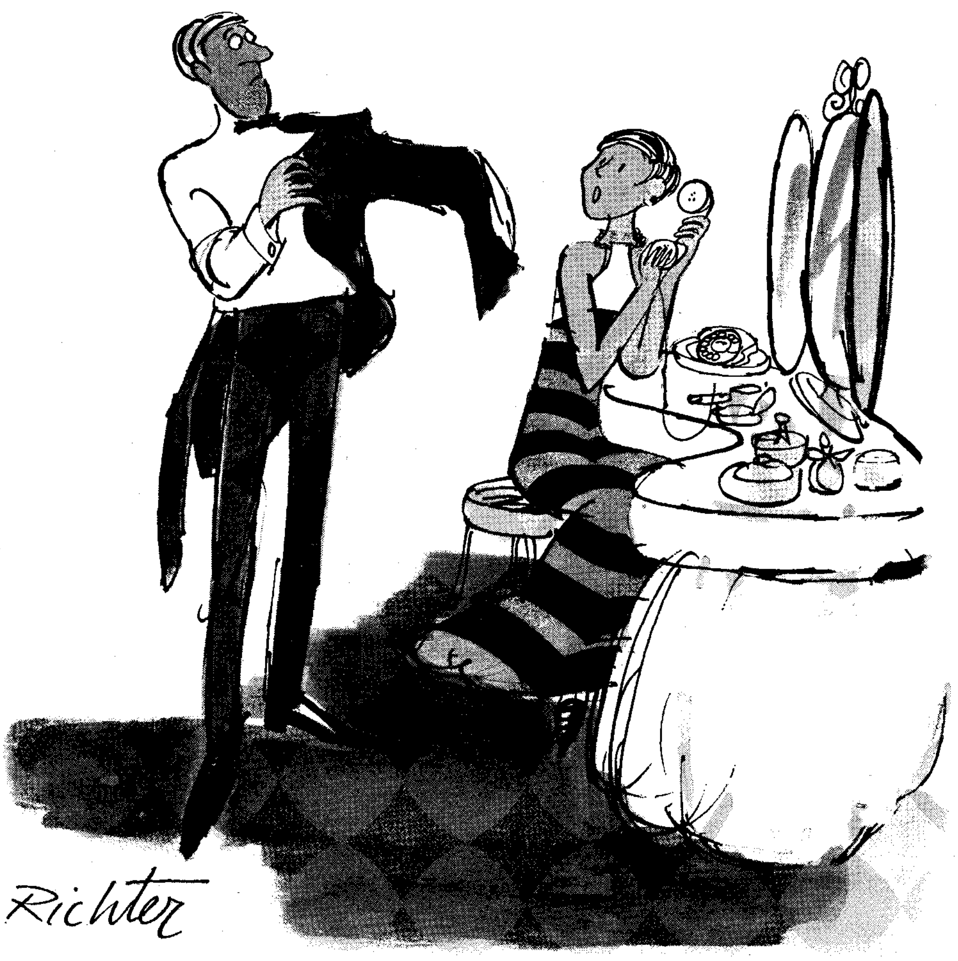
"What would I give to go away. Now the pension can be drawn at fifty-five, I count to myself, how many years. Still so many." Luba put her hand to her lank hair and repeated quickly, "So very many."

"Jaspersen's going to the Committee this morning." Ismet drew attention to the work on his desk. "I have to prepare—"

"Jaspersen's going down? What's being discussed?"

"Item Six. The Question of Unification." Ismet again pointed to the papers on his blotter. The Question of Unification came up annually. Countries had been divided, sub-divided. Some pleaded to be reunited, others demanded guarantees that it would never happen.

Ismet's phone rang. He snatched it up without looking to see if his secretary had arrived at her desk by the coatrack. "Contingency Section. Ismet." Before anyone spoke, he gave Luba an apologetic nod over the mouthpiece, denoting a long conversation. "Ah—Mr. Nagashima, yes, I called you yesterday evening but you'd already gone... No, no, of course, it was well after hours, I was working late and didn't keep track of the ... Yes, the Question of Unification. I think you have a false docket from the main file."



"It's our baby-sitter. She needs bail money."

Luba stood up, still holding a boot in each hand. "That Nagashima loses things," she said. "Once, a whole set of working-papers."

Ismet said into the phone, "When you find it, then, perhaps you'd call me."

Luba nodded. "Another time, a folder of MOVs." These were Miscellaneous Obligating Vouchers.

"Let us lunch some time," said Ismet, prolonging the telephone conversation in the hope that Luba would leave. "Yes. Thursday would be fine." He turned the pages of his desk calendar with his left hand and found the day blank. However, since Luba now did leave, he said into the phone, "Sorry, I do have something. Another day perhaps. Let's be in touch when you find the file then." He replaced the receiver quietly and lifted the topmost folder from his tray.

A shadow on the frosted-glass partition alongside his open door informed him that Leslie, his secretary, had arrived. Not wishing to advertise her lateness, she alone of all the section did not use his chair to take off her boots.

"Leslie," he called.

There was a scuffle and a suppressed metallic scraping as she hung up her coat, then Leslie appeared. Leslie had long brown hair and darkly outlined eyes. Her stockings, yesterday of black wool, were of white lattice today. She said truculently, "I'm sorry." She was new to the section and had not quite established her right to address Ismet by his first name, although she invariably used it behind his back. Since he was only Step Two in the Specialized Category, she disdained to address him formally. "This rain," she said. "Pee-*ew!*"

Ismet could not get up the nerve to admonish her after all. He said, "I'm preparing a paper. I don't want to be disturbed unless it's urgent. Do you have something to go on with?"

"I'm collating."

"How long will that take you?"

Leslie made an estimate, doubled it. "Half an hour."

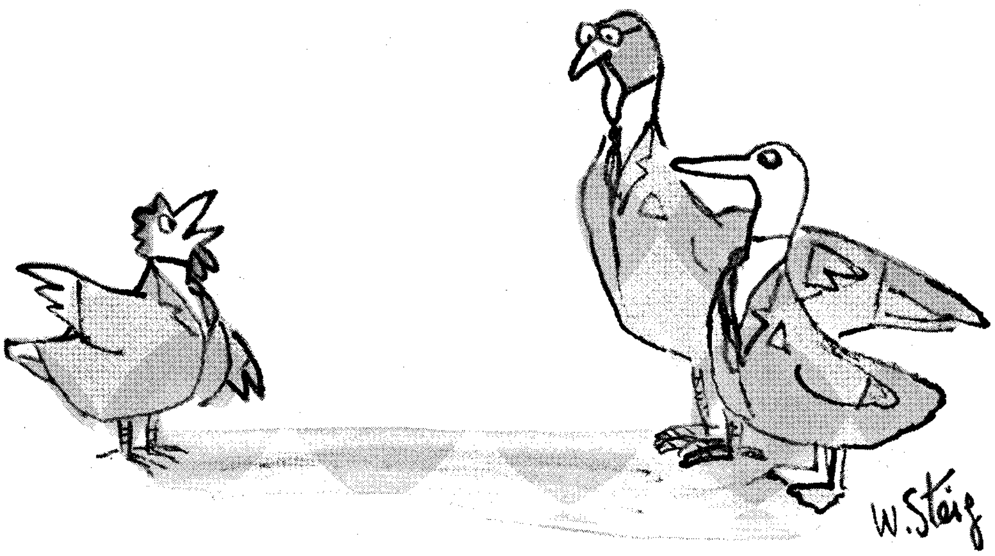
Ismet added to his many defeats by letting her go. At her desk outside he heard her take up the phone and dial her friend in the typing pool. Her husky voice was at its most penetrating when lowered. "I went to this dance," she said. "The one on the bulletin board. Pee-*ew!*"

Ismet drew a typed sheet toward him. A memorandum—to, through, and from higher authorities, with copies to those higher still—had been sent to him for a draft reply. "Pending accrual," it began. Ismet bowed his head over his work.

NAGASHIMA was standing by his window, watching the rain. These winter downpours were, to be sure, no worse than the spring rains of his own country, yet how he disliked them, what nostalgia he felt, leaning from this window of another world, looking on a scene that contained scarcely one familiar item. An immense building was being demolished nearby, the walls smashed by repeated blows of a swinging metal ball. An almost identical building would certainly rise from these smashes. In Japan, too, temples had been erected and reërected on the same sites over centuries. Obviously a similar sense of continuity was involved, yet he had not been able to link the two traditions.

He looked down at his windowsill—a broad inner ledge formed by the covers of the heating apparatus and, in Nagashima's case, completely stacked with dossiers, with folders, with innumerable, unmemorable documents. (Just yesterday he had been informed once more that it was forbidden to cover the heating vents in this way, but where then could these papers possibly go?) The false docket—what a strange name, like some treacherous Dutchman—that Ismet wanted was there, he knew, must be there, but he would never find it. He would lift them all, examine each title, his fingers would become frantic, his palms moist, but he would not find it. This had happened so often now that he sometimes did not look at all. The papers had ceased to be—had perhaps never been—quite real to him. If he actually believed in the existence of the file, then he might find it.

Once he had almost believed in these files and false dockets; had come to the Organization, indeed, as full of assiduity and good will as the refinements of his upbringing would allow. But his good will had glanced off the Organization like calf-love off a courtesan—the Organization did not require or even notice it. Unrequited, it had become a somewhat humiliating burden, furtively borne. Nagashima sighed, shifting but not unsettling this weight.



"The market is falling! The market is falling!"

He began to turn over the first pile of folders. Ismet's file wouldn't be there . . . But here was the set of vouchers someone had wanted last month—that woman, also of Ismet's section, the one with the face like a cliff. Nagashima put the vouchers in an old inter-office envelope and sent them to Luba, having heavily scratched out his name on the envelope as former addressee.

"IF I had high cheekbones like yours," said a chubby little girl named Gabrielle, "I'd do my hair like Greta Garbo." She came to stand next to Luba at the mirror, where she was making up her face. Through an oversight, the ladies' room had an inordinate share of windows, but the fluorescent tube over its mirrored counter gave a light so ghastly that it was rumored to have been systematically chosen as the result of a time-and-motion study.

Luba, whose ability to admire her own image, however poorly illuminated, was a match for any time-and-motion study, went on applying rouge. She looked pleased. "It is the planes," she said.

Gabrielle looked toward the window. "Planes?"

"The planes of the face." Luba was growing rosier with every twirl of her fingers. "Garbo has planes. I see her in the street. No makeup, old clothes, nothing fashionable. Only planes. She is the friend of a very close friend."

"I can't use that." Gabrielle was examining Luba's powder box. "I have it specially made. My skin is too sens—"

"Who's looking after the phones?" asked Luba abruptly. "The phones must be covered. Time after time I say it. Time after time, every girl leaves his desk."

Gabrielle said sulkily, "Leslie's there." At that moment Leslie came into the room, and Gabrielle went out without a word.

Leslie came to the mirror and whitened her lips a little with a lipstick taken from her pocket. (She carried a small assortment of cosmetics in her pocket in order not to be seen leaving the office with her handbag.) Over her ashen face she flicked a chalky puff. "What do you use?" she asked, taking up Luba's powder box.

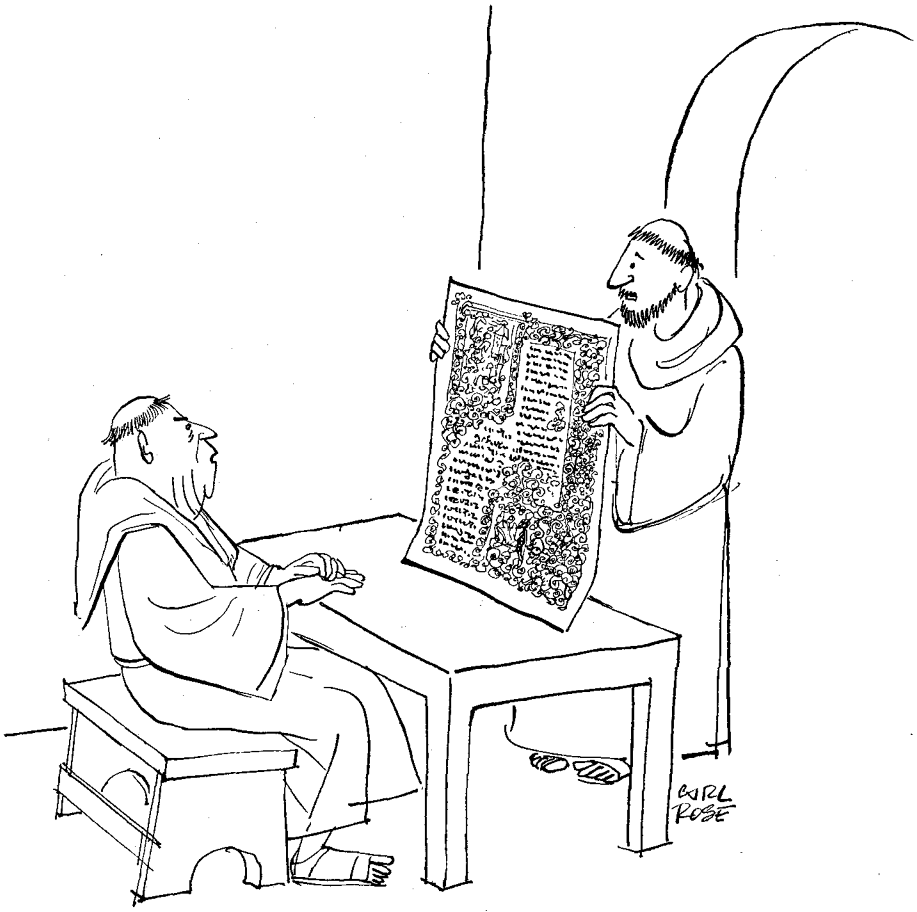
Luba finished with her hair and took the powder box back. "I'm just using that up," she said. "It's not really right for me. My skin's too sensitive." Seeing Leslie's skeptical look in the mirror, she added, "Would you like it?"

Leslie said coolly, "Jaspersen was looking for you."

"What? Just now?" Luba began ramming objects into her handbag. "Why didn't you tell me?" She met her own wild eyes in the glass. "No time. Never any time." She transferred her glance again to Leslie. "No wonder we look as we do."

"It's O.K." Leslie brought out a bottle of iridescent nail lacquer from her pocket and began to shake it—her first vigorous action of the day. "He's gone to the Committee now."

JASPERSEN took up his resolution—his draft resolution, that is to say, with its folder of proposed amendments—bent over his In-tray to read a note on the uppermost file there, and walked across to the windows. Jaspersen's office was carpeted, an obvious indication of senior rank; the carpet was grey and somewhat worn—a more subtle suggestion of modifications within seniority. On Jaspersen's desk the density of paper was as great as on Nagashima's windowsill, but these papers of



"It's too busy."

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Jaspersen's—these files and false dockets, these drafts for approval and final versions for signature—gave an impression of having just alighted, or of forming the course of an ever-flowing stream, whereas Nagashima's were as still and stagnant as lake water.

Jaspersen was a man whose Out-tray was fuller than his In-tray; whose head was above water, whose feet were on the ground. Who administered a section, and would one day direct a branch. Jaspersen had everything to live for—in short, every reason to get up in the morning and come to his office. For years he had tranquilly pursued his work as head of the Contingency and Unresolved Disputes Section, and would eventually go on to even more gratifying tasks in areas yet more contentious.

Nevertheless, on this morning when the Question of Unification was coming up for debate, Jaspersen was in a melancholy mood. Although this was unusual for him, it had happened before, and he understood that the mood would pass away. Jaspersen had been heard to say that the Organization was his religion, and it is well known that moments of unaccountable doubt are the earmarks of the devout. Jaspersen had even gone so far as to make this analogy to himself. At such times he had learned to immerse himself more deeply than ever in his work, and with this in mind he now lifted two documents—the Provisional Report of the Working Group on Unforeseeable Contingencies, and a Study on the Harnessing of Cartographic Skills—from his windowsill and set them aside for reading at home that evening.

This mood of Jaspersen's would not even have been discernible beyond the Organization's walls. Had it been suggested, for instance, by some uninformed outsider, that the Organization had ever seriously erred in some particular, Jaspersen would have been as ready as always to correct this misconception—while wryly acknowledging the larger but more bearable truth of universal human fallibility.

Jaspersen looked at his watch. It was now long past the hour set for the opening of the Committee meeting, and even a little past the time at which it might actually have begun. Jaspersen left his office, inquired about Luba of one of the secretaries, and, not finding her in, put his head around the door of his deputy, an Italian named Pastore.

GIROLAMO PASTORE had been standing by the window. In fact, his window was directly below Nagashima's, and had the human eye been capable of distinguishing forms thirty stories up, the two would have been on view in identical attitudes, one a few inches above the other and quite unaware of the proximity. Pastore's gaze travelled over buildings of glass, buildings of aluminum, a building with a long, sharp pinnacle that looked like a hypodermic needle stood on end. Why was it, Pastore was wondering, that at the very moment when architecture began to use the limitless upward resource of the sky the ceilings had become so low? More than commercialism; something to do with man's ceasing to demand noble rooms for himself, taking less pride in being a man. A man by himself—what was that these days? One counted merely as—a member of the staff.

In the Mediterranean town from which Pastore came, the streets were lined with small palaces whose every balcony invited the delivery of an oration (not that those balconies and their orators had proved entirely free from disadvantages); whose great doorways and windows offered glimpses of supreme moments in artistic creation; whose interiors gave onto courtyards adorned with fountains, with flowers, with curving stairs—

"You look as if you're delivering an oration."

Pastore turned round. "I was wondering what ever became of the *cortile*."

Jaspersen frowned. "The courtyard? I suppose it interfered with clean lines."

Pastore looked gloomy. "This clean-up campaign." He put his hand to his breast. "Western Man—"

How tiresome sometimes, thought Jaspersen, was Western Man with all his myths of Western Man. He interrupted. "I'm going down to the Committee. Will you keep an eye on things here? Luba's disappeared."

"I fear she can be traced." Pastore waved his hand. "Yes, yes, I'll be here."

JASPERSEN was thin and straight, with long legs, and he walked quickly even when going only as far as the elevators. Besides, he preferred to make his way as rapidly as possible through his section's depressing inner corridor—airless, windowless, and painted grey—where a dozen typists leaned woollen elbows on stained desks. Had there been some solution for these unfortunate conditions, Jaspersen, a humane man, would have proposed it. He knew, however, that nothing could be done—the designers of the building having judged such functional disadvantages to be small concessions made to outward harmony.

(The Organization had been founded at the end of a colossal world war—a moment when the spirit of international coöperation was naturally at its height. Scarcely had the Founding Constitution been signed by the participating nations when a commission of the world's foremost architects was formed to draw up plans for a building that would house this noble expression of human solidarity. The commission had hardly sat to its task before certain fissures began to appear in the fabric of its deliberations: Dutchman contended with Swede, and Swede with Turk; Burmese fended off Brazilian, and Spaniard—through an interpreter—disparaged Swiss. The first to resign, a Frenchman who described his colleagues as being at loggers-heads, subsequently became a recluse. The second, an elderly Belgian, was taken on a world cruise by his spinster niece, and ultimately regained his health. The eventual design, endorsed by a group of three, was remarkable for its extensive use of conflicting primary forms, and was fittingly hailed throughout the world as a true example of international coöperation.)

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This being the case, Jaspersen strode along the corridor to the elevators and pushed the Down button.

In the elevator he found Nagashima, a Step Three in the Mediation Unit of Jaspersen's section. Bowing courteously, Nagashima returned Jaspersen's greeting; his perseverance with each syllable of Jaspersen's name made it sound like a phonetic exercise.

Striking a personal note, Jaspersen inquired, "Your daughter at college now?"

"He's at the university, yes."

"I thought—"

"Yes, yes. Just the one son."

"What's he studying?"

"Humanities." Nagashima nodded, smiling.

"Only the one play?" asked Jaspersen, who thought he had said "Eumenides."

Nagashima beamed. "Yes. Yes." The elevator stopped at the Organization Clinic and, with a polite farewell, Nagashima got out. The doors were closing when a peremptory voice cried "Going down!" and the head of Jaspersen's department stepped in, breathing heavily.

"Going to the meeting, Olaf? I'm on my way there myself." The Chief made a gesture of fanning himself with his own folder of Committee papers. "My word, they keep this place hot. Wasn't that Nagashima who just got off? I thought so. Hadn't seen him for a while—was beginning to think he'd got lost." The Chief laughed benevolently.

"He was telling me about his daughter—turning into quite a classical scholar it seems." They arrived at the ground floor and Jaspersen stood back to let the Chief precede him.

The Chief looked reflective as they walked along. "That sort of thing, you know, Olaf, is the real work we do. Shaping the personal lives of our own people, right here in this building. Merging their cultures through their personal relationships; children adjusting to other environments, colleagues becoming personal friends." They arrived at the top of an escalator leading to the basement. "We hear a lot about the Two Cultures, but I say it's the Hundred Cultures we have to deal with. Bind them together, forge the common links—" The Chief paused at the top of the escalator to take in his vision of humanity manacled and trussed. "Never did like these things. Fell on one as a child."

Warmly—with a ray of hope, one might have thought—Jaspersen said, "I'm sorry."

"My own fault, of course. Didn't understand the principle. Step on and stay on." The Chief did this, gripping the rail tightly.

"Understandable, though," said Jaspersen, following.

"Hmm. Got to adapt oneself to the mechanism, Olaf, not fight it." He was making it sound as if Jaspersen were the child who had stumbled. "He who hesitates is lost."

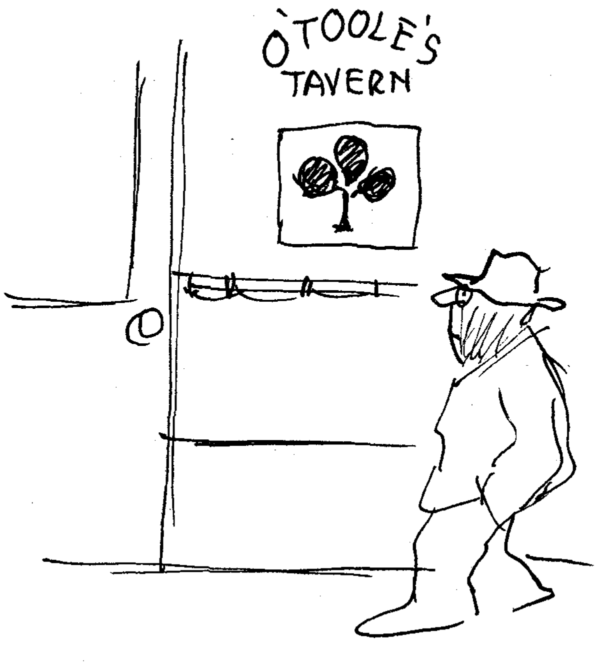
"It lacks," said Jaspersen, who as a student had read German literature, "the lovelier hesitation of the hand of man."

"What does?"

"The machine."

"Oh, I quite agree." The Chief took on a look of liking nothing better than the larger view. He added obscurely, "The individual comes first." He gave his full attention to stepping off the escalator before he continued. "I want a word with you some time about next year's manning-table. We're getting overloaded in certain grades. Not enough slots to go round."

Now they were walking along a wide corridor that sloped downward as it reached the Committee Room, like an undersea tunnel. Officials carrying papers came toward them and passed on purposefully, like salmon headed upstream. There was a multiplicity of doors, and a notice board that listed meetings. Another board displayed glossy



photographs for the use of the press—the Spanish delegate enjoying a joke with the Custodian of Refugees, the Soviet representative opening the Children's Art Exhibit. When he reached a pair of handsome doors, Jaspersen grasped one of the inlaid handles that had been the gift of Finland and stood aside to let the Chief enter the chamber.

The ceiling of the Committee Room was earth-colored, the carpet blue; it was as if the skies had fallen. The room was formed like a theatre, with a high public gallery; the action, so to speak, took place in the pit, where a more or less circular arrangement was created by an arc of tables—at which sat the representatives of various nations, all labelled, like plants in a public garden, with the exotic names of their countries. A certain bloc of seats was reserved for senior officials from the Organization itself, and it was in this section, in a leather chair, that Jaspersen seated himself, directly behind his Chief. The discussion had already begun, and Jaspersen, laying the folder of papers carefully on his knees, clipped over his ear the small electric interpreting device attached to the chair, and turned its dial to the proper language, his face assuming as he did so the grave and attentive expression of everyone else in the room.

ISMET concluded his draft memorandum with the word "implementation" and gave it to Leslie for typing. He then got up from his desk and stood at the window. Resting his fingertips on the inner sill, he closed his eyes. When he opened them, a face was looking back at him from the glass.

This reflection gestured, mouthed, nodded, and, pushing up the window, climbed into the room. "Gave me a turn, standing there like that," it said reproachfully, helping Ismet to pick up the papers circulated by the rush of air. "Wasn't expecting it."

"Why should they clean the windows on a day like this?" Ismet asked.

The man slapped the last memorandum down on the desk with an irreverent hand. He shrugged his shoulder before readjusting the harness over it. "Orders from above." He jerked his head skyward. "The way I see it—there's more chiefs than Indians round here."

Ismet said reasonably, "But that *is* the way you see it, isn't it? I mean, you only see the offices that have windows. The offices of the chiefs, so to speak."

"Plenty of Indians in the dungeons, eh?" The window-cleaner laughed uproariously, making Ismet regret his rational explanation. "I'm better off on the outside, if you ask me. Watch out for the bucket." Ismet had almost knocked this over in pulling out his chair. His visitor swung the bucket up over one arm and made for the door.

Ismet said, "I'm sorry I startled you."

"Should be used to it by now. Plenty of you looking out when I come along."

Setting his papers in order, Ismet heard the bucket loudly put down in Pastore's room, next door. A moment later, Pastore was in the doorway. "Nothing but interruptions all morning."

"Exactly," said Ismet.

"I need Leslie to take a message to Jaspersen in the Committee Room."

"She's doing a memorandum for me."

"This is urgent."

"So is mine."

"I've already asked her to go."

Nothing, Ismet thought, makes a more fanatical official than a Latin. Organization is alien to their natures, but once they get the taste for it they take to it like drink. They claim to be impulsive, but they're the most bureaucratic of all, whatever they may say. "Whatever you say," he told Pastore.

"*The combination and interplay of such components*," the speaker was saying, "*within deeply rooted conflicts*—"

Try as he would, Jaspersen could not take it in this morning. He pressed his hand to the interpretation device over his ear. He even surreptitiously checked the language dial beside his chair.

"—*obstruct the evaluation process* . . ."

"Personal life," the Chief had said. "Personal friend." One's life, one's friends presumably could not be other than personal, yet the distinction had developed. I suppose this is my official life, Jaspersen said to himself, looking about the chamber. "Official life" sounded like a posthumous document, some commissioned work of biography with all the interesting incidents suppressed.

"*My government takes the view* . . ."

Everyone else was scribbling now, on scraps of paper, on the margins of documents, on pads provided for the purpose.

"*My government thinks, my government feels* . . ."

It gave him a sense of isolation, being the only one having personal thoughts in such an official chamber.

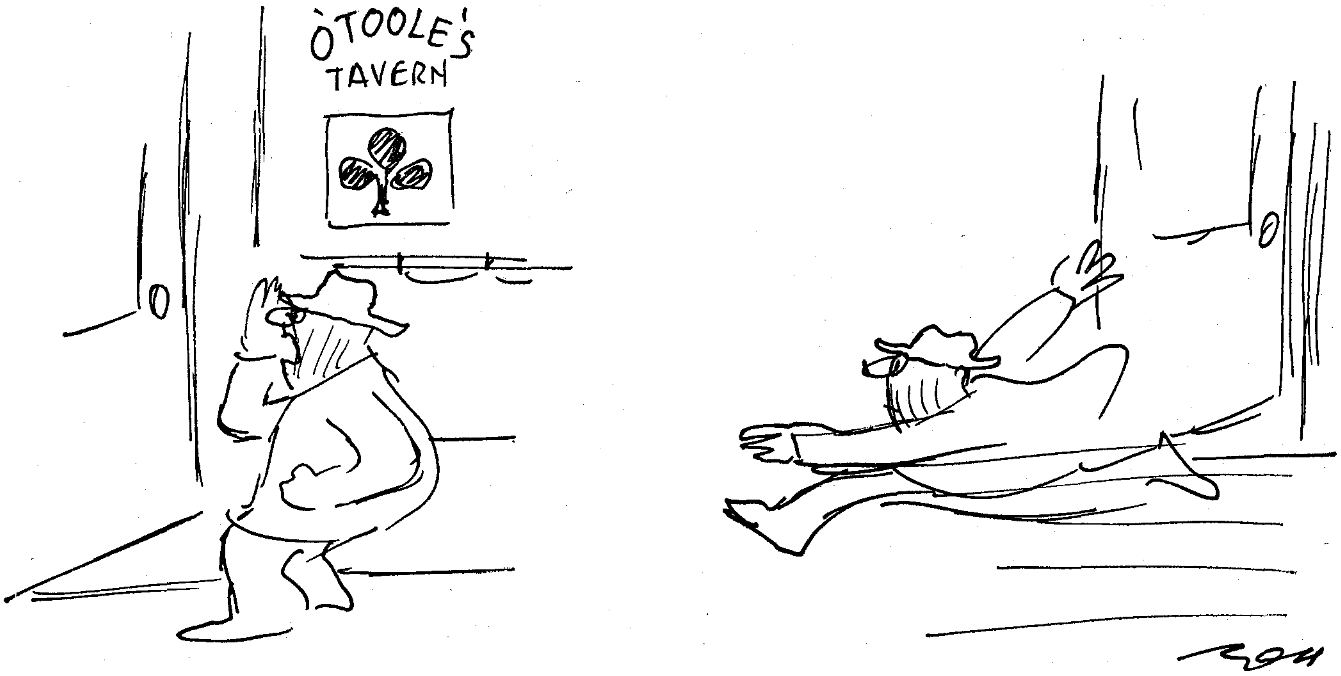
"*Bearing in mind my government's long devotion*—"

One said "relationship" nowadays about those one loved, and put one's friends in slots; words like "devotion" were reserved for official purposes.

A young man in grey had come to where Jaspersen sat, at the end of the row of seats, and was handing out copies of an amendment. Jaspersen, passing them along, thought how like church it all was. The deferential hush, the single voice intoning. O Organization, wherever two or three are gathered together in thy name . . . Jaspersen gave an unholy laugh.

Someone sitting beside the Chairman looked round repressively. One or two acolytes—the man in grey, a woman in black—silently carried papers back and forth across the room. The man had the stubby, earnest walk of a schoolboy; the woman appeared to glide over the blue carpet. In a man, Jaspersen thought, one could always see the child; whereas in a little girl one could always foresee the woman. The child Jaspersen who long ago had laughed in church, laughed in the schoolroom, had no place here, not even in memory. The idea that these guarded Committee faces had ever been childlike, or that they were sometimes even now transfigured by secular passions, was totally irrelevant.

"—*to the preservation of freedom.*



"Down with the Irish!"

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For if freedom is to be effectively preserved, a solution must be found—"

One would have thought freedom was a museum piece—some extinct creature being pickled in a jar of spirits. The voice went on, on. Jaspersen's father, a gaunt old man who loved Schiller and had no knowledge of world affairs, would have quoted "No incantation can compel the gods" (might even, for he was getting quite eccentric, have quoted it out loud), but Jaspersen knew better—had more than once thrown in his lot with incantations in this very room and seen the gods compelled. Was it not worthwhile, this compelling of the gods in a good cause? And if so, why could Jaspersen not rejoice as he sat there this morning? The trouble was, official life had grown so remote from life itself.

"—*together with adequate safeguards* . . ."

Jaspersen was not a man to succumb to despair; in fact, with his quick walk, he had quite outdistanced it. He would never ask himself "What will become of me?"—much less the more terrible question "What has become of me?" Here, however, twenty feet underground, in filtered air and fluorescent light, amid the aspirations ratified by one hundred member nations, a certain depression had managed—God knew how—to penetrate. There is no armour, there are no adequate safeguards. Deep-rooted conflicts are within us and obstruct the evaluation process.

LESLIE sauntered down the corridor, her head uncharacteristically lowered as she studied the effect of her new shoes, which buttoned across the instep. When the elevator came, she got in jauntily. She liked to have errands away from the section, and often combined them with coffee in the cafeteria or a visit to her friends in the filing room. On this occasion, her sense of responsibility took her first to the main floor, where she got out. Descending to the basement, she stood on her toes to avoid wedging her vinyl heels in the grooves of the escalator. At the end of a corridor, a guard admitted her to the Committee Room, and she discovered Jaspersen sitting in a row of seats near the door.

A speech was being made, and Jaspersen was listening so intently that she could not attract his attention. Someone motioned her to sit down behind him and wait, and she did this, feeling important as she sank into the leather seat and watched her skirt draw back above her white knitted knees. The room was brightly, hotly lit, and was decorated—somewhat datedly, Leslie thought—in blond wood and blue furnishings. Absently folding the message for Jaspersen over and over until it began to part at the creases, Leslie looked curiously up at the half-empty public gallery and the glass booths of the interpreters. This was more like the real thing; more, in fact, like the movies. It was the setting in which she had imagined herself when she applied to the Organization, and of which she had not, until now, caught a single glimpse. Leslie's duties consisted in the main of inter-leaving pages with carbon-paper and typing on them at someone else's dictation. Yet Leslie had repeatedly been told by her superiors that what was wanted was someone who would take an interest in this work; what was wanted, Leslie concluded, was some kind of a nut.

Leslie did not care to know what was going on here; since everyone else obviously did know, involvement on her part seemed unnecessary. She felt agreeably secure in the presence of all these diligent faces. And Jaspersen, she noticed, was the most engrossed of all, his elbow bent on his knee, his hand supporting his intent brow.

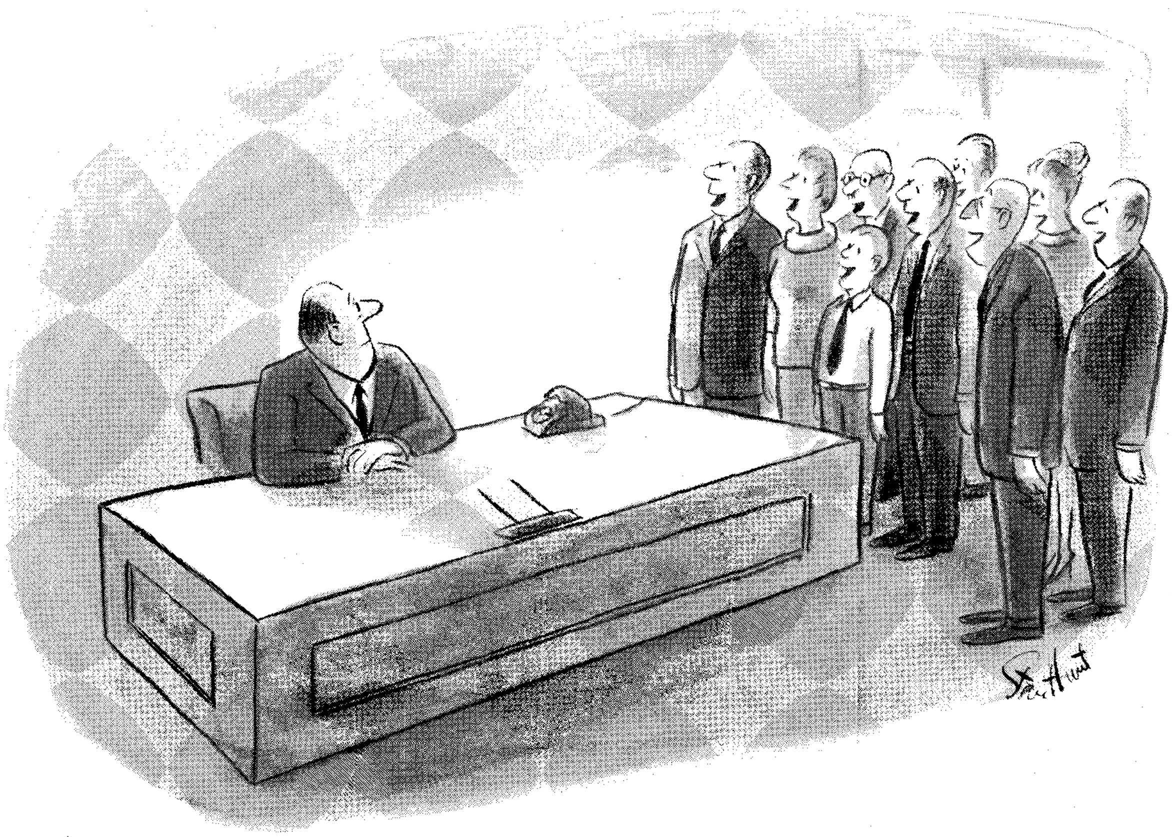
"*Recognizing the basic fluidity of the situation*"—the speaker paused, poured water into a glass—"*and in the firm conviction*"—he drank—"*that the pooling of resources* . . ."

When Jaspersen raised his head, a hand appeared at his elbow. It was a curious little hand, plump and pink with astonishing silver nails. Some of these nails were of Oriental attenuation, others were bluntly broken off. Jaspersen, staring at the hand, was tempted to take it in his own. However, he merely accepted a pleated paper from its irregular talons.

He opened the paper, turned it round, and read, "Unification is postponed."

Jaspersen sat still for a moment or two, with the paper in his hand. He then put it in his folder and dismissed Leslie with a backward nod. He leaned forward and touched his own hand to the elbow in front of him.

The Chief's head veered to a familiar attitude—not detached from



"Mr. Wonderful-l-l, that's you-u-u . . ."

the proceedings of the meeting, yet inclined, receptive, authoritative. It was an attitude of head and shoulders that had been perfected within the Organization and was best demonstrated on the floor of a large conference room.

Jaspersen whispered into the leaning ear, "Unification is postponed."

The ear appeared to frown. "Not coming up?"

"Not today."

"*—and fervently believing in the vital importance—*"

"Nothing to stay for then," the Chief murmured, turning farther round.

"*—and crucial significance—*"

"Nothing at all."

They slid out of their seats furtively, like patrons leaving a bad film. Outside, Jaspersen said, "Now we'll never know who did it."

The Chief had a way of permitting a joke to register while denying it official recognition. "I'm anxious," he said gravely, "to have our item come up."

The postponement of Unification had gone to Jaspersen's head. "You realize," he said, "that they may not approve of what we've done."

The Chief smiled tolerantly. "We must know how to accept criticism, Olaf." He spoke as if it were some useless gift to be stowed in a closet as soon as the guests had gone. "A most helpful discussion of Item Five, I thought, by the way."

"Didn't quite get it," Jaspersen said.

"Not get it?" The Chief had not known Jaspersen in this mood before. For a moment it seemed that he was going to stop in his tracks, halfway up the sloping corridor, on the rug donated by the Republic of Panama. "Not get what?"

Jaspersen took hold of himself: he did not want to go too far. (To go too far, in the Organization, was to travel no great distance.) "Oh—just an unfortunate phrase or two, perhaps—" They had reached the Up escalator, and the Chief had paused and was frowning. Pulling himself together at last, looking more like himself than he had done all morning, Jaspersen went on hurriedly, "In an otherwise excellent speech."

The Chief looked pleased, even relieved. Gripping the escalator rail, he stepped on and stayed on. So did Jaspersen, and they surfaced together at the high rise of the elevators, each tightly clasping his resolution.

ARRIVING back in his office, Jaspersen found his In-tray fuller than ever, his blotter studded with messages. The office was quiet. It was time for lunch—time for Subsidiary and Specialized to converge on cafeteria and dining room; for cronies from Public Relations, from Personnel, from Logistics and Finance to take up their positions on the warm ingle-benches about the Disarmament Bar; time for Jaspersen to send out for his plain yoghurt and ripe banana. He sat down at his desk and began to go through the messages. *Can you address the Assembly of Non-Accredited Groups next Monday? Human Dignity Section will call back. Please call Mr. Kauer in Forceful Implementation of Peace Treaties. Long-Range Planning has been trying to reach you.* (This last slip was marked "RUSH.")

"You all right?" Pastore inquired from the doorway.

Jaspersen lifted his head in a manner intended to keep Pastore from entering. "Everything go smoothly up here this morning?"

"Everything was as usual," Pastore said ambiguously. "Unification is now set for tomorrow."

"I guessed as much."

"You all right?" Pastore asked again, hesitantly setting foot on the carpet.

"As a matter of fact, I was a bit low this morning. Feel better now. It was probably the weather."

"You know what it is." Pastore nodded confidingly. "I've been talking to Luba. She has an idea that Tuesdays are some sort of psychological low point. It's an interesting theory—you talk to her about it. She thinks Tuesdays are the worst."

—SHIRLEY HAZZARD

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In this position Clark will be responsible for recruiting new members for the association and filling speaking engagements throughout the region in behalf of the NAHB.

Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.—*Fritsche News & Views, a house organ.*

Remember that, Clark!

GOING HOME, 1945

Home is so sad. It stays as it was left . . .—*Philip Larkin*

I. GETTING THERE

1. Night

"En route aboard the Twentieth Century
Limited," says the club-car notepaper.
With a glad cry, I take a seat and write
Six crested notes to six deserving friends
Who need a lesson in my eminence,
Or on whose female persons I have vain
Designs. Speaking of female persons, who
Is that old-fashioned girl, three seats away,
With maraschino-cherry lips and teeth
As white as lemon pith, with ice-blue eyes
And amber Bourbon hair? Must be Bryn Mawr.
Above my station, which is G.C.T.,
And, at the other end, Fort Street. I cock
An innocent index at the bar waiter
And call, in a bass tenor, for a Scotch
And branch water. (I hope that branch water
Is carried on crack trains. I think of it
In pear-shaped bottles, like Perrier.) The black,
White-coated waiter makes ironically
Over my disarray: "Mix, sir?" "Uh-huh,"
I grunt. Branch water gets no rise,
Not even one eyelid bat, from Bryn Mawr.
I give up and tack back to my roomette,
Where Webster waits to take me by the throat
And threaten me to sleep: "Or with his nails
He'll dig them up again." Amen. I doze,
Until, in the marshalling yards of Buffalo,
The nails of couplings dig me up again.
Up the trick curtain; under it, the moon
Face of the station clock beams a huge 1
Into my dilatory pupil. Sleep
Returns for his lost westbound passenger
And hustles him aboard. They couple up
Another Hudson 4-6-4 and I awake
Again. The clock says 2. We're off. Good night.

2. Dawn

Morning is not a matter of whisk-broom
Paradiddles on sack-suit shoulders; not
A throb of chocolate voices in the men's
Washroom; not an *aubade* of good cigars
Smoking on sink rims while their masters shave
In undershirts, pending suspenders; not
Steam rising from the ranks of sinks where jokes
Go off so limply at this hour—"Mister,
Your sign fell down!" (Laughter)—and one man drinks
Rye by himself in a toilet stall. Morning is not
That anymore at all, but a shave alone
In my roomette and a walk to the dining car,
And breakfast in silence on the Century.

3. Forenoon

Nous sommes arrivés. The old Lafayette
Coach which my dad affects awaits without,
While my dim mother pins me in a grip
Of flesh and blood. Just two semesters stand
Between me and these twin authorities,
The moon and sun, ruling me night and day
In opposition and conjunction. Now
I stoop to inspect their tiny orrery,
Worked by a crank from higher up, a god
From the Machine-Design Department. We
Climb in the fatal car and head for home
Through widened streets lined with diminished shops
Patrolled by shrivelled people, shrunken kids,
And miniature dogs. Wastepaper blows
For miles along the thoroughfares toward
The straight edge of the horizon, where the world,
Seeing me entering my father's house,
Awaits my resurrection in the fall.

II. AT HOME

1. The Room

The next of kin is marched into a dark,
North-oriented room where trumpet vines
And overhanging eaves restrain the light,
There to confront the body of his past:
A matter of identity. Look, those
Are spectacles that were his eyes. That book
Was his vocabulary. That wall map
(Out of the *Geographic*) was his world.
That copy of "Jane's Fighting Ships" was all
His insular defense. Those model planes—
Stormovik, Stuka, ME-109—
Were his air arm, which tirelessly traversed
The compass rose around their dusty strings.
Who was this recent tenant of my room?
Intelligence demands an answer: "Why,
I never saw the boy before in my life."

2. The Folks

My father casts a stone whose ripples ride
Almost to my unhearing aid, the ear.
My answering fire likewise falls short. Between
Us lies no-generation's land, a waste
Of time. Barbed wire and trenches separate
The conscript class of 1895
From that of 1928. I see
My father, in a tall examination room
Gaslit by fishtail burners, demonstrate
The differential calculus; he sees
Me boozing with low types in Central Square
And touching tasty women on the quick.
(Not such a bad idea, Dad, after all.)
Had he his way, his little mathemat
Would be devouring sums and public praise
Like any Univac; and had I mine,
My dad and I would be out on the town,
Like as a brother act in our black ties,
Clubbable, bibulous, sly, debonair.
Fat chance of that. Across the timing gap
No blue spark fires. We talk in circles which
Are not contiguous. It is too bad
Our purposes for others founder on
Their purposes for us. Now, take my dad.

3. The Date

Hat holds me at an angle to survey
My metamorphosis from local boy
To Eastern College Man. Light-years away,
Her once and future beaux from Tech and State,
Back, blinded, into corners of the room,

Bedazzled by my meteoric rise.
All night, respectfully, their voices flat
As the land's lie, they ask me what it's like
Back there, incredulously fingering
My J. Press jacket, softly crying "Smooth!"
Like pigeons. And the girls! Such nattering—
Which even bird conventions cannot touch—
Alarms my keeper, Hat, to vigilance
Over her showpiece, lest I taste too much
Of all I'm offered. But it doesn't matter;
The pièce de résistance is Harriet later.

4. The Chum

It's Harvard vs. Williams at the old
A.C. Out of my corner armchair, I
Dance nimbly to clasp hands with Richie B.
Mackenzie, my old challenger. Now he,
The shorter fighter, boards his bicycle
And pedals up to me. Right cross; we shake,
Break clean. On to the greater battle, where
The muffled musketry of cutlery
Rattles a rapid fire above the dull
Trench-mortar thuds of crockery. "A dry
One with a twist." "Bourbon and branch water."
"Blue points." "Cracked crab." "The grayling *amandine*."
"Filet mignon. *Pommes allumettes*." "Roquefort."
"Blue cheese." "*Rosé*?" "*Rosé*." "There's no place like—"
"Cambridge. Boy, what a wild—" "Woman I met
At Bennington." "I'll tell the world they put
Out. Why—" " . . . they don't pass out, I'll never know."
"Two great big townies—" "Landed on their ear
Outside the bar. From Rensselaer." "No kid?"
"I swear." "Rum cake." "*Profiteroles*."
"Cointreau." "Martell." "Gentlemen's grades: three C's,
A D." "Still worse—two D's. On pro." "No kid?"
"I'll pay." "Let me." "I'll pay." "Let me." "O.K."
The winner and still champion is me.

5. The City

In this al-fresco gallery of Sheelers—
Equipped with stacks and tipples, ramps and hoppers,
Vents, derricks, ducts, louvres, and intercoolers—
I wander lonely as a cloud. Here is the beauty
Of this ridiculous, gas-smelling city.
Not those gilt towers stuck up so proudly
To spell a skyline, not those too loudly
Dulcet and unobtrusively huge houses
Dotting the northern suburbs. No, the heart
Of it is where its masters' love is:
In the cold-rolling mills, annealing rooms,
Pickling and plating vats, blast furnaces,
Drop-forging shops, final-assembly lines:
Wherever angular, ideal machines,
Formed seamlessly of unalloyed desire,
Strike worthless stereotypes out of the fire.

6. The Room, 8/31

Lieutenant Kije, for the twentieth time
On record, tramps the dogged August night
In glacé top boots, jangling all his high
Orders of Irony and Satire. My
Suffering mother passes through the wall
A muffled *cri de cœur*, "Turn that thing down,"
To which I courteously defer. The summer stands
Suspended in its bowl, and also runs
At a great rate down the drain somehow, dragging
Me into fall. There still remain these nights
Of close restraint in heat, a camisole
Of dampness wired for the amazingly
Loud sound of streetcars roller-skating, for
The shocking sight of their electric-blue
Stars overhead, for their galvanic smell
Of ozone, and the unforgettable scent
Of air-conditioned drugstores, where the pure
Acid of citrus cuts across the fat
Riches of chocolate, subjugates perfume
(Evening in Paris), soap, iodoform.
Back in my heated room with the night game
And Nine Elizabethan Dramatists,
I chill myself with Webster. In the twelfth,
August strikes out and thunders to the showers.

III. AWAY

1. Packing

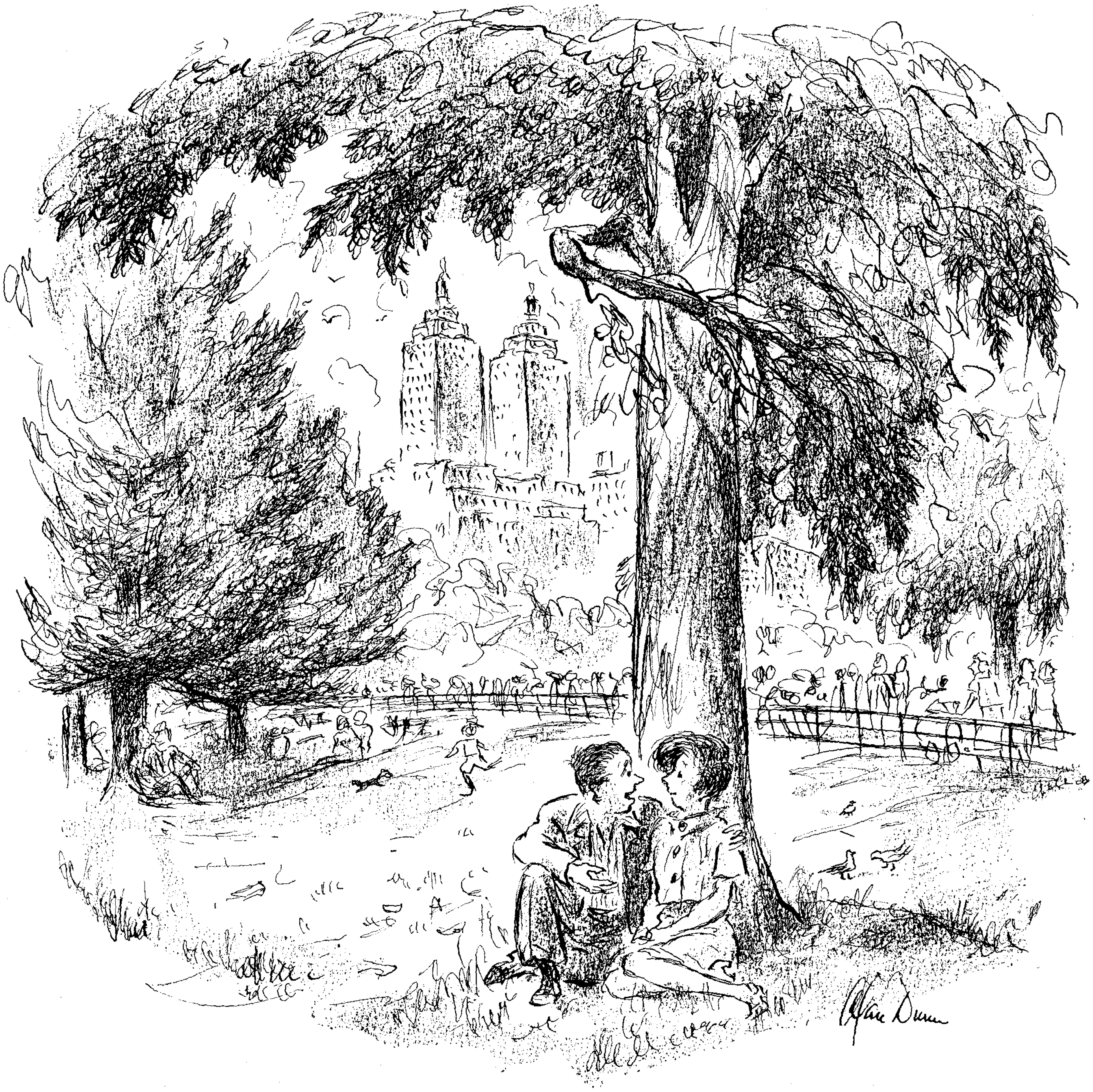
Admit the sophomore's impediments
In the Caesarean sense: the stuff I lug
Wisely and foolishly out of the breach
In Mother's privet hedge, in Father's picket fence.
Items: one pair of officer's pink pants
Left over from R.O.T.C.; one tam
Worn by the Pictou Highlanders and me;
One six-foot Princeton scarf; one pair sweatpants;
Two white bucks aged to gray; one copy each
Of "Dubliners," "Wind in the Willows," "Kim,"
"Tropic of Cancer," "House at Pooh Corner," "Teen-
Age Etiquette," "Ulysses," "Leaves of Grass,"
"A Child's Garden of Verses," "Four Quartets,"
"Tarr," "Peter Rabbit," "Lady Chatterley;"
One Remington Electric Shaver; six
Giant Almond Hershey Bars; one roll of Tums;
One jar of Mum; one tube of Pepsodent;
One guest bar of Camay; two Trojans; three
Packs of Balkan Sobranie cigarettes;
A secret diary (three entries); and
A tangled mass too numerous to list.
I genuflect on the strained leatherette
Until the straining snap locks creak and catch;
Then I pick up my bags, one in each hand,
And take the first step to Jerusalem,
New England's green and pleasant land.

2. Parting

"Caoutchouc," I comment, flexing my big feet
In their new gum boots. "Are you catching cold?"
Mother demands. "Uh, no. Just practicing
A new word." "Good. Do you have everything?"
"Uh, yes. Umbrella, earmuffs, undershirts—"
"The marmalade!" "Oh, hell!" "Your grandmother
Will just be sick. She got it from Dundee."
"Ship it." "It's glass. I can't." "Here comes the train.
Son, have a good year," my poor father says.
His eyes belie his smile. But he's a good,
Though steady, loser. Now, fraternally,
He takes my hand in the firm, funny grip
Of the Order of Fathers and Sons. My mother plants
A moist and plosive kiss across my ear,
Mumbles, and sheds a shiny patent tear.

3. Starting

Gathering way, we step out of the station
Gingerly, silver showing at the forefoot
Of the long engine, and a curl of cream



"Think of it! Three billion people on this planet, and we found each other!"

• •

Whipped at her whistle. How superior
It is to pass clean through the roots of each
Bystander's real life and leave the city
In the lurch like a wife. My guilt is packed
In with my sweatshirts in the baggage car;
I travel light. Brick tenements sprint by,
All up to here with melodrama, kids,
Mice, misery. I blink and miss a block,
Yawn and omit a mile. Now the Toltec
Pyramids of plants appear and pivot by.
Soon rolling mills give way to fields of rye;
We transfer to the stainless Limited.
It's reading period: "Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness."
The sun goes west; the sky goes black; it is
Full tide 'tween night and day. Just in the nick,
Bosola, in a mist, I know not how,
Receives his mortal wound at cocktail time.
I home in on the club car, straightening
The rucked-up jacket I've been reading in,
And take a seat with *Fortune* on my knee.
The waiter fetches Scotch and branch water.
Say, who's that Highland tycoon's fetching daughter
In a dress-Stewart skirt, with Shetland hair,
Eyes like a loch, breasts like a ben? She's mine,
Assuming I can take a dare. With luck,
From now until tomorrow is today,
From here over the hills and far away,
We'll kiss and play and possibly make free,
En route aboard the Twentieth Century.

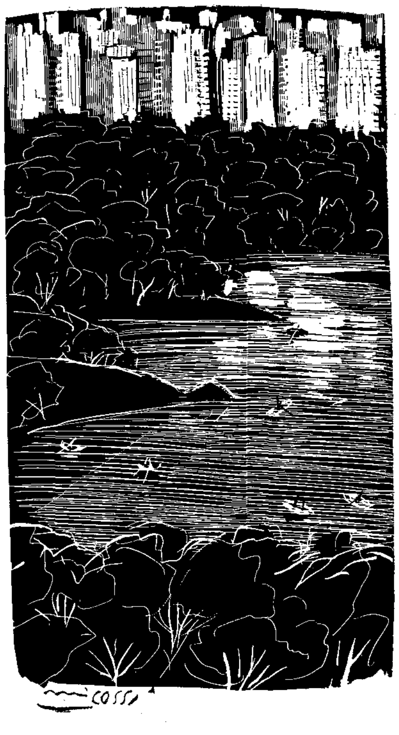
—L. E. Sissman

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

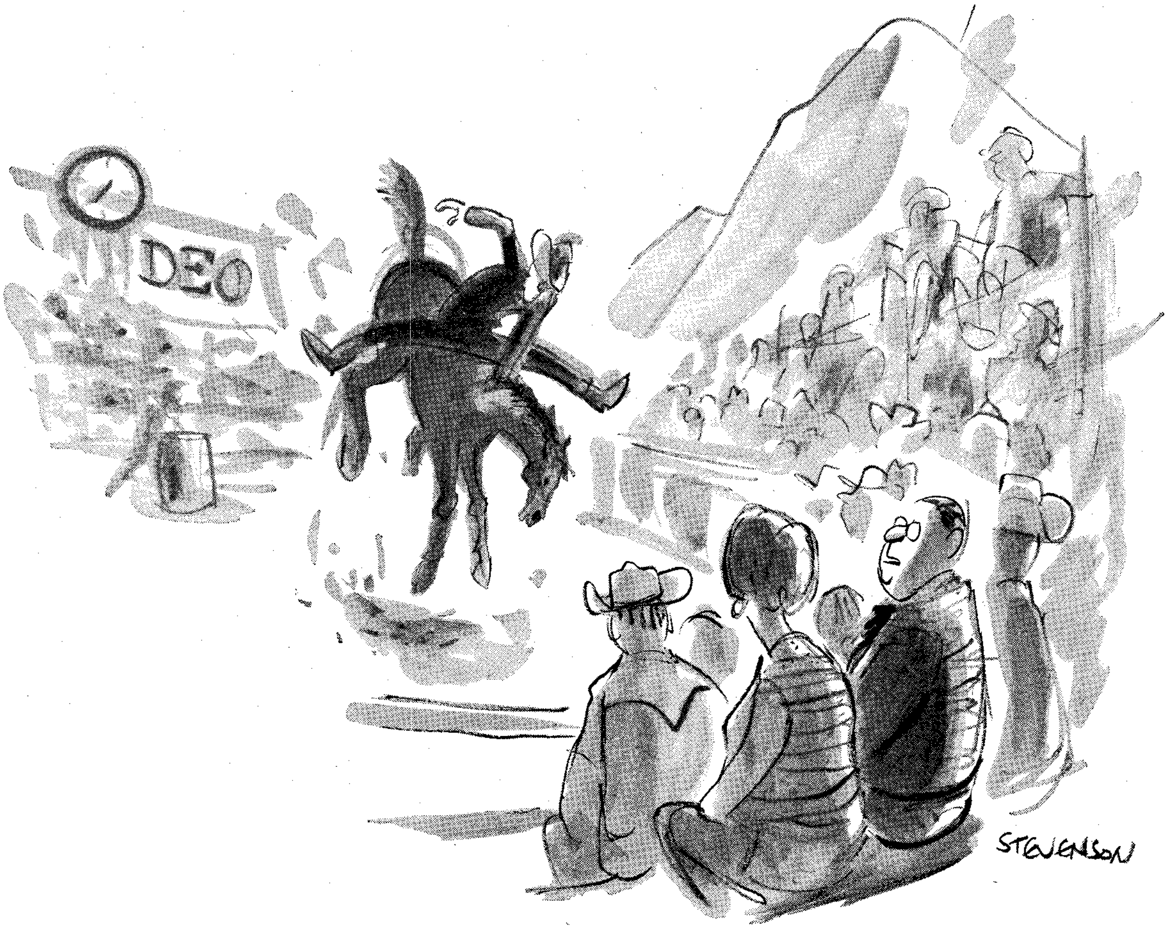
THE PUT-ON

PATRONS at a Pop gallery chuckle knowingly over a Roy Lichtenstein painting. A bearded young man at a party introduces himself as an undercover agent for the Green Berets. Senator Everett Dirksen recites a deep-throated, eye-rolling, super-rhetorical piece of bombast on God, Country, and Marigolds. Stokely Carmichael answers an interviewer who wants to know what must be done about Harlem: "Burn it to the ground and send one million black men up to invade Scarsdale." Oedipa Maas, wife of disc jockey Mucho Maas and patient of berserk psychiatrist Dr. Hilarius, is at last on the verge of unravelling the prodigious mystery of the Tristero syndicate on page 183 of Thomas Pynchon's much heralded second novel; there is no page 184. Representative Frank Thompson, of New Jersey, before a full session of Congress, proposes the Banana and Other Odd Fruit Disclosure and Reporting Act of 1967 to halt "the sinister spread" of "hallucinogenic" banana-peel smoking. A top-box-office spy film concludes, after a huge explosion wipes out secret agents from five countries (as well as French Legionnaires, United States Cavalrymen, and a Frugging battalion of Indian parachutists), with a mass ascent to Heaven. Students opposed to the war in Vietnam arrive to testify at House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in bizarre costumes: one wears a Revolutionary War uniform, complete with tricorne hat; another identifies himself as James Bond; a third addresses the Chairman, Congressman Joseph Pool, of Texas, as Jo-Jo while under oath. Adam Clayton Powell summons newsmen to his Bimini hideaway for a big scoop; then he plugs his new record, "Keep the Faith, Baby." "What's the big story?" a reporter asks. "You've heard it, baby," Powell replies. The Beatles answer every question at a press conference by saying "Woof, woof." Someone asks if "Yellow Submarine" is a drug song, and Paul McCartney replies, "You have a dirty mind." In Mont-Saint-Michel, a pretty girl in leotards flourishes a trumpet, elaborately preparing for a street concert. Finally, she begins to blow horrible noises. Obviously, she can't play the trumpet at all. She passes a hat and people give her money. "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—WHO KNOWS?" asks a *Times* headline above a rave review of "Gorilla Queen," in which a chorus line of apes sings the Chorale from Beethoven's Ninth and both a jungle girl and a blond to-be-sacrificed virgin seem to be men. The playwright's previous works include "Tarzan of the Flicks," "Indira Gandhi's Daring Device," and "The Life of Lady Godiva." Twiggy (31-22-32), the world's No. 1 model and London's "Girl of the Year," has thatched male hair, stands five feet six, weighs ninety-one pounds, wears short pants, sucks her finger, pouts, and answers reporters' questions with "I dunno." She is seventeen years old and earns a hundred and twenty dollars an hour. A famous artist is commissioned to paint the portrait of, say, Mrs. Felice Worthingham. "I'm very busy," he mutters. "Let's see . . ." He writes the words "Portrait of Mrs. Felice Worthingham" on a grubby torn-off piece of paper. Then he signs the jotting and hands it over to Mr. Worthingham, who has the "portrait" framed and pays the artist's usual fee—five thousand dollars. Man, you know *somebody's* leg is being pulled. Or at least you think *maybe* it is.

By means of a subtle transformation in the ways artists deal with their audiences and people with one another, we suddenly have reason to distrust a good deal of art, fashion, and conversation—to withhold a flat-footed, honest response. More and more often, we suspect we are being tricked. What was once an occasional surprise tactic—called "joshing" around the turn of the century and "kidding" since the twenties—has been refined into the very basis of a new mode of communication. In all its permutations, this phenomenon is known as the "put-on." It occupies a fuzzy territory between simple leg-pulling and elaborate practical joke, between pointed lampoon and free-floating spoof.



Though there are suddenly many more of them, conversational put-ons are related to old-fashioned joshing and kidding, or to the sort of joke that Southerners call "funning" and Englishmen call "taking a mickey out of" someone. Not unlike the put-on, these older cousins depend upon a certain gullibility in the victim. They are like April-fool gags, perpetrated deadpan to get the victim to believe something that isn't so. Miniature hoaxes, their raison d'être is the surprise revelation of truth ("I was only kidding" or "It was just a gag") and laughter at the fall guy's credulity. Naturally, there were, and still are, habitual kidders or practical jokers. But the object of kidding, as of hoaxing, is always manifest: to *pass off* untruth as truth just for the fun of it. Ideally, there's no doubt in anyone's mind. At first, the victim believes the false to be true, whereas the kidder knows the truth. Then, the gulling accomplished, the kidder lets the victim know he's been taken for a ride. This payoff is the kidder's goal. With kidding and other hoax-derived precedents, the perpetrator smooths the rug out, has you stand on it, and then suddenly yanks it out from under you. The put-on is more like one of those irregularly moving platforms at an amusement park. The victim must constantly struggle to maintain his balance, constantly awkward, even (perhaps especially) when the floor *stops* moving for an instant; i.e., a "straight" moment, which makes the victim feel he has been paranoid. As he readjusts himself to this vision, the floor, so to speak, starts moving again. If conversation with a kidder is spiced by bosh, conversation with a put-on artist is a process of escalating confusion and distrust. He doesn't deal in isolated little tricks; rather, he has developed a pervasive style of relating to others that perpetually casts what he says into doubt. The put-on is an *open-end* form. That is to say, it is rarely climaxed by having the



"I'd like to see him stay at the helm of Afca Products for two minutes."

• •

"truth" set straight—when a truth, indeed, exists. "Straight" discussion, when one of the participants is putting the others on, is soon subverted and eventually sabotaged by uncertainty. His intentions, and his opinions, remain cloudy.

We remember the kidder as a good-natured, teasing sort—that moment when he rendered his victim absurd was quickly dissipated in the general laughter that followed. The put-on artist draws out that derisive moment; the gull has time to reflect (What's he up to? . . . He's trying to make a monkey out of me. . . . How should I respond?), and the joke's latent malice wells close to the surface. As the put-on pursues its course (at times while the subject matter shifts), it becomes clear that the victim is the butt of a generalized ridicule. Occasionally, a victim will try to explain away his confusion by assuming that the put-on artist is "just being ironical"—that he really means precisely the reverse of everything he says. This interpretation is hardly more helpful than taking put-ons at face value. Irony properly suggests the *opposite* of what is explicitly stated, by means of peripheral clues—tone of voice, accompanying gestures, stylistic exaggeration, or previous familiarity with the ironist's real opinions. Thus, for "Brutus is an honorable man" we understand "Brutus is a traitor." Irony is unsuccessful when misunderstood. But the put-on, inherently, *cannot* be understood.

Irony: A known dove delivers an impassioned "kill the gooks" speech.

Put-on: Someone we don't know delivers the same hawk speech. It is wildly hyperbolical, and yet . . . Is he really a dove? Might he be caricaturing his own position? Might he be apolitical and arbitrarily lampooning one extreme? Might he be merely ridiculing the passion of the discussion? Does he know at all how he feels about the Vietnamese war? Does the confusion he produces in his audience mirror his own confusion? Does the put-on, his diversionary artillery, spare him the self-examination required for a "real stand"?

THE deliberate ambiguities of conversational put-ons apply as well to put-ons in art, which are often mistaken for parodies or satires. Yet, according to long-established custom, the parody and the satire are rigorous, demanding forms, with the avowed and actual purpose of burlesquing preëxisting situations in art or life. A parody must imitate the original well, effectively exaggerating its peculiarities and weaknesses. In other words, to be good it must be sharp. It may be attacked for inadequate accuracy, pungency, or wit. The spoof (an old and annoying word now back in vogue for the vehicle of the put-on) need not be good to avert attack. It is too dangling, too slippery. It has only the *form* of satire, without the content, without the rules. It attacks, but from no real position of its own. Not holding any real position, it is itself invulnerable to attack.

When audiences "don't know how to take" a piece of work, it may now be the case that a highly ambiguous mode of presentation has rescued the artist from a head-on struggle with his material, from the most crucial dilemmas of art: What am I to make of my experiences? How do I feel about them? What do they teach me of the world? As conversational put-ons may disguise the fact that someone has nothing of interest to say—may, indeed, give precisely the opposite impression—so have put-ons in art come to serve as a refuge for the untalented. This is not to suggest that gifted artists never affect the style of the put-on (the Beatles are excellent examples of artists who do) but, rather, that the style itself clogs critical judgment and scuttles aesthetic standards. The Intellectual Establishment, which once took a dim view of those who believed themselves so above art as to dissemble in its name, now seems eager to play pigeon to the put-on, and accepts—even welcomes—the implied abuse.

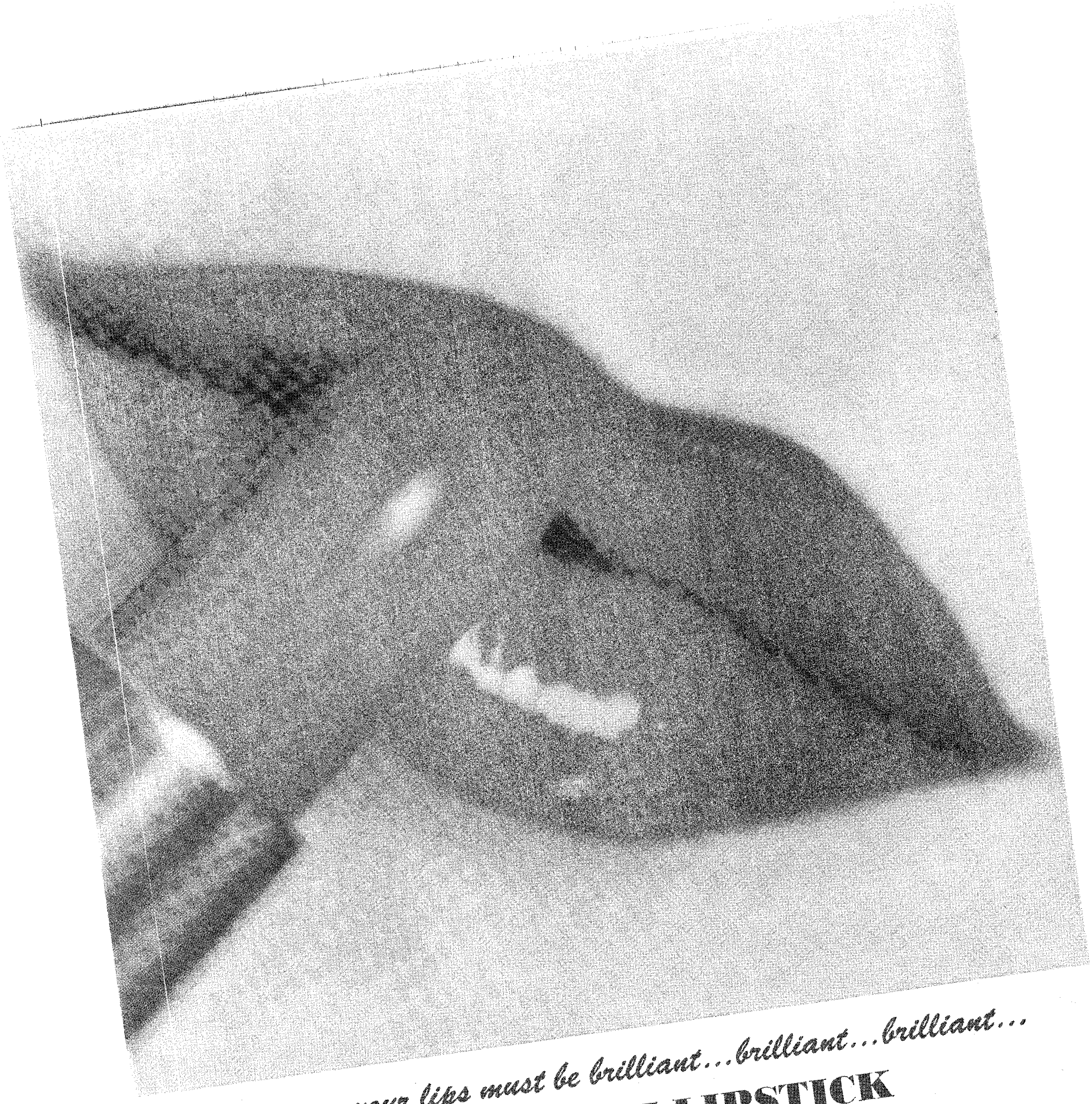
Admittedly, confusion or suspicion on the part of the Intellectual Establishment is historically a poor basis for mistrusting the intentions of artists. Almost every experimental or revolutionary artistic movement of the past—Romanticism, Impressionism, Symbolism, Surrealism, a dozen other isms—was in its time accused of being anti-art. Earnest Philistines of our century demanded to know whom Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound thought they were fooling; they warned E. E. Cummings that he'd never put his nonsense verse over on readers. They exhorted Picasso that gallery-goers wouldn't be taken in by Cubism, and cried out when Jackson Pollock and Franz Kline tried to pass off random drippings and slashings as paintings. Schoenberg and Webern were believed to have carried sounds past the boundaries of music. Electronic composers were told that people had too much sense to be hoodwinked by "unmusical" cacophony.

Even as contemporary Goths ask, "Who are they trying to kid?," a new avant-garde public rises to testify that future sensibilities will vindicate Claes Oldenburg's proposed hamburger monument in Times Square, or Andy Warhol's eight-hour film of a sleeping man, or La Monte Young's ear-rending, interminable Drone. And perhaps they will. The debatable art of the current scene, as well as already exonerated cases from art history, underscore the crucial question of *intent*. We now believe that heretical movements of the past, doubted and maligned in their own time, were fostered by serious men who cared deeply about art, who struggled to liberate themselves from exhausted conventions in order to revitalize and restore its relevance. Aspects of these revolutions—the extravagances of Artaud-inspired theatre, or the Nihilistic underside of Dada, with its mustached Mona Lisas and empty canvases—we now consider wrongheaded, childish, chaotic, even destructive. But we are at the same time convinced that they were undertaken, whether in anger or fun, in good faith, with a profound commitment to art and its future.

Much "serious" art today—even seemingly outlandish art—is doubtless undertaken with the same commitment. The currency of the put-on, however, has given new meaning to recent Dadaist experimentation. Many art consumers, and some critics as well, have come to envisage contemporary art as a giant con game. The game is played in a spirit of desperate suspicion. Its object is twofold: to appreciate what is "good" and "real," and to avoid being taken in by the con jobs. A few modern critics—most notably, Marshall McLuhan—have tried to break up this game by, in effect, redefining art as anything you can put over on anybody. But the world of culture has too much at stake to accept any such permissive redefinition. Art critics, dealers, and curators must protect their identities (and jobs) as people of taste and discrimination. They must continue to insist that they *understand* what art is real and what art is phony, and that their judgment is fit to advise the public.

This staunch orthodoxy in the Cultural Establishment has several peculiar results. A dangerously preëmptive sort of subjectivism has taken over serious criticism. For a critic to call work bad, he must often, in the light of what he's already called good, tell us that it is a fake. In other words, what he likes he deems real art; what he doesn't like he deems "anti-art," or put-on. Since the critic assumes his job is to dope out the con game, disagreement among critics becomes highly explosive. When one considers bad something that others have considered good, he is no longer simply challenging the merits of a specific work; he is telling the public that his colleagues have been taken in by fraud, that they are hoodwinked in their notions of what constitutes art, that none of us really knows for sure anymore what is real and good. A terrible fear is thus generated throughout the Cultural Establishment: in the galleries, the academies, the critical journals. Are we dismissing genius? Are we elevating nonsense? Will someone rock the boat? Will someone suddenly shout that the Emperor is naked? Will someone simply come along and *describe* the objects we have praised, and will those objects then sound stupid?

One upshot of these fears is a wary, "sophisticated" tolerance toward new art—an intellectualized, jargon-full appreciation of it. Much of this art does, indeed, require tolerance, but tolerance of a far more relaxed sort. It is meant to "be experienced," to wash over an audience. Its put-ons are what may be called *set-breaking* put-ons. They afford one an opportunity to observe one's own consciousness reacting to "art" that contradicts all one's expectations of art. When a composer comes onstage in a dinner jacket and seats himself at a grand piano, a familiar set is established. When he continues to sit there without playing a single note—when the audience realizes that his sitting there *is* the concert—the set is broken. There are perhaps three primary responses to a set-breaking aesthetic



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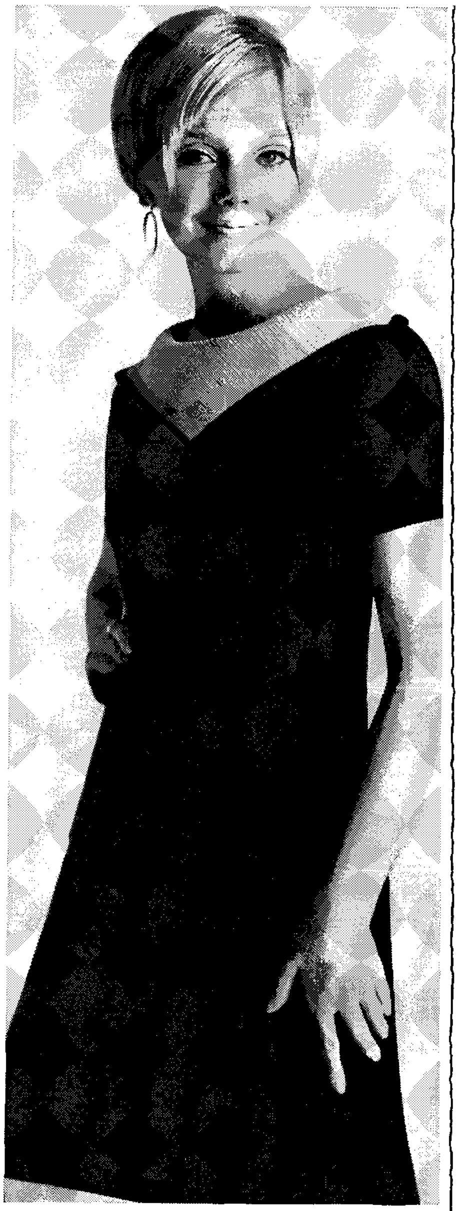

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experience of this sort: (1) you leave; (2) you remain, listening to what other sounds are to be heard in the hall, examining how others in the audience respond to the "concert," and taking an inventory of your *own* responding consciousness; (3) you remain, trying to figure out whether the composer is "serious" or whether you, as a critical intelligence, are being conned. We know that everyone square leaves, or at least very badly wants to leave. Thus, tolerance—at galleries, concerts, Happenings, dance programs, independent cinema—has become a significant aspect of the contemporary aesthetic experience. Being able to bear put-ons has become one of the responsibilities of the modern audience.

The wrong kind of tolerance—suspicious endurance—has, furthermore, opened up the art scene to people who are able to capitalize on unacknowledged critical confusion. This sort of highly marketable wiseguy-ness, as opposed to seriously intended set-breaking, has made the put-on a fundamentally commercial form, finding its purest expression in television, Hollywood cinema, formula radio, fashion, Top Forty sound, advertising, and the most salable of popular art. Whereas artistic rebels of eras past embraced the most extreme risks in prosecuting their aesthetic ideas, popular artists can now *avoid* risk by the suggestion of a put-on. Possibly the bravest gamble a contemporary artist can take is to present himself as unequivocally serious, for he thereby risks making a fool of himself. This risk, along with the risk of appearing naïve, was once an inviolable prerogative of all creative work. Now we have come to believe that an artist who may be fooling cannot be a fool, and, conversely, that one who is in no way making fun of his own efforts is somehow humorless. It's open season on the unabashedly earnest. But as long as the artist's intentions are even slightly in doubt, most critics approach him with some caution.

A Put-On may be as short as a phrase or as long as a novel. Still more confounding, the purest put-ons are never altogether pure, never *unmistakable*. The put-on at once elevates the fraudulent and debases the true, rendering the entire proceedings questionable. A remark that *may be* a put-on casts a whole conversation into doubt; a few frames that may be a put-on make us wonder about a whole movie. The pervasive currency of the put-on generates an atmosphere charged with misplaced skepticism. Not even the painfully serious manage to escape incrimination. Is Marshall McLuhan just putting us on? Is John Cage? Is Norman Mailer, in "An American Dream"? Stan Brakhage, in "Dog Star Man"? Does Dwight Macdonald *really* like "MacBird" all that much? Can Frank Stella be laughing up his sleeve at the critical acclaim accorded his paintings? Richard Goldstein can't actually *believe* the Mamas and the Papas are as valid as Bach. Robert Rauschenberg must be kidding with some of those Happenings, right?

Curiously, this sort of misguided suspicion is tendered in a spirit of respect. (When a work is well reviewed nowadays, some critic is almost sure to inform us that the whole thing was a big joke, and so much the better.) If we like the art, jolly good show. If we don't, perhaps the artist is making fun of us. Perhaps we must give him credit for putting something over on us. If a piece of work is stupid, perhaps it's meant to show how stupid *we* are. Such notions are currently so ingrained as to somehow redeem art that is simply and honestly bad. In spite of his obvious ingenuousness, Andy Warhol is widely credited with pulling the wool over the public's eyes. Nothing of the kind. The public has shown itself ready to buy his meagre product, and he places it on the market as fast as his factories can turn it out. The people around Warhol, however—his co-manufacturers, and certain critics who know when to latch on to a good thing—have created an ambiguous, quasi-facetious aura about their work cult. So while Warhol remains true to his profoundly simplistic visions, consumers feel proud to participate in some vast joke on their peers, and on the very concept of beauty.

Time was when artistic hoax meant a talented unknown's offering his work under an opportune name to gain an audience. So Thomas Chatterton "discovered" "ancient" religious manuscripts and poems, Charles Vanderbourg the poetry of "Clotilde," Prosper Mérimée the dramas of "Clara Gazul," Fritz Kreisler "lost compositions" of Vivaldi, Couperin, Porpora, Pugnani, and Padre Martini. The works themselves were fine and deserving. Today, unknowns make names for themselves with hoax work. Even

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a painting chimpanzee has been employed to play this game. Talk circulates—"Is it for real?"—and the product sells.

Fascination with the possibly fraudulent, while a symptom of a New Sensibility, has powerful precedents in American culture. For a hundred years—from the Crédit Mobilier scandal and the Whiskey Ring fraud to Billie Sol Estes and Bobby Baker—a sizable number of Americans have been amused rather than enraged by the feats of audacity that gulled them. Such a climate enabled P. T. Barnum to become one of the prime architects of the Gilded Age. People took him to their hearts as the Prince of Humbugs; they gave him license to deceive them. In a corrupt era, when the noblest impulses seemed to lead toward contempt and castigation of self and country, audiences implicitly demanded that they themselves be the butt of public jokes. When they laughed and applauded Barnum's unconvincing cozening, they symbolized the amused acquiescence of a republic duped by political sharks. Because his audience would accept bamboozlement as well as genuine spectacle, Barnum was at least partly relieved of responsibility for coming across with the real McCoy. "People like to be fooled," he's supposed to have said. "There's a sucker born every minute." Yet, despite exaggerated claims for his presentations, not *all* of them were frauds—and he drew the line between the sort of hokum that came to be known as Barnumism and the out-and-out swindle. (He emptied out his packed freak museum, for example, with a fancy sign that read, "This Way to the Egress." Customers eagerly went through the appointed door and found themselves in an alley.) So even his hip clientele could never be sure of an exhibit's authenticity: perhaps this Negro woman *was* more than a hundred and sixty years old, perhaps she *was* George Washington's nurse. They asked a question much in vogue today: "Is this for real?"

Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth" anticipated the three classic elements of the put-on: the come-on (buildup), the fake-out (revelation or suspicion that things are not what they seem), and the cop-out (pulling the whole thing off without necessarily delivering the goods).

Let me define my terms. The come-on is like an introduction, only more elaborate. It is the gestaltic self-presentation. The fake-out is like a surprise, only bigger. It is a radical contradiction of one's presuppositions. The fake-out

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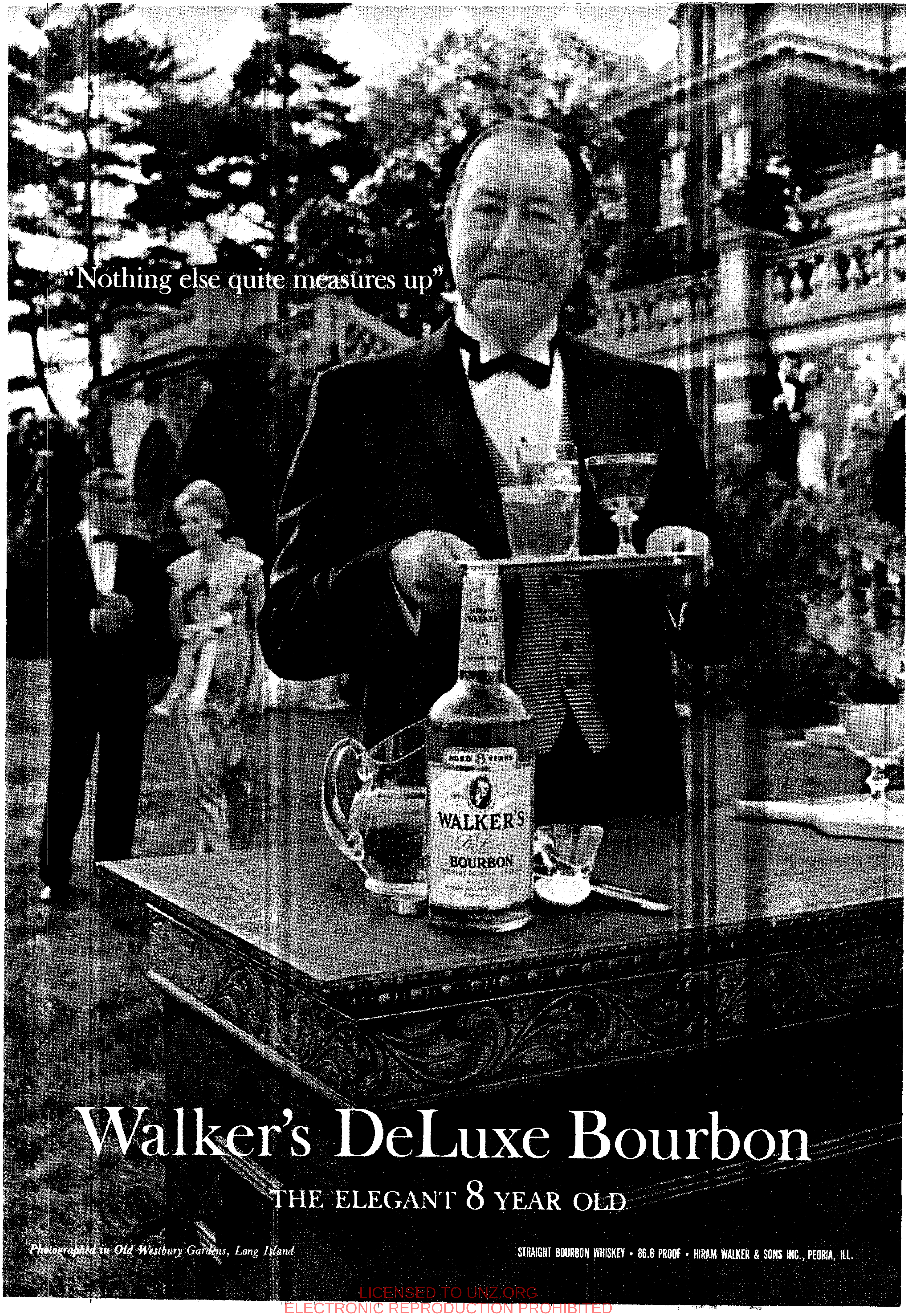
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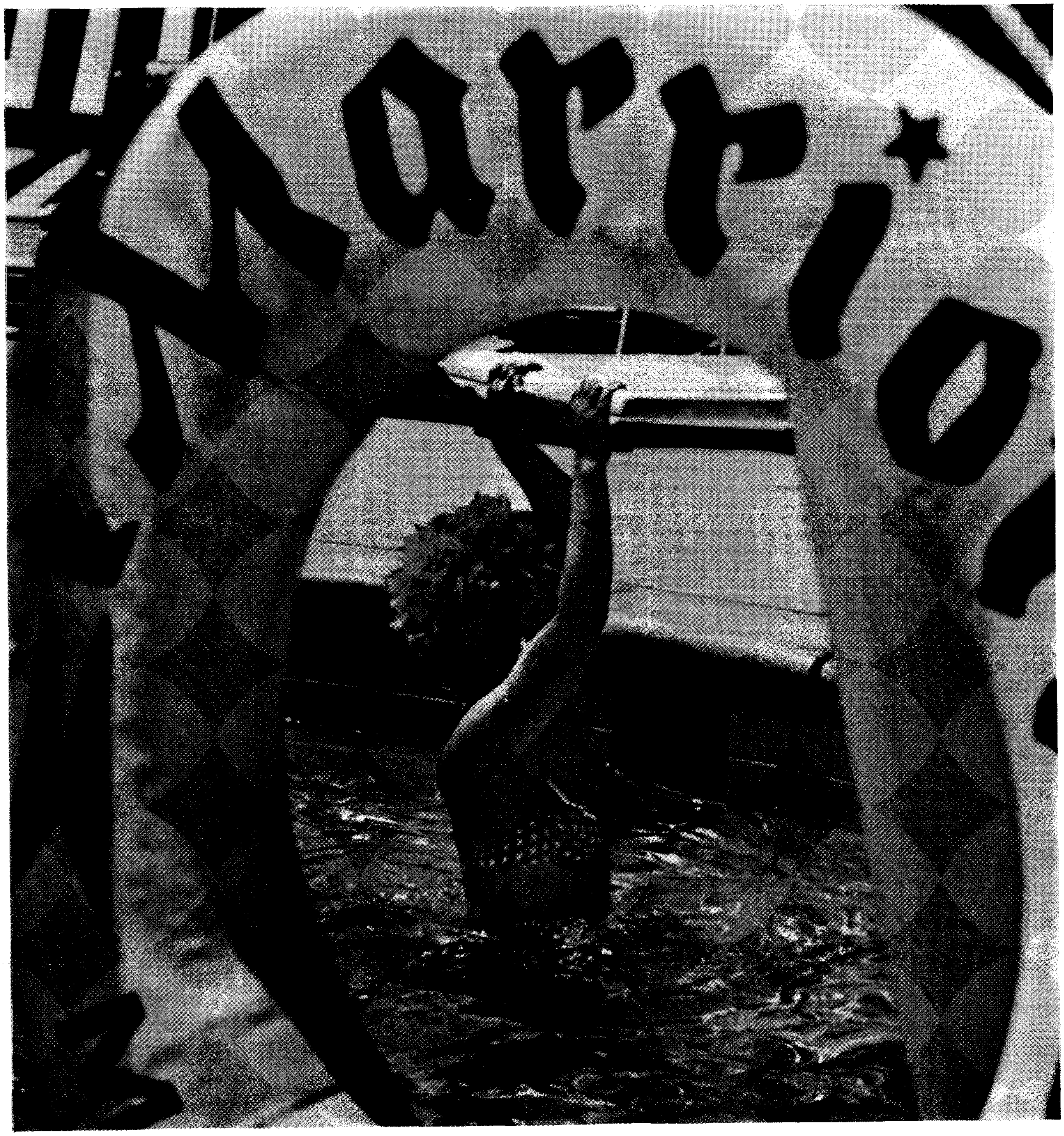

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unmasks the come-on. In combination, they yield the put-on—like a hoax, only smaller.

1. You're sucked in.
2. You become confused.
3. You resent (or appreciate) having been tricked.

The cop-out is like a fink-out, only more graceful. It is getting away with a renege. Here is a hypothetical model of the agglomerate phenomenon:

You go to the theatre to see a magician. He *comes on* like a magician, in tails and cape, and announces that for his first trick he will make a pigeon vanish into thin air. He conceals the bird under a kerchief, utters an incantation, and whisks the kerchief away. The pigeon is still there. He looks confused. You *are* confused. He tries again; again the disappearance fails. On the third try, titters run through the audience. On the fourth, the house is in stitches. You've been *faked out.* You have two options:

(1) "Hey! What is this? I came to see a magician."

(2) "Hey! Terrific! The guy's really a *comedian.* He had me going there for a minute."

The fake-out has transformed his come-on into a put-on.

Now, if this fellow had really been a magician he would have finked out, busted. Instead, he's a success—everybody's laughing. He's *copped out.*

After all, you paid admission to see a trick. Is the put-on a lower order of trick than a real disappearance? Is it easier? Cheaper? Or is it a double trick? If the pigeon had vanished, that would have been a trick *for* you. The revelation that the magician was not a magician has been a trick *on* you—but if you enjoyed being fooled, of course, it's been for you as well. When the "magician" continues his act in the same vein of bungled abracadabra, we are dealing in straightforward comedy. Once the fake-out has been fully realized, the put-on, strictly speaking, is over. The purest put-ons commence credibly, plant their own seeds of doubt, promote growing confusion, and leave their victims foundering. The secret of maintaining a put-on, therefore, is protracting the fake-out.

THE greatest fake-out protractor in modern literature, the absolute master of the extended put-on, is probably Grand Guy Grand, the multibillionaire hero of Terry Southern's "The Magic Christian." The purpose of all Grand's activity is "making it hot" for people—embarrassing or frustrating them beyond all bounds—and the book

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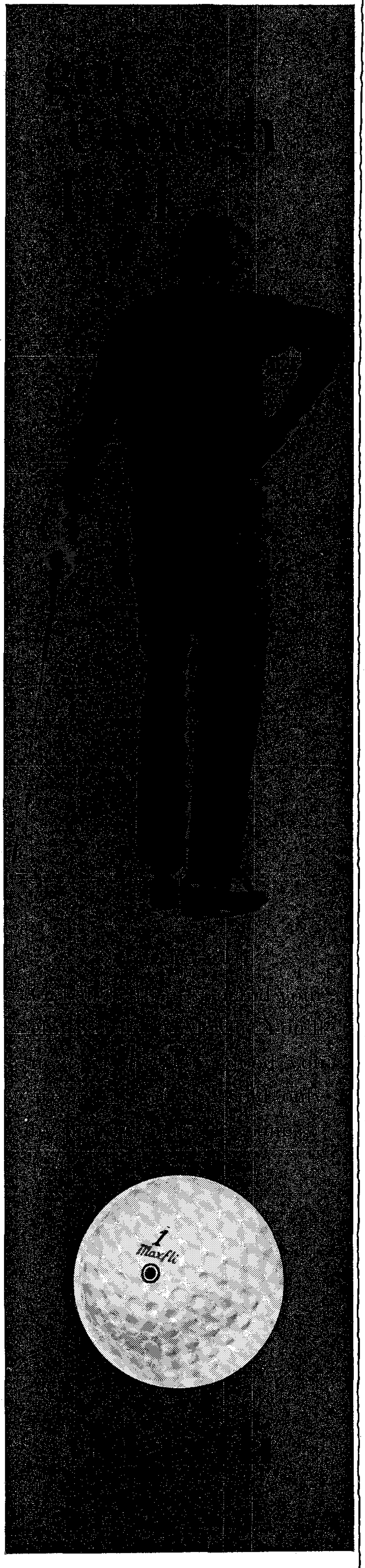
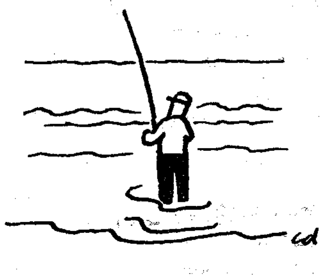


progresses through a series of immense practical jokes in which Grand expends vast sums putting on people he doesn't know. At one point, he purchases a movie theatre so that he can doctor the Hollywood features he shows by splicing in shocking or outlandish footage that he has had specially filmed. In the scene in "The Best Years of Our Lives" where the wounded war hero is talking quietly to his girl, there comes a split second when the audience—or part of the audience—suddenly sees one of the soldier's prosthetic hands slip under the girl's skirt. The climactic episode of the book concerns an exclusive, very expensive world cruise Grand organizes that methodically disintegrates into a nightmare for his captive passengers. (Strange men are seen attacking the captain on closed-circuit TV, the foghorn jams and blasts continuously, nothing but potatoes is left in the larder toward the end of the trip, and so on.) Jocko de Paris, the vicious military-academy hazer of Calder Willingham's "End as a Man," is the prince of put-on artists in a realistic context. Still fanciful, but stripped of humor, his put-ons appear to be the Devil's craft.

Willingham is a precursor and Southern a member of a fraternity of current writers sometimes lumped under the banner of Black Humor. They not only explore characters who embody the put-on but seem themselves bent on putting on an audience of liberal intellectuals, accustomed to the belief that life can be explained and understood. Borrowing from the self-mockery of Stendhal, from the super-parody of Joyce, Proust, and Kafka, they invent insane literary forms, send grotesque people with impossible names moving through mad worlds. They sprinkle their work with interruptions asking, in effect, "What does this stuff *mean*?," thereby ridiculing in advance an element of potential stupidity in what may be an altogether proper question. (We are supposed to have learned by now that one does not ask what art means.) An anything-goes spirit of apocalyptic laughter serves as a rationale for any extravagance and for the dramatization of brutal and regressive fantasies. ("Candy," a venomous narrative, was hailed as a tangy send-up of pornography.) Writers like Bruce Jay Friedman, Thomas Pynchon, and Joseph Heller seem to offer all-encompassing megacosms in which puzzling loose ends (frequently stunning in themselves) seem ever about to draw together and be clarified. Instead, problems are somehow sidestepped or reduced to banalities. More often than not, a joke is made of the whole business. As the stories seem teetering on the edge of an ultimate answer, they cop out by faking us out, leaving us in vague agitation, perhaps swindled out of an understanding that the author possessed but perversely withheld.

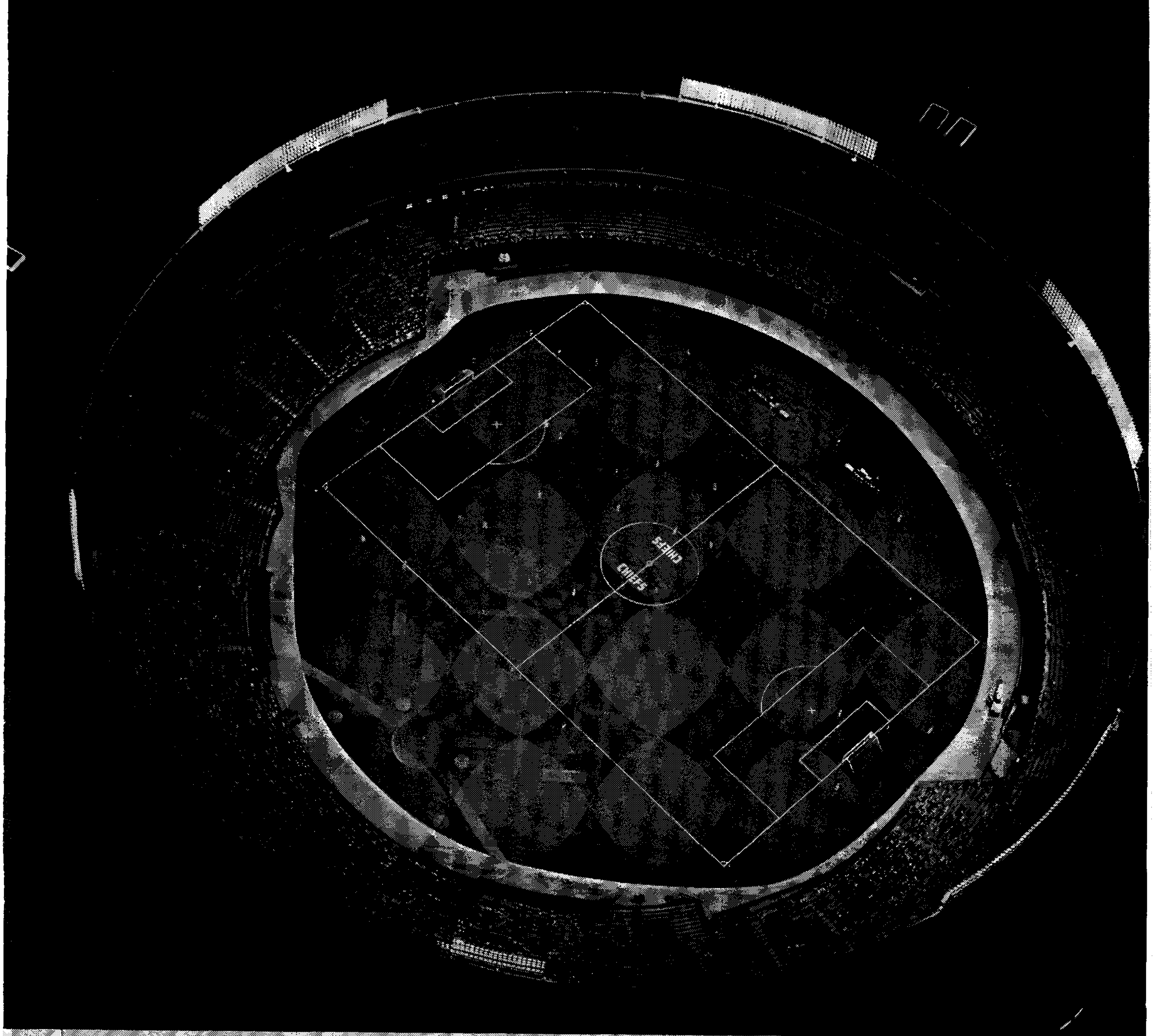


Are any of these writers dealing in outright put-ons? As with much of contemporary art, it is impossible to say for certain. Some prefer to keep their positions ambiguous with regard to intention, treating their work as mysteriously apart from conscious design. ("The critics say it's a brilliant joke? Well, maybe so. Maybe deep down I meant it that way. I'll trust my own unconscious.") This tack enables them to wait and see which way the critical winds blow before committing themselves. Others bravely resist such temptations. When one reviewer praised "Eternal Fire" as a parody, Calder Willingham (whose early collection, "Gates of Hell," unwittingly fathered many varieties of put-on style) insisted that his novel was absolutely serious. Occasionally, also, basically "straight" writers employ elements of the put-on—especially the fake-out—to achieve certain effects, unintentionally copping out on a difficult problem.

A distinctive sort of literary or cinematic fake-out hinges on the sudden demolition of a mood, usually high tragedy collapsing into bathos. ("A joke," Nietzsche said, "is the epitaph on an emotion.") Sometimes the fake-out works the other way around—as in the high-spirited scene from "Shoot the Piano Player" when a gun farcically drawn and twirled, Lone Ranger style, shoots the heroine dead—choking a laugh into a sputter of dismay. Such abrupt reversals produce confusion about the entire piece—"Is the whole thing just a joke?"—and condition audiences against allowing themselves to feel deeply about anything on the page or on the screen.

Another non-episodic variety of the extended put-on is commonly called "putting someone through changes." This technique—as old as Euripides—now lies at the heart of a suddenly ubiquitous entertainment mode, the spoof thriller, whether detective or

A new kind of city: Atlanta.



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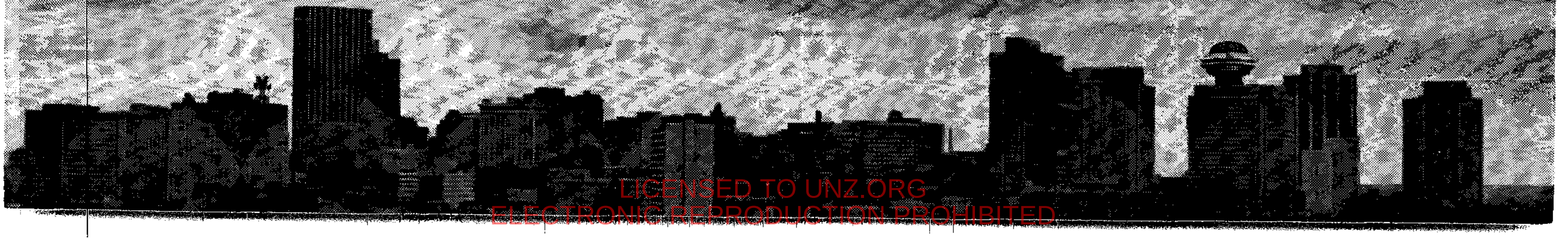

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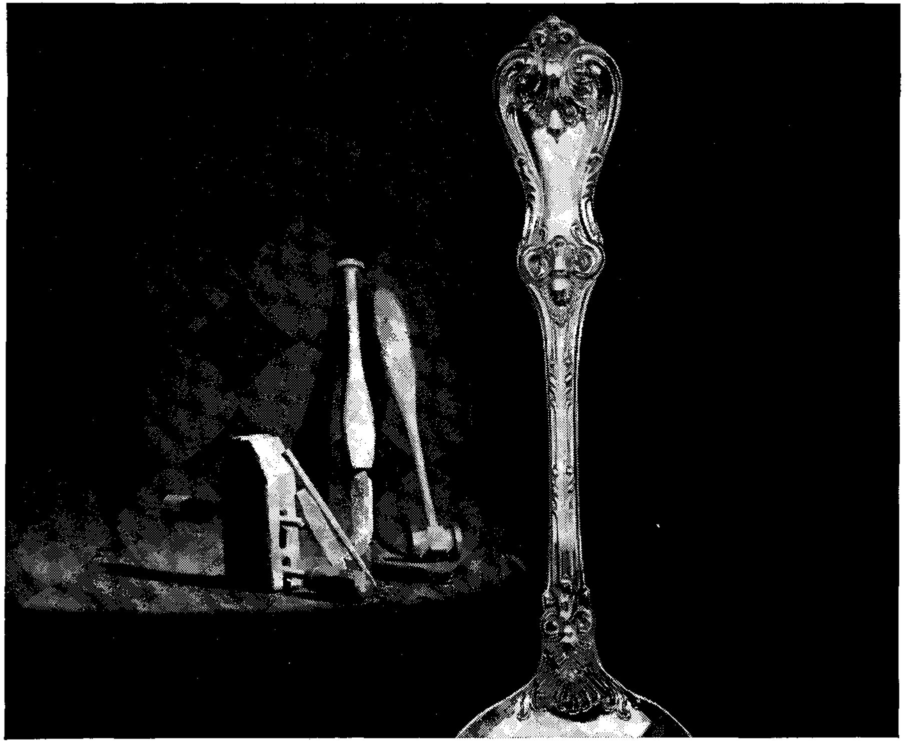

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spy. Watching imbroglios riddled with quadruple crosses or counter-counter-counter-agents, the problem is no longer to identify the murderer, nor even to predict the outcome, but simply to follow what the devil is going on. It's not uncommon, at movies of this genre, to hear whispered arguments in the audience over who's on whose side, which desperado was or wasn't lurking in the corner of the frame at the railroad station, whether X is only *pretending* to go along with Y in hopes of something or other, and so on. Characters who appear to be passionately in love for half the film turn out, not infrequently, to be only using each other for disparate ends. But we may later learn they've been on the same team after all. The hero goes through many changes (Who are his friends? Who are his enemies? For whom is he working?), and often these basic questions of plot remain unresolved even after the caper is clearly over. Such movies not only concern people who are busy putting each other on; their very texture is saturated with offhand lampooning of famous sequences from other films, of public figures, of political events, of homosexuality, of scientific gadgets, of cultural fads, and whatnot, as though, wrote Renata Adler in a review of one such thriller, "the creators had simply set out a flypaper mood of irony and hoped that a lot of funny ideas about things would flutter in from all over and get stuck." Such creators seem hypersensitive to the feeling that life, qua metaphor of theatre, is a musical-thriller-comedy—sentimental, rough, satirical, melodramatic, impressionistic, realistic, and on and on. Obviously, then, no one theatrical convention embraces an adequate number of life's facets, and categories—drama, comedy, mystery—become inherently absurd.

The insight is not original with them; artists have always been plagued by this fundamental limitation. What *is* new is their refusal to embrace or even accept limitation, to work within it, to approach their material honestly, to *risk* appearing foolish. As their conviction is sapped, their courage fails, and then their integrity goes. Denying that art is limitation (Stravinsky has said, "The more art is limited, the more it is free"), their solution is to include as many categories as they can think of, and to immunize themselves against attack on the ground of falsehood by coming on tongue in cheek. When they seem to be making fun of themselves as well (a device Miss Adler has named "auto-

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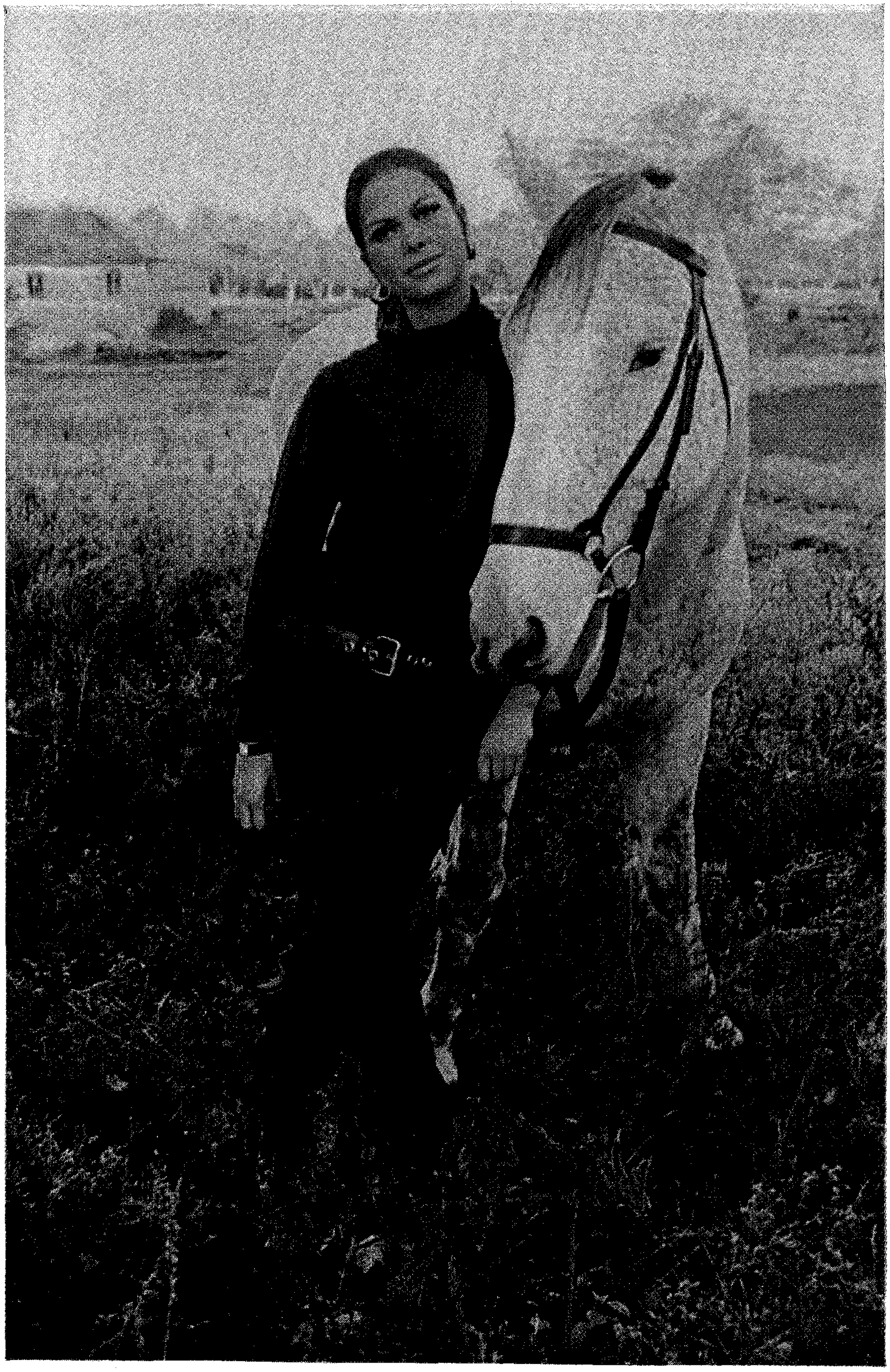

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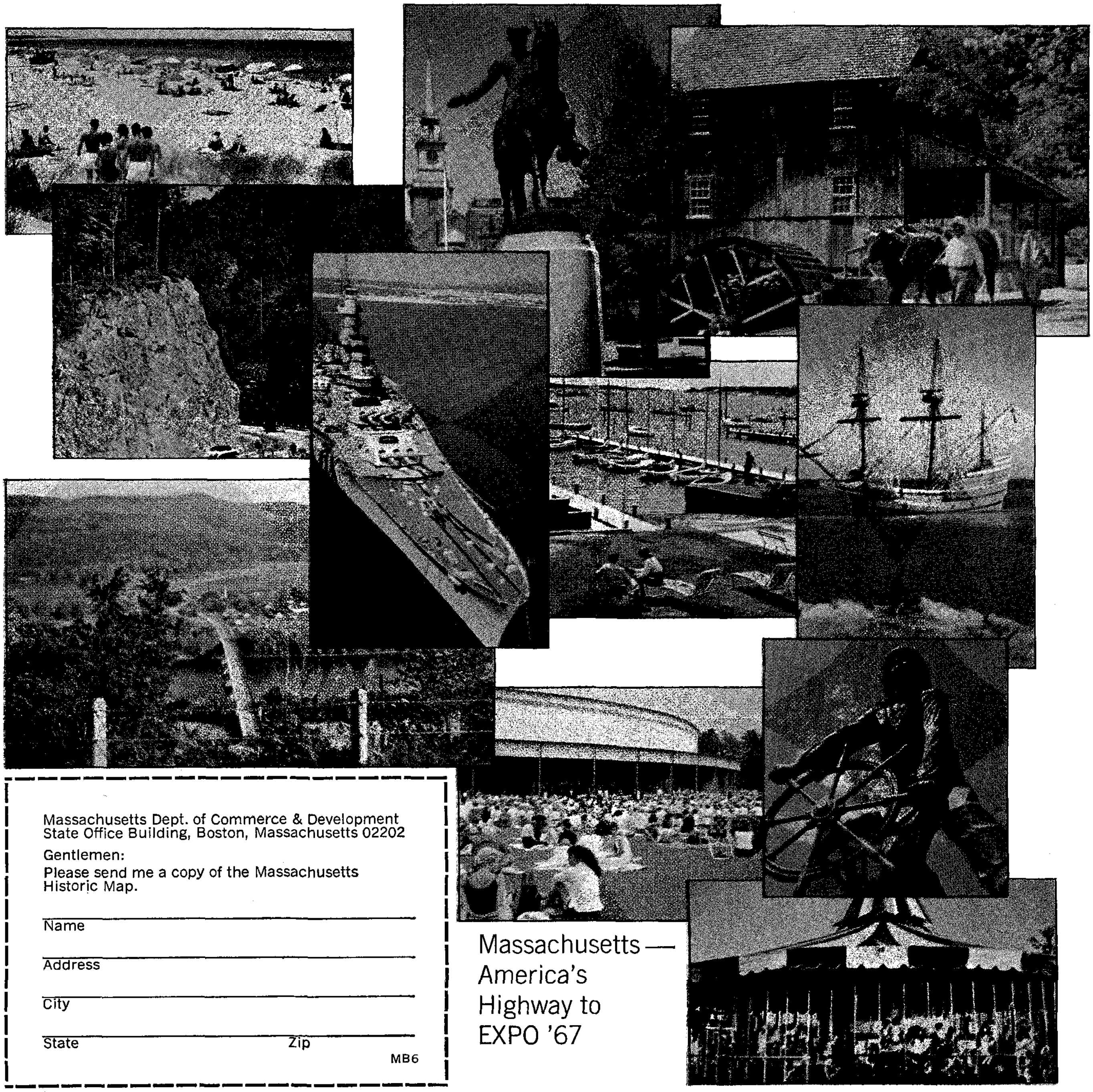

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spoof"), their work is very difficult to criticize. Like a pianist who hasn't the courage to practice hard and see how far he can go, they doodle around at the keyboard. It would be pointless to call attention to a missed note.

Spoof films train people to keep their cool, as do all put-ons. To put someone on is, almost by definition, to rob him of his cool. For, roughly speaking, loss of cool follows upon involvement of nearly any sort—especially upon involvement in an unworthy object, a hoax. The demands of intricate plotting, allusions to cinematic history, recognizable bits of satire, and other artifices help keep directors at a safe distance from the action of their films. Concomitantly, they never allow audiences to get caught up, either. Both creators and audience manage to avoid "blowing their cool." Their triumph of cool in the face of great excitement (both saw the silliness behind it) is at once paralleled and bolstered by the hero, for whom the retention of cool has become an altogether transcendent value. The hero demonstrates that one may remain uninvolved not only with experience one is depicting or beholding but with experience one is living as well. Whether James Bond is about to be seduced by a beauty queen or bisected by a laser beam, he remains as witty, as self-possessed, as detached—as *cool*—as a cocktail-party raconteur. To be sure, the cool hero descends from a distinguished tradition in American culture, especially in cinema—from Gary Cooper's laconic Westerner to Humphrey Bogart's hard-boiled private eye, who retained their composure at either end of a gun. But the coolness of these old heroes was a tactic rather than an essence; we responded to it not as a mood of detachment that matched our own but as a kind of victory over danger. Because we were involved, because the filmmakers were involved, the climax of our aesthetic pleasure came when the heroes revealed that they were involved, too (revelation of his "humanity" practically became Bogart's trademark), and we learned, finally, that their coolness was only a front.

The highly successful film "Harper" is hardly one of the worst offenders in the omnispoof school—though its plot is sensationally confused, and Lauren Bacall is present to amplify the Camped-up echoes of the Humphrey Bogart-Sam Spade detective movies of the forties—but it does contain a remarkable interchange that may help to illustrate the dimensions of the cop-out. Pamela Tiffin asks Paul Newman (coolness itself) why he is on the caper, getting beat up, destroying his marriage, playing the private-eye game, and so on (the Existential questions—Who are you? Why are you you?—that any put-on must circumvent). Newman replies with a long, fast, impassioned gibberish patter: "As long as there are Communists in the Kremlin, criminals on the streets," etc., etc., "Lew Harper will be on the job!" Miss Tiffin is confused (our natural reaction). She asks, "*Are you putting me on?*" Newman lets out with his characteristic are-you-for-real laugh (the inevitable defense), somewhere between a guffaw and a Bronx cheer. End of conversation. But wait a minute. Has her question (vital and relevant) been answered, or only evaded? His laugh seems to mean "Of course I'm putting you on, you silly ass; I am playing this game for entirely *other* reasons." What are they? They don't exist. (The director unquestionably doesn't know what they are. Nor does the writer of the screenplay.) The point is that the gibberish constitutes his *real* reasons, expressed in terms that logically extend their absurdity. The *style* of his response, however, goes further than revealing insight through self-mockery. By couching revelation in the put-on, Harper denies its content, leaving an empty impression of mystery, escaping embarrassment at his own identity. He—along with the filmmakers—has used the put-on to cop out on the question.

From this interchange, we extrapolate: The whole movie is a put-on, a cop-out. Question: "How can you watch such stuff?" Answer: "Don't be pompous. You're being put on." Just as the private eye is embarrassed to own up to his identity, the thriller is embarrassed to admit it is a thriller. This cushions the audience's embarrassment at going to a thriller. Intellectuals, presumably, can only sit through a thriller with an attitude of overriding irony. Alfred Hitchcock was probably the first director to place *himself* at a slightly ironic distance from the action of his films; his own subtle mockery helped him confect high-gloss thrillers that serious people might enjoy without losing their sense of superiority. Hollywood, which had so often been reprimanded for playing down to audiences, began to evolve a less noticed,

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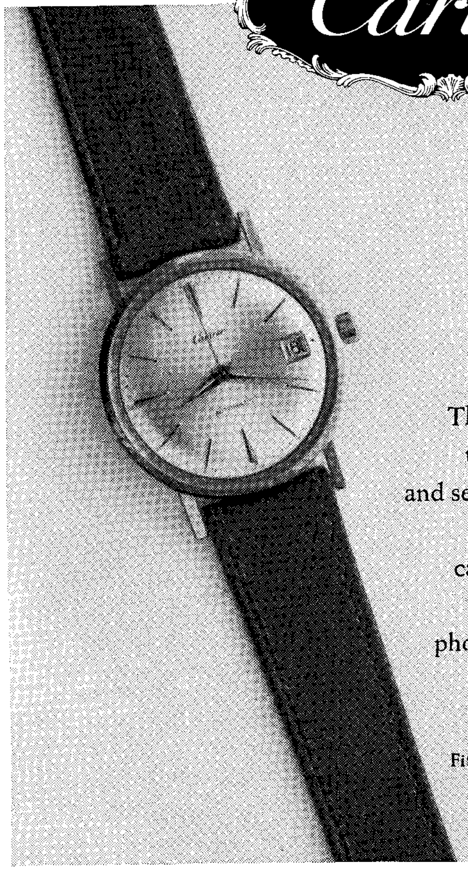

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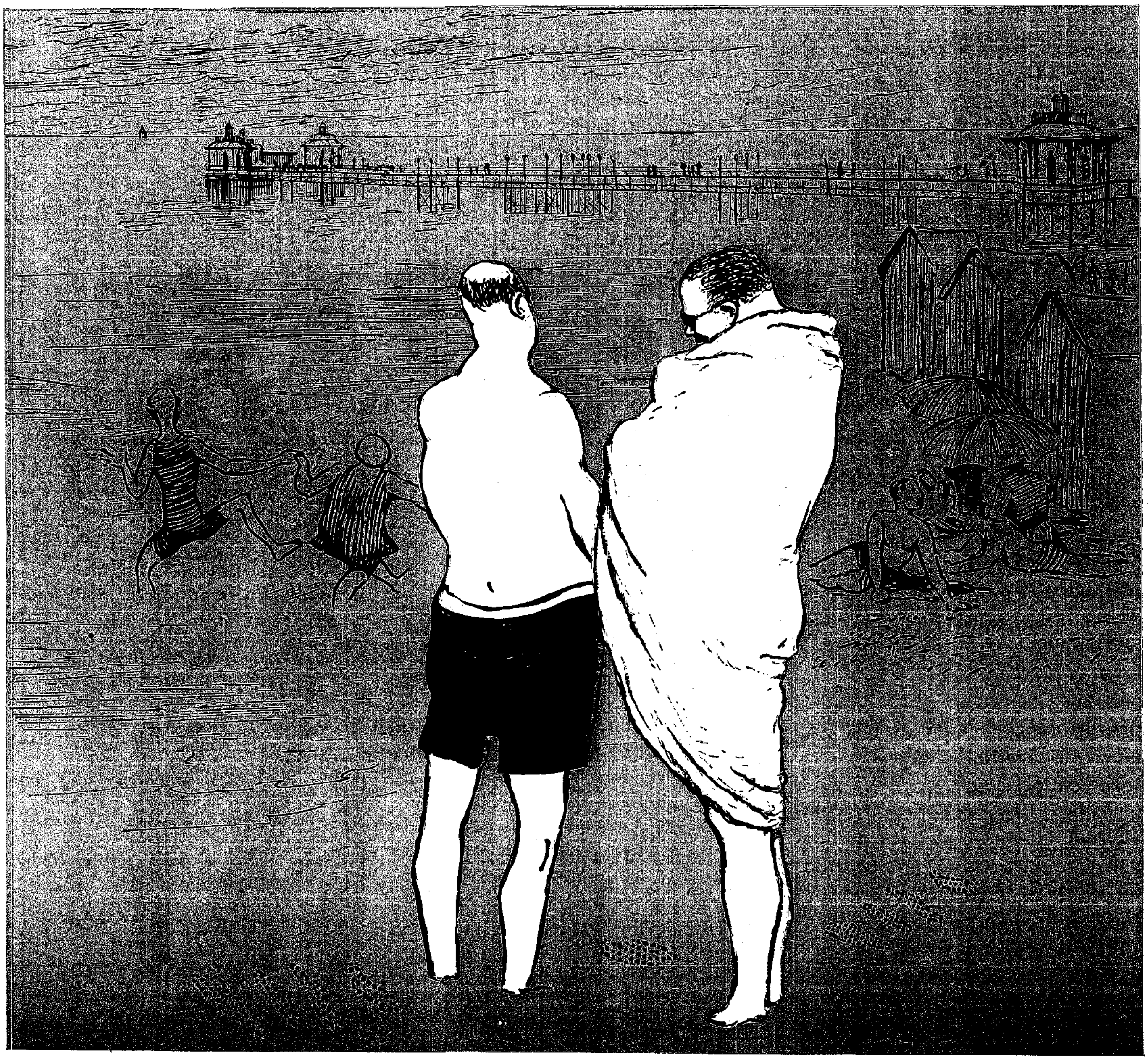
more cynical trick—playing *up*. It allowed directors to wallow in undisciplined facetiousness—an attitude that jumbles self-deprecation and apology-in-advance with self-indulgence and disregard for the moral and technical problems posed by one's material. People who wouldn't be caught dead being moved or excited by a straight adventure story—even a good one—can be "amused" when offered an implicit wink from the filmmaker that signifies "We aren't taking this stuff any more seriously than you are."

How does "Harper" resolve its manifold complexities? After many false leads and twists, the murderer turns out to be Harper's best friend. We expect that one of them will surely kill the other in the last scene, but, instead, Harper turns wearily away from his friend's pointed gun and the film ends on a frozen closeup of his back. His arms are outstretched in a gigantic shrug as if to ask, "What did you expect out of life?" or, more pointedly, "What did you expect out of a movie? Out of art?"

THE put-on is becoming a major communication option in intercourse between artist and critic, or, for that matter, between artist and society at large. This option has been, in some respects, overdue. Artists get asked a lot of stupid questions they don't feel like answering. Before the advent of the put-on, however, outright reluctance garnered an artist a reputation for surliness; playing along, on an interviewer's own terms, made him appear shallow or inarticulate. "The Interview," a brilliant Ernest Pintoff-Mel Brooks animated cartoon of a few years back, epitomized this hangup. A Monk-type jazz musician, asked questions like "What does your piece express?," mumbled involuted hipster incoherencies: "You know, man, I start wailing, I'm into that groove, I listen to the other cats, I just *blow*—you dig, man?" Recently, on a Channel 13 television broadcast, members of the Blues Project were asked this same question. Traditionally, musicians have prided themselves on their inability to talk with civilians. But, without hesitation, a member of the Project replied, "Man, this piece expresses what *every*body feels about *every*thing." Asked how the group got together, he replied, "We're *still* not together." (A classic put-on ploy: knowingly embracing a wrong but semantically plausible meaning—the chief bravura of John Lennon's prose.) When pressed, the Project member said



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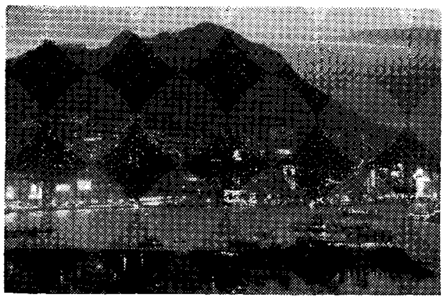

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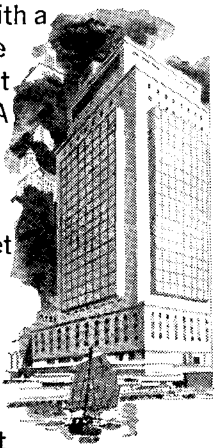

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they met as trolls in the Black Forest.

In another recent Channel 13 interview, the jazz bass player Charlie Mingus was asked by Dennis Azzarella (who seemed almost a parody of unhip ofay) whether a violent Harlem ballet, "Long Hot Summer," contained anti-white feeling.

"There weren't even any white people in it," Mingus replied. "I didn't see anything hostile, did you? Just a happy little Negro community beating each other up."

When pressed about the ballet's "message," Mingus said, "When I see *your* people dance, girls jumping around on the 'Ed Sullivan Show,' I can't see no messages."

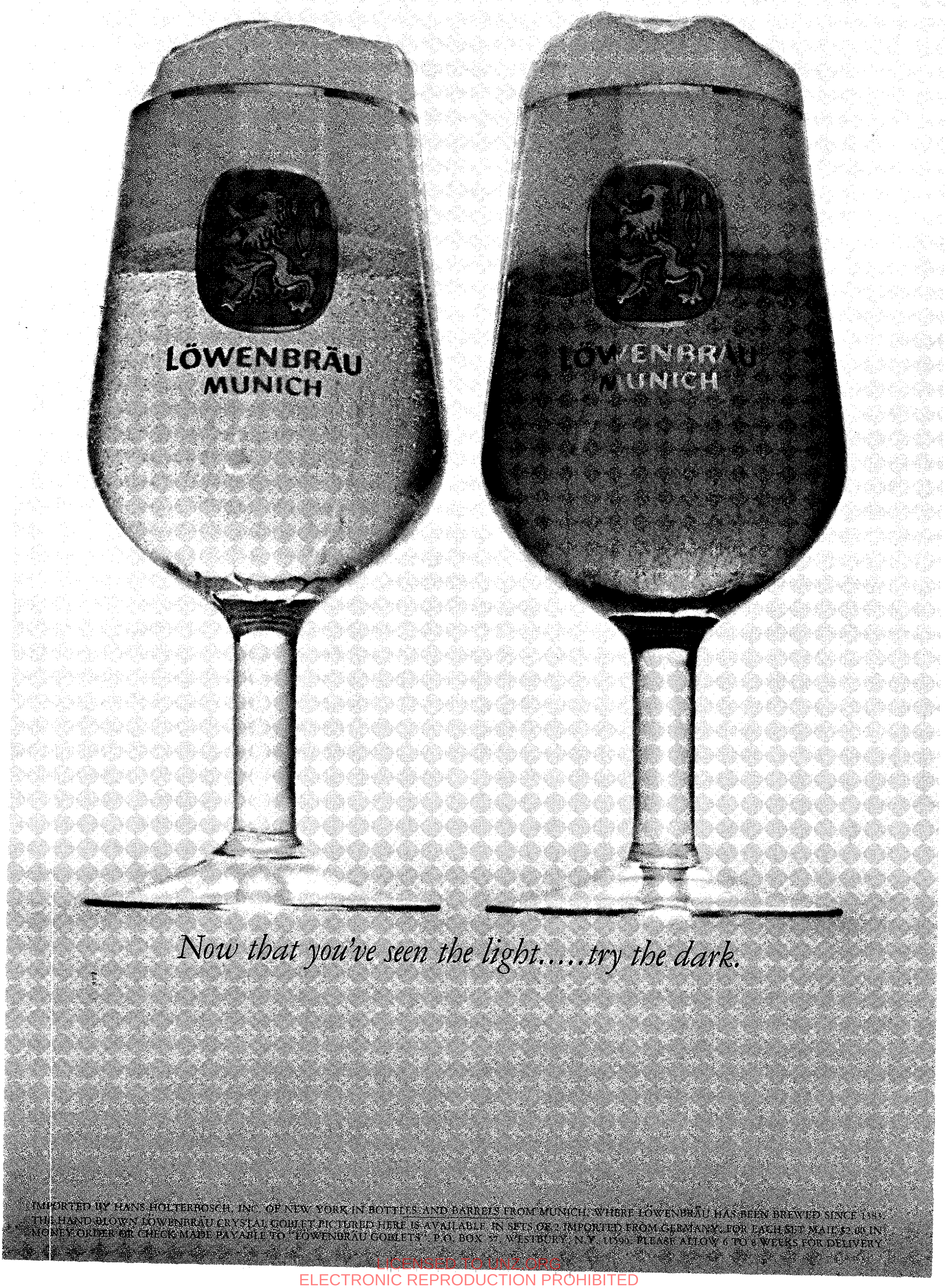
"Are you putting me on?" Azzarella whined helplessly, glancing over at his cameraman.

Ernst von Salomon achieved a masterpiece through the form of interview put-on in his novel "Der Fragebogen," which he constructed as a detailed reply to a questionnaire that the Allies circulated in Germany as part of their de-Nazification program.

The interview, indeed, offers a prime matrix for the put-on. This may be a perverse rejection of the interview process as a social symbol. (So one enters schools, jobs, the Army, etc.) It is also, surely, a pragmatic response to the difficulty of questions in general. Honest answers are hard, because they can be disadvantageous (How much money are you entitled to deduct from your income tax?), because they are unknown (What do you believe?), or because they are boring (What have you been doing with yourself?). The put-on resolves all difficulties—it breaks up sets, disorients the interviewer, ridicules the interview process, communicates "real" ideas and feelings yet deflates the seriousness of questions and replies. The now classic *Playboy* interview with Bob Dylan, by Nat Hentoff, must represent the apogee of this option. Hentoff deliberately "chose to play straight man in [my] questions, believing that to have done otherwise would have stemmed the freewheeling flow of Dylan's responses." Some excerpts from their dialogue may illustrate the complexity of put-on technique:

> PLAYBOY: What about [your old fans'] charge that you vulgarized your natural gifts?
>
> DYLAN: It's like going out to the desert and screaming, and then having little kids throw their sandbox at you. I'm only twenty-four. These people that said this—were they Americans?
>
> PLAYBOY: What made you decide to go the rock-'n'-roll route?
>
> DYLAN: Carelessness. I lost my one true love. I started drinking. The first thing I know, I'm in a card game. Then I'm in a crap game. I wake up in a pool hall. Then this big Mexican lady drags me off the table, takes me to Philadelphia. She leaves me alone in her house, and it burns down. I wind up in Phoenix. I get a job as a Chinaman. . . . Needless to say, he burned the house down and I hit the road. The first guy that picked me up asked me if I wanted to be a star. What could I say?
>
> PLAYBOY: And that's how you became a rock-'n'-roll singer?
>
> DYLAN: No, that's how I got tuberculosis.
>
> PLAYBOY: Let's turn the question around: Why have you stopped composing and singing protest songs?
>
> DYLAN: The word "protest," I think, was made up for people undergoing surgery. It's an amusement-park word. A normal person in his righteous mind would have to have the hiccups to pronounce it honestly. The word "message" strikes me as having a hernia-like sound. It's just like the word "delicious." Also the word "marvellous." You know, the English can say "marvellous" pretty good. They can't say "raunchy" so good, though. Well, we each have our thing.
>
> PLAYBOY: Can't you be a bit more informative?
>
> DYLAN: Nope.
>
> PLAYBOY: How do you get your kicks these days?
>
> DYLAN: I hire people to look into my eyes, and then I have them kick me.
>
> PLAYBOY: And that's the way you get your kicks?
>
> DYLAN: No. Then I *forgive* them; that's where my kicks come in.
>
> PLAYBOY: Did you ever have the standard boyhood dream of growing up to be President?
>
> DYLAN: No. When I was a boy, Harry Truman was President. Who'd want to be Harry Truman?
>
> PLAYBOY: Well, let's suppose that you *were* the President. What would you accomplish during your first thousand days?
>
> DYLAN: Well, just for laughs, so long as you insist, the first thing I'd do is probably move the White House. Instead of being in Texas, it'd be on the East Side in New York. McGeorge Bundy would definitely have to change his name, and General McNamara would be forced to wear a coonskin cap and shades.

In conversation, the put-on nearly always arises in response to questions. When the questioner and questionee represent opposing philosophies, invocation of the put-on precludes any possible agreement. Even though it's really a defensive weapon, the put-on almost always provides an offensive for the questionee, representative of the smaller, more helpless faction, making his group appear In and the larger, more powerful group of the questioner appear Out. Because the put-on is a close-range weapon, it is usually, by a curious mechanism, employed against the most sympathetic elements among the en-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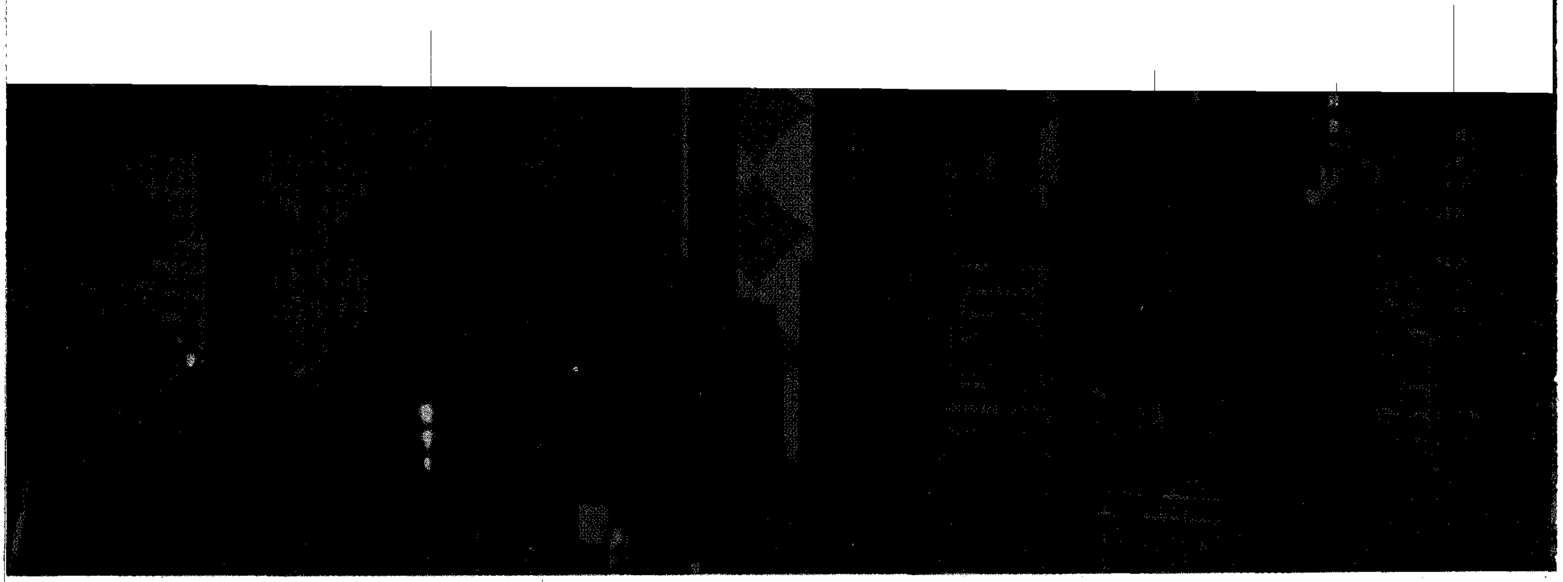

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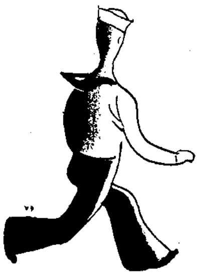
emy. One might almost say that it is invoked when the moment of reconciliation is in sight, at the point when dialogue might begin—to prevent dialogue, to guarantee continued estrangement, and to protect the integrity of a beleaguered minority position. Thus, a bohemian delinquent will usually treat policemen with careful deference, but he will mercilessly put on a friendly probation officer or social worker. An artist will put on a dumb but eager fan who inquires about his creative methods but not a total boor who evinces no interest in art whatever. By the same token, Negroes commonly put on white liberals. As an exception, Stokely Carmichael built up a nearly legendary reputation in S.N.C.C. by putting on Southern bigots (subtly sassing Lowndes County deputies, mimicking their swaggers, addressing them in Yiddish)—an almost unheard-of practice. He could get away with it simply because the form of the put-on is so elusive; the victim is never sure precisely what's happening. In this manner, the put-on brings the submerged antagonisms of a relationship perilously close to the surface—*without actually allowing them to come into the open.* If the victim chooses to notice the put-on, the perpetrator can always feign absolute innocence. A put-on may even be veiled in expressions of injured purity:



A: What are you trying to do—make fun of me, nigger?

B: Oh *no*, suh. No *suh*, Boss.

In less explosive situations, this impalpable quality prevents forthright discussion of the resentments that may have produced the put-on in the first place:

A: Why are you treating me contemptuously?

B: Contemptuously? That's just a hostile projection. What ever are you talking about? You must be paranoid.

A: Well, perhaps I am oversensitive. Perhaps I'm imagining things.

The victim is often at least a partially willing victim; a bewildered guilt makes him reluctant to press the issue. But his vague feeling of having been placed at an unfair disadvantage, of having been ridiculed, persists semiconsciously. He may subsequently take indirect revenge.

Although there may be as many variations as practitioners, the extended in-group put-on usually improvises on two classic formats:

(1) Relentless Agreement: The perpetrator beats his victim to every low cliché the latter might possibly mouth.

(2) Actualization of the Stereotype: The perpetrator *personifies* every cliché about his group, realizes his adversary's every negative expectation. He becomes a grotesque rendition of his presumed identity, faking heated emotion.

Either of these options—caricaturing the victim or caricaturing the victim's image of oneself—is called into play when an out-group representative attempts to engage an in-group representative on the subject of their estrangement. The second option, being more *obviously* hostile, is more often taken at face value by the victim, but both options serve to affirm the belief that communication between disparate worlds is impossible—to affirm in-group solidarity and isolation. Both types grow progressively more extravagant. Here are some examples:

I. Young vs. Old: A well-disposed but bewildered adult tries to talk with a "rebellious adolescent" about generational gap. The young man responds:

(1) "Ah, I don't know. . . . Kids today—they're always running. But who knows where they're going? Crazy clothes, loud music—if you wanna call it music—fast cars, drinking, smoking, drugs. The next thing you know, we'll be going out with girls."

(2) "Why don't you go play with your mutual funds or something? Why don't you get off my back? I just want to bug out on your nowhere scene, nowhere man. Excuse me, I gotta go dig some groovy sounds and sniff a pot of airplane glue. Lemme peel out on my boss Harley."

II. Black vs. White: A benevolent progressive tries to express his questioning support of civil rights. The militant Negro responds:

(1) "You're two hundred per cent right. I mean, with freedom goes responsibility. You can't just grab everything right off. Some demonstrations can only hurt our cause, you know what I mean? Like Dr. King says, our people've got to meet body force with Soul Force. He sets a good example. Like Joe Louis. He was a helluva fighter, huh? But he knew his place. Now, a man like Adam Clayton Powell, he's overstepping his bounds. He takes advantage. Ralph Bunche. That was a good nigger. 'Cept he couldn't sing and dance. What do you think?"

(2) "Don't make your superego

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gig with me, ofay baby. Your granddaddy rape my grandmammy, and now you tell me doan sleep with your daughter? Well, beat up side my black head and whup my humble black back, but don't offer me none of the *su*preme delectafactotory blessings of equalorama, 'cause when this bitch blows you gonna feel black man's machete in the soft flesh of your body, dig?"

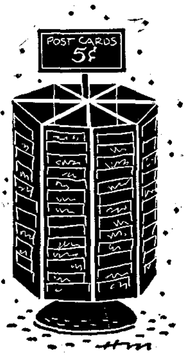
III. Dove vs. Hawk: A patriotic Republican tries to start a serious conversation on the Southeast Asian situation. The subversive responds:

(1) "Absolutely. We're just making the same mistake we made in Korea, pussyfooting in those jungle swamps like gorillas. Our country's going to lose its first war unless we go on up North and nuke 'em and nape 'em. That's the only language those Commies understand, those Red butchers. We should throw all our pinko bleeding-heart draft-card burners in jail, or ship 'em over to Ho Chi Minh, where they belong."

(2) "Sure, I'd just love to go into the military myself, start a little education program of my own. Maybe take a squadron out to defoliate Central Park and burn down Rockefeller Center. Give you imperialist warmongers and your Texas Führer in the White House something to think about."

IV. Hip vs. Square: A Sunday Villager from uptown seeks illumination on the bohemian mystique. The hippie responds:

(1) "Yeah, well, you know if we could get jobs we'd lap 'em up, but who'd hire us, man? Like we're *dirty*. I haven't had a bath since last February. And you should see the chick that shares my pad—freaky little mind-blower. You really got the life, Charlie—kids, a couple parakeets, a beer and a ball game. You don't worry about nothin', hear? You're on the right track. Listen, could you spare a quarter? I haven't had breakfast."



(2) Sullen silence interspersed with incoherent grunts. Hippie finally grins sardonically and offers the square a reefer. "Somethin' is happening here, but you don't know what it is. *Do* you, Mistah Jones?"

V. Homosexual vs. Heterosexual: A straight (another meaning of this protean word) but enlightened man, evincing his enlightenment, seeks data. The homosexual responds:

(1) "Why, of *course* it's a *sickness*, there's no *question*. Take me. My father was *weak*, *hen*pecked. It's psycho*lo*gical. My mother wouldn't let me wear long *pants* till I was fourteen. And then the *Ar*my. Well, *you* know. It's better than *an*imals. My analyst thinks I'm progressing toward a real ad*just*ment."

(2) Mock flirtation; strokes the victim, bats eyelashes, dentalizes or lisps. "You sure know how to dress. And you're so under*standing*. Why don't you loosen up a little, Mary?"

In less threatening situations, the put-on itself can become the basis of the come-on. Such cases prostitute the form: genuine transaction is avoided (cop-out), but time passes and nothing real or interesting happens. Asked about his background at a party, a young man replies in a Westbrook Van Vorhis voice, "I was born of rich but humble parents in a little mining town called Juarez. . . ." There is no promise of engagement in what is to come, because there is no potential for fake-out. Is the truth so boring or embarrassing? This species of ersatz put-on lacks the element of tension. It is, at bottom, only a "bit," and occurs when the put-on itself becomes an established set—when a person begins actually to put himself on, and can no longer betray *any* straight feelings. Once the put-on is explicitly labelled (as by a new comedian, who titled his first record album "Take-Offs and Put-Ons"), uncertainty dissolves and old-fashioned kidding takes over.

Like sentimentality, the put-on offers a lazy man's substitute for feeling as well as for thought. Again, the form contains a built-in escape clause. People are not so much unsure of their feelings as unsure what feeling may be appropriate. Thus, a trite expression of feeling now has the advantage of being equivocal.

"How did you like the play?"

"Very moving."

Perfect, take it how you will. Whether the play was moving, corny, or itself a put-on, the question has been answered—assuming a slightly ambiguous intonation—appropriately.

A related but more calculated and aggressive dodge involves, quite simply, replying in gibberish when no honest response springs to mind.

"How did you like the play?"

"It was over the bush, man."

This sort of remark is seldom challenged. On the rare occasion when a

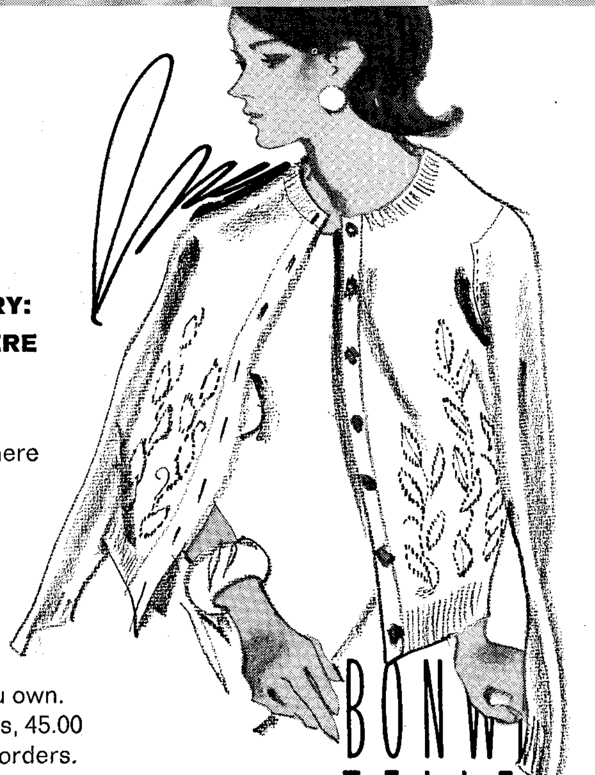
Lively!
Lovely!
Lauded!
Lavish!
Luciferous!
Look.

OOK—A Publication of Cowles Communications, Inc.

Only Wallace does it this way.

Recall the elegance of the past when you serve in the Baroque manner. A well-bred tribute to your taste, and a finishing touch to the beauty of your table. Sauce Bowl, heavy silverplate, 3⅝" high, $18.50. Grande Baroque® sterling sauce ladle, $12.00. At fine stores.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn. 06492



BONWIT'S LITTLE LUXURY: OUR CASHMERE CARDIGAN

Dalton's soft, luxurious cashmere patterned in leafy detail and buttoned with tiny gold-hued metal nuggets. In snowy white to go with all you own. For 34 to 40 sizes, 45.00
Mail and phone orders.

Sports Floor
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset Westchester Short Hills Philadelphia
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

BONWIT TELLER

victim asks, "What does 'over the bush' mean?," the perpetrator assumes a vaguely irritated tone and replies, "You know, man, it's like funk, only trippier," or some such nonsense. It takes a hardy victim to press the matter further.

Another subtle, and eventually devastating, ploy might be called the "silent put-on." Its perpetrator sits in rapt attention—nodding vigorously, asking occasional questions—as his victim pontificates. Gradually, the victim begins to suspect, rightly or wrongly, that his silent audience knows a good deal more about the subject at hand than he's letting on ("Here I've been *running* on about modern art on the basis of catalogue blurbs, and this fellow is obviously an important critic or painter himself"). As the perpetrator begins to reinforce this suspicion with improbable expressions of awe, the victim dimly perceives that, having been given enough rope to hang himself, he has behaved like a pompous, ignorant ass. Typically, he tapers off in embarrassment and excuses himself.

Not all conversational put-ons are so viciously intended. Some, particularly those employed by people who are either high on mind-affecting chemicals or have experimented considerably with such drugs, are simply a form of exploratory play—the interpersonal equivalent of set-breaking put-ons in serious art. LSD and, to a lesser extent, marijuana and hashish continuously dissolve and re-form the structure of reality, until being put through changes—and following these changes wherever they may lead—constitutes the drug user's most real and pleasurable sort of experience. The word "straight," therefore, denotes both not going through changes (not appreciating put-ons) and not being under the influence of drugs. Hallucinogens subject one's world of static reality (the Comprehensive Come-On) to constant fake-outs—transform it, indeed, into a gigantic put-on. The psychedelic solution to this flux: embrace every tangent, every fake-out with the same zeal. A conversational digression, perhaps initiated by a pun or misunderstanding, becomes altogether as important as the "main" conversation, and may supersede it entirely. When "heads" relate to one another, they perpetually put each other through changes, bust up each other's sets before sets can solidify. Flowing downstream with these changes is, for these people, serious fun. When heads relate to straight people, however, this set-breaking activity is experienced as put-on. A head's deliberately inappro-

Louis XV and Louis XVI would be at home at the St. Regis-Sheraton

While continuing all the fine traditions for which The St. Regis has always been renowned, Sheraton has lavished a king's ransom renewing its gilt-edged elegance. Exquisite furnishings have been brought from France, in the fashion that found favor with two of France's greatest monarchs. Rich carpets from the Middle East. Multi-faceted crystal chandeliers from Sweden. Ah, yes, the kings would be at home here. They would nod approval at the courtly service and the magician-like resourcefulness of the concierge. They would dine royally in a choice of restaurants respected for their *grande cuisine* and loved for their light-hearted sophistication. At The St. Regis-Sheraton, *you*, too, can live like a king. ♣♣♣♣♣

St. Regis-Sheraton

Maisonette • La Boite • King Cole Bar • Oak Room • The Roof

Fifth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York 10022 (212) PLaza 3-4500

A Sheraton Royal Suite

HOTEL RESERVATIONS DIRECT, OR THROUGH 135 SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, OR YOUR FAVORITE TRAVEL AGENT.

IS IT?

. . . the 5 varieties of choice two-row barleys

. . . the skill of the brewmaster

. . . the expensive hops

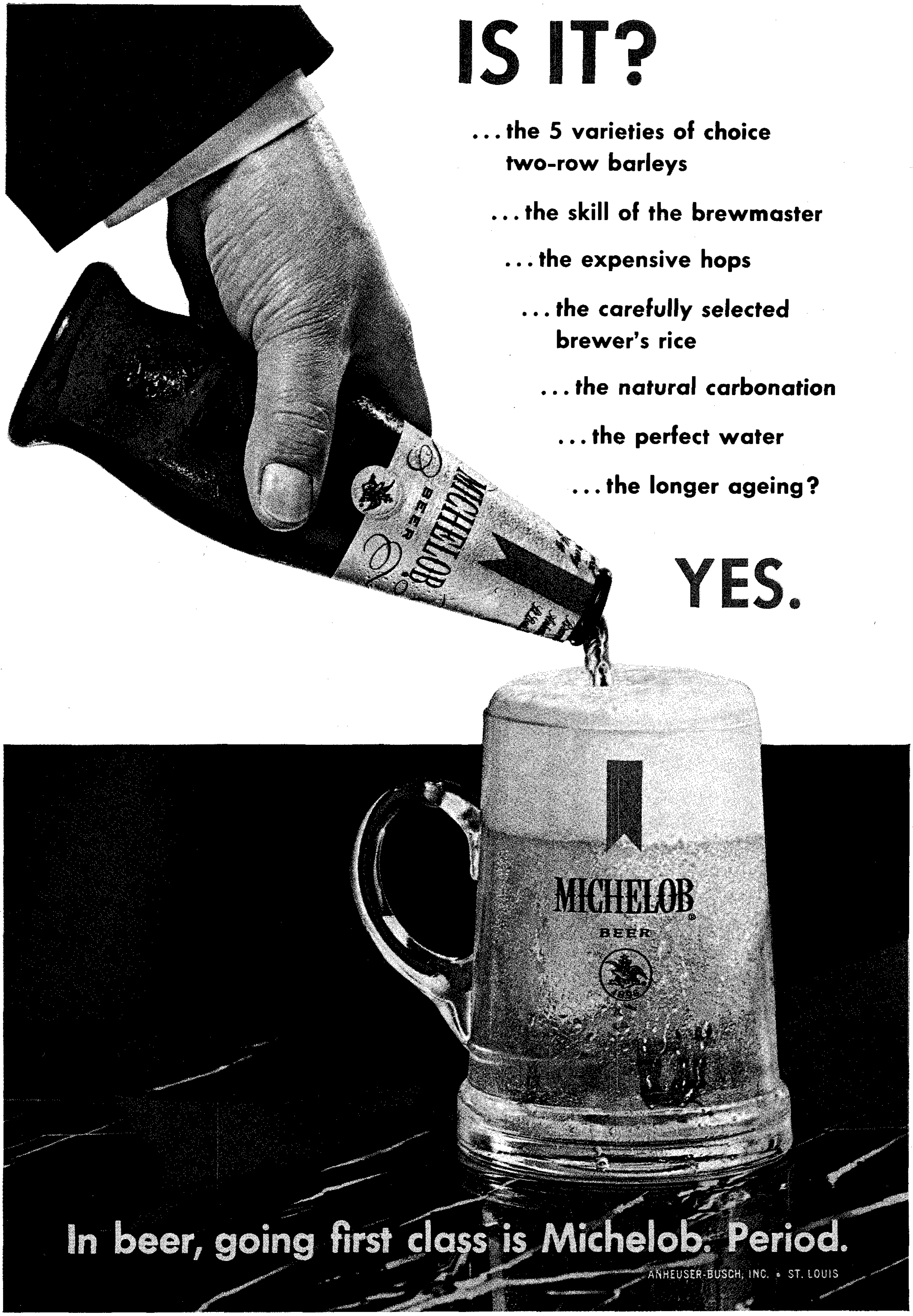
. . . the carefully selected brewer's rice

. . . the *natural* carbonation

. . . the perfect water

. . . the longer ageing?

YES.



In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

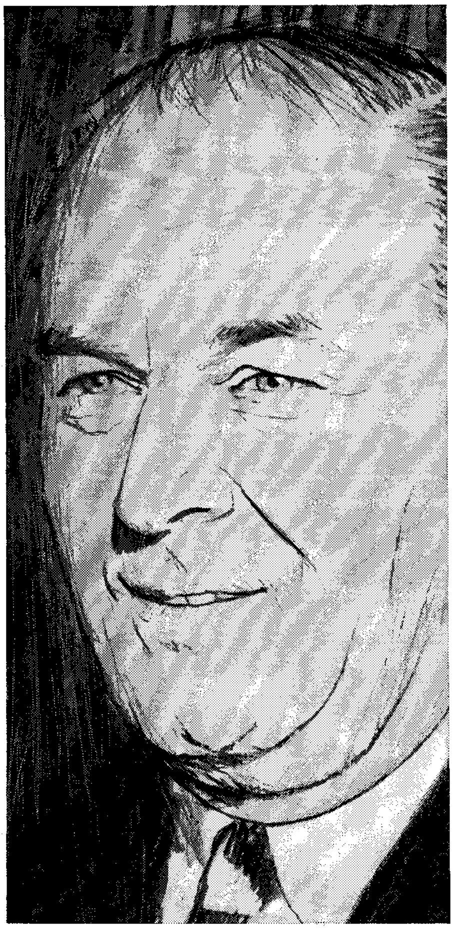
priate behavior at a party—ranting, or talking nonsense, or demonstrating disproportionate affection toward strangers, or radically shifting the mood and emotional intensity of discourse—subjects his victims to a kind of involuntary "acid test." Either they are able to follow him through his changes—neutralizing and appreciating them with their own consciousnesses—or they persist in their straightness and are "freaked;" i.e., respond, by leaving or fighting, as if they were under attack. If they do the first, they are said to have been turned on; if the second, they can have quite a bad time. Hence the positive or negative reactions on the part of reporters interviewing creative performers who have been influenced by mind-bending drugs. A non-psychedelic illustration of the same principle turns up in "Don't Look Back," D. A. Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* movie of Dylan's London tour, a prolonged documentary of Dylan putting on the British—or, rather, putting them through changes. Some get turned on, some completely fail to perceive what's happening, and many get freaked.

Heads try to break up sets without malevolence, but their put-ons are sometimes so extreme that straight people mistake them for "scoring"—the sort of derision that Negroes call "signifying" and adolescents call "chopping," "ranking," or "sounding." Non-heads also may employ the put-on without malice. Sometimes understated facetiousness seems the only way to keep the ball rolling in a conversation that would be otherwise devoid of interest and amusement. When such put-ons pass unrecognized over the heads of one's companions, all parties can enjoy the proceedings on different levels and no feelings are ruffled.

In depicting put-on artists on the stage, Harold Pinter has shown how different their effects may be. Mick, in "The Caretaker," puts Davies through such cruel and violent changes that the old man becomes completely unhinged. Lenny, in "The Homecoming," enrages his father with his constant put-ons—but his terrible teasing goes unperceived by the other characters in the play. The audience therefore appreciates Lenny's every remark (he never says a straight word) on one plane while the other characters receive them on another. "He's always been my favorite brother, old Teddy," he tells Teddy's wife. "And, my goodness, we are proud of him here, I can tell you. Doctor of Philosophy and all that . . . leaves quite an impression. Of course, he's a very sensitive man, isn't he? Ted. Very. I've often wished I was as sensitive as he is." What the sister-in-law understands and what the audience understands are worlds apart in feeling.

THE embarrassment at one's own predicament or identity which produces theatrical tongue-in-cheek (spoof) and conversational tongue-in-cheek (put-on) issues from an intermediate level of awareness—an awareness that reveals the inadequacy of a come-on but fails to suggest any useful alternative. The put-on, then, arises out of a *partial consciousness* of one's own ridiculousness, in the absence of sufficient courage or intellectual perseverance to see that ridiculousness through to its roots and to alter it.

At a large New York advertising agency, communication through hackneyed Madison Avenue-ese has become a source of embarrassment. Certain executives—usually the oldest and highest-ranking—will use a chestnut unself-consciously; e.g., "Why don't we put it out on the back stoop and see if the cat licks it up?" Others employ such expressions only reluctantly, making it clear that they know a trite saying when they use one: "Why don't we put it out on the back stoop and see if the cat licks it up, as the cliché goes." Yet the phrase "as the cliché goes" has achieved such currency around the agency that a third echelon, of junior executives, has come to recognize *it* as a cliché. Still too lazy or unimaginative to break away into a fresh image, they simply incorporate this further self-consciousness: "Why don't we put it out on the back stoop and see if the cat licks it up, as the cliché goes, as the cliché goes." This last solution is already close to a put-on, for it deals with embarrassment aggressively, ridiculing both the asininity of the top executives and the primitive self-consciousness of the secondary executives. The most "sophisticated" elements of the third group deal in outright put-ons; that is, they utter the unadorned cliché in precisely the same words as the top executives but in a way that suggests a transcendent awareness of its rich meaning or absurdity. Their intonation, gestures, or exaggerated emphases give notice that they are absolutely detached from the actual words, that their real in-



Frederique Borman, *Executive Chef of the New International Hotel in Los Angeles.*

Escoffier® Sauce Robert is the personal choice of the most distinguished chefs

"For a simple, yet delicious fish dish at home, try this: brush seasoned filets of sole or flounder with equal parts of Escoffier Sauce Robert and melted butter. Grill, garnish with lemon and parsley. The superb blending of spices and seasonings in Escoffier Sauce Robert is perfect with the delicate taste of seafood of all kinds. It is truly a superb sauce, and a worthy addition to the finest food."

Escoffier Sauce Robert and its companion, Escoffier Sauce Diable, are available at your favorite food stores.

ESCOFFIER, LTD., DIVISION OF
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.,
LONDON, ENGLAND

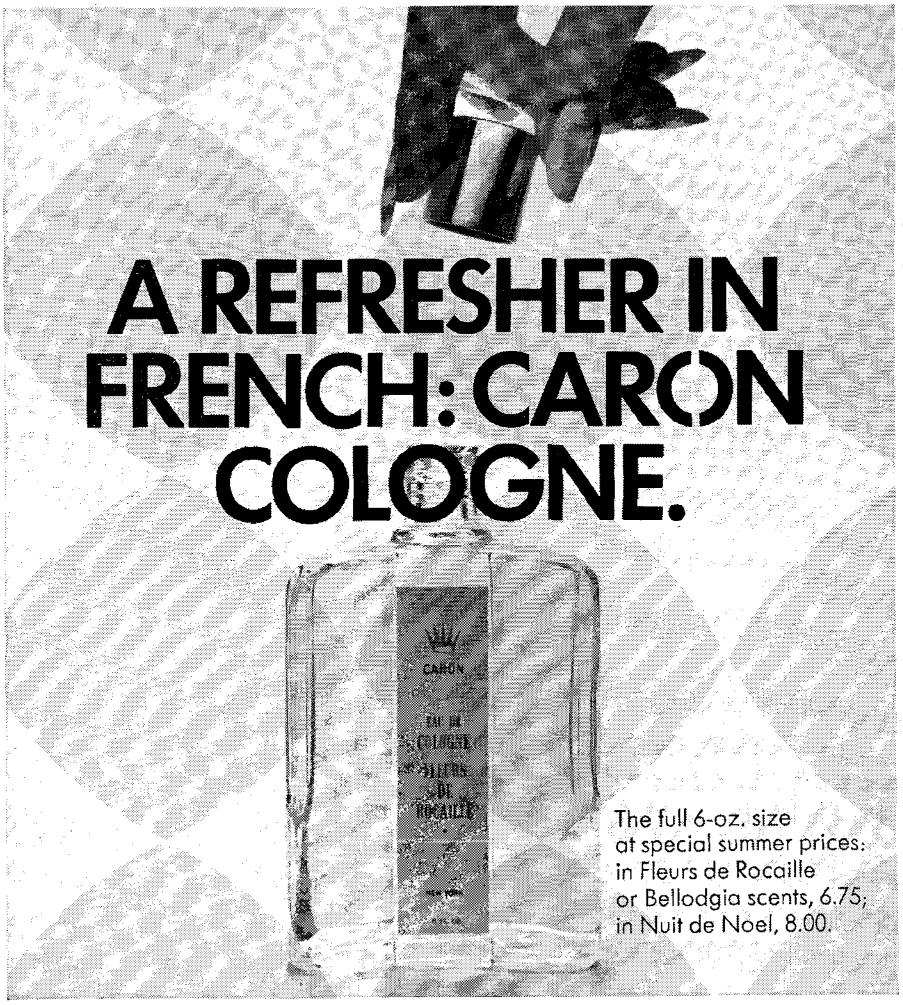
SUPERB ON MEATS, FISH, POULTRY
THE ESCOFFIER
SAUCE ROBERT
THE ORIGINAL

Ensemble by Jasper House. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y., and branches.

beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by EVERFAST® protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER from watery and oily spills. EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018



A REFRESHER IN FRENCH: CARON COLOGNE.
CARON
EAU DE COLOGNE
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
NEW YORK
The full 6-oz. size at special summer prices: in Fleurs de Rocaille or Bellodgia scents, 6.75; in Nuit de Noel, 8.00.

tention is sarcastic, paradoxical, ironic, supportive, or, for that matter, whatever a superior may choose to think it is. (Young men at the agency who habitually express their ideas in this ambiguous mode are considered either especially gifted or subversive and dangerous. Their presence increases the general self-consciousness at conferences, and occasionally forces even some of the older executives into adopting a put-on style.)

A similar breeding pattern for the put-on, as an outgrowth of halfway consciousness, has occurred in advertising proper over the last fifteen years. Parodists, like Harvey Kurtzman's early *Mad* magazine and its imitators, and Jean Shepherd on the radio, helped to promote a growing self-consciousness among purveyors of the hard sell. The precocious soft-sell ads—not the more recent Doyle Dane Bernbach highly polished genre but the initial Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding Piel Bros. Harry-and-Bert campaign (later echoed, for another beer company, by Mike Nichols and Elaine May), or the Chevron campaign ("Chevron Supreme Fits Any Shape Gas Tank!," "With Chevron Supreme Gasoline Your Car Can Go Forwards and Backwards!," "When Your Car Runs Out of Chevron Supreme Gasoline It Will... Stop!")—formed a transitional phase to the reincarnation of hard sell in put-on guise. Humorous soft sell undermined a tradition of advertisements that had a content, a reasonably logical, reasonably structured pitch for a product. Instead, it seemed to indicate that sales might result simply from (1) mention of the product, and (2) a laugh, derived somehow—anyhow—in connection with that mention. (When people began quoting tongue-in-cheek ads, their talk meant more sales as surely as a catchy jingle semi-consciously whistled.) Funny soft sell also seemed to attack the spinal cord of advertising, *which is making claims for the product.* It made fun of the very idea of making claims, especially exaggerated ones, and, along the way, of most other hard-sell techniques—endorsements, contests, giveaways, coupons.

Before long, hard sell ("coming on strong") tried to incorporate some of the sense of ridiculousness that went into *Mad*-type parodies, and a good deal of the tongue-in-cheek that went into the soft sells of the middle fifties. What resulted was a species of superhard sell that, figuratively, appends a sophisticated "as the cliché goes" after the cliché. For example, a bathetic fake-out in the final instant of a com-

After riding to hounds or just chasing "Birds," finish the day with dinner at L'Etoile. It's the perfect way to unwind after "la chasse."

L'ETOILE

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
Plaza 1-7025

Après la chasse à courre ou la chasse tout court, venez dîner à L'Etoile avec votre "gibier."

L'ETOILE

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street
Plaza 1-7025

Avant ou après le théâtre, le bal, le concert, la matinée, le rendezvous, la bicyclette, la chasse, le shopping, le horse and buggy, les galeries, le docteur, le dentiste, le chiropracteur, le tour en carousel, la victoire, le weekend, le anything.

Serendipity 3 is the New York restaurant where the Chicken Breasts are flambéed... and the Dotted Swiss sizzles.

Printed dotted Swiss with tucked sleeves. Torrid pinks and greens. XS, S, M. $45 ppd.

serendipity 3
225 E. 60th St., NYC TE 8-3531
SELLING & SERVING TILL 1 a.m.

"Un des restaurants les plus renommés du monde."

Le Pavillon

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER
Every day except Sunday
111 East 57th Street PL 3-8388

GIRL UNDER UMBRELLA.

40 inches high, 11 inch base. Piped. (Spray head included). In lead $375.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C. (Express Collect)
From the World's most extensive and distinguished collections of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone displayed at Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms.
25¢ for catalogue 66, in coins or postage.

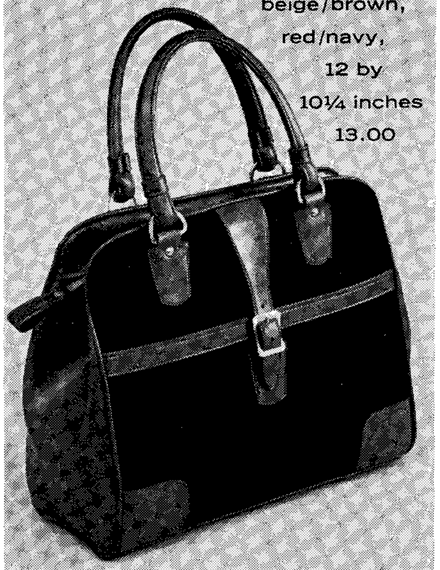
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

mercial makes the whole commercial look silly: An announcer seriously praises a brand of pork-and-beans, holding up two cans as he concludes his spiel. He claps the cans together for emphasis and catches his nose between them. Inevitably, some commercials simply use intonation or sheer exaggeration to let *us* know that *they* know better. They become an unspecific but roaring burlesque of themselves and of all advertising, thereby rising, or sinking, to the realm of nearly pure put-on.

The most common tenor for such advertising is super-frenzy or super-ecstasy. Where straight hard sell communicated sincere, if slightly incredible, enthusiasm for the product, put-on hard sell does cartwheels of shrieking exultation. Old TV hard sell for a beauty product might have had a Ted Mack or Arthur Godfrey look earnestly into the camera and say, "Believe me, girls—this stuff really works." A commercial for the same product might now picture a dowdy secretary converted in no time into a man-eating vamp. After a few over-a-bare-shoulder, feline growls, she says, "Buhlieve you *me*, gurrls—*this* stuff *rrrrrrhheeeelly* works." Clearly, a joke is intended; never was a secretary so draggletailed nor a temptress so seductive. The transformation seems preposterous—an iteration of Jules Feiffer's "Passionella." Yet the hyperbole cannot have ironic purposes; surely we are expected to come away believing that the beauty product does indeed work. Perhaps not as well as in the dramatization? Then, how well? In a ten-second television spot, a couple find a certain brand of coffee in the supermarket and fall all over each other in hysterical joy. Possibly we are meant to feel that the advertising agency has joined with us in a humorous conspiracy against the sponsor—that we are somehow in on the same joke, and meant to buy the product anyhow, perhaps in gratitude for having been entertained and flattered. (The advertising put-on contains an implicit presumption that straight hard sell insulted our intelligence.)

Just as a person can get away with saying something stupid (cop-out) by effusing peripheral clues that indicate he *knows* what he's saying is stupid (indeed, that imply he might say something smart if he chose to), so can an advertisement now get away with being hard sell and at the same time cop out on hard sell's fundamental responsibility—to explain just how good the product is. The put-on, in the first case, provides a stupid statement

the going bag . . . top-zipped cotton canvas and vinyl. Outside pockets either side, zippered interior compartment. Black/camel, black/bone, beige/brown, red/navy, 12 by 10¼ inches 13.00



I. MAGNIN & CO
CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin & Co. store

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
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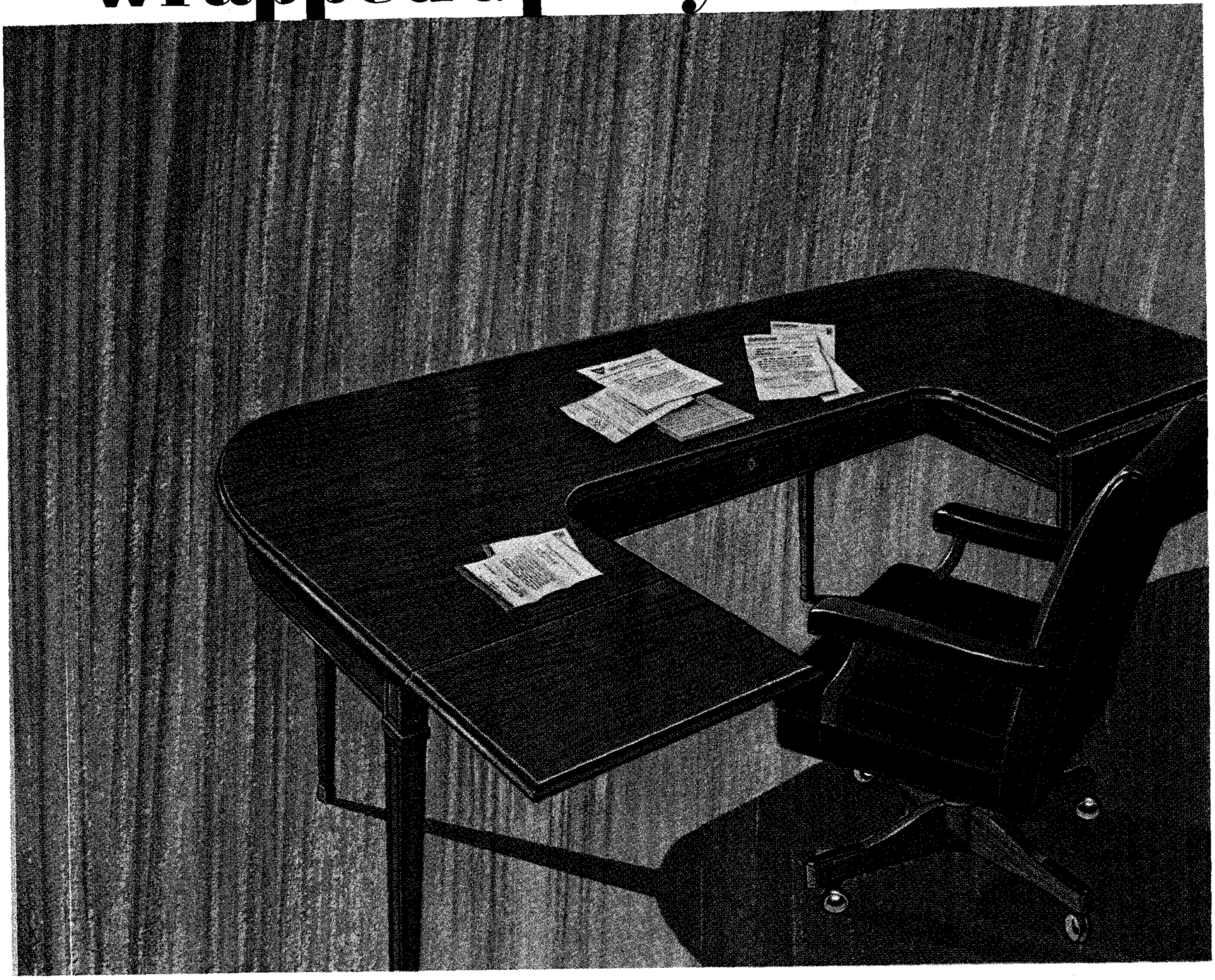
ABSINTHE HOUSE
GREAT STEAKS
CAJUN SPECIALTIES
130 W. 48th St., N.Y.C. CO5-7825

THE CAPRICE
Kirby Atterbury's Restaurant
on San Francisco Bay
TIBURON • CALIFORNIA
Reservations 415-435-3400

How to get all wrapped up in your work



Your work really gets next to you when you're seated behind a Myrtle Hunt Desk. Because the Hunt is a little different.

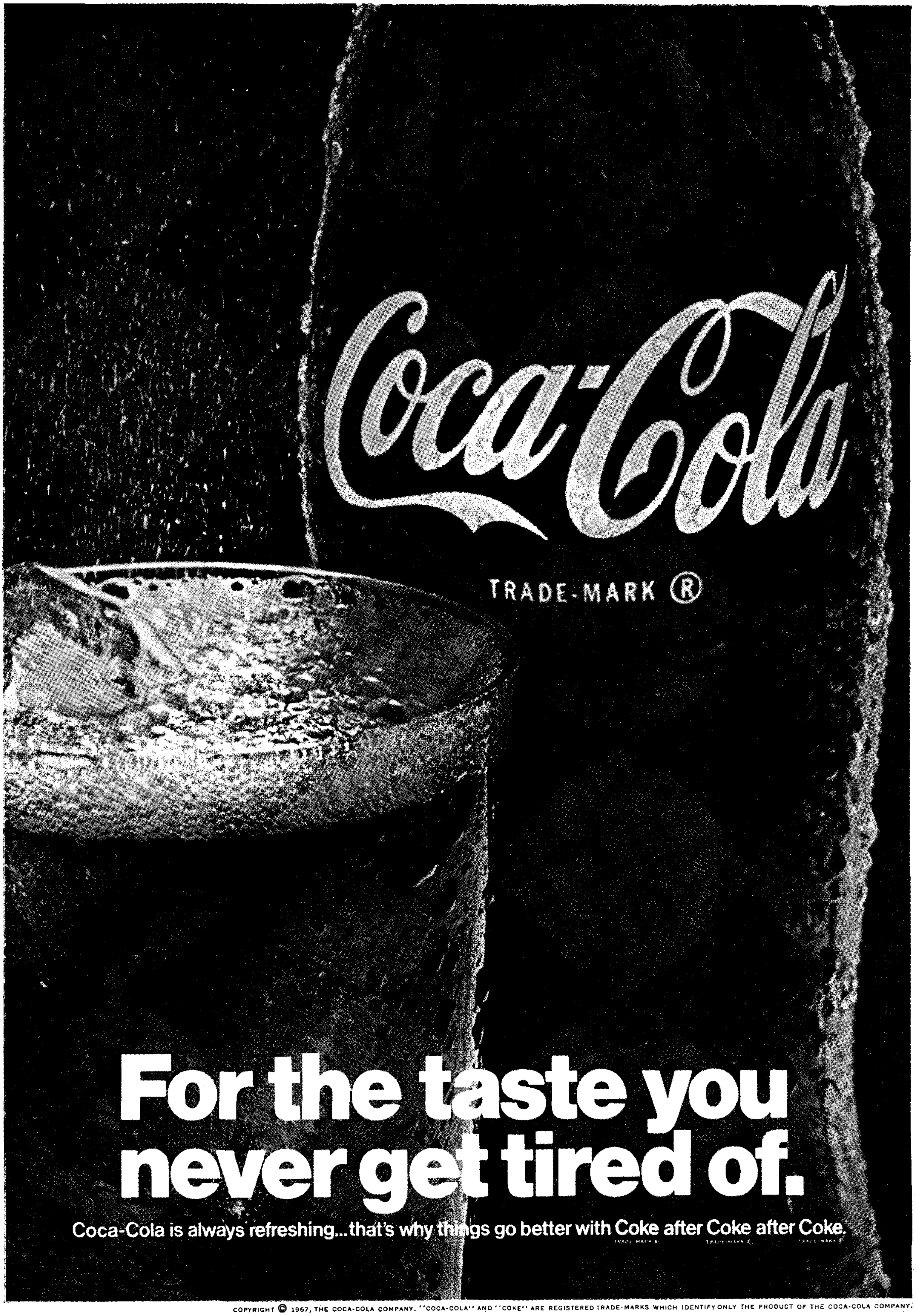
In the first place, you don't sit in back of the Hunt; it sits around you. And when you extend the two 8-inch drop leaves, it almost surrounds you. In the second place, the Hunt is open underneath. Your left leg will always know what your right leg's doing.

The design is Period English. The wood is select mahogany. The brass is English antique. So if you've been searching for a desk that's different, yet tasteful, now you can end your search.

With a Hunt.

MYRTLE DESK!

The Hunt Desk from the 700 Series Ashley Court Collection. Write for catalog and name of nearest furniture dealer, or consult your interior designer. Myrtle Desk Co., Dept. C., High Point, N. C. 27261


Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK ®
For the taste you never get tired of.
Coca-Cola is always refreshing...that's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.
TRADE-MARK ®
TRADE-MARK ®
TRADE-MARK ®

COPYRIGHT © 1967, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

with the same apparent value as a smart statement; in the second case, it renders an impossibly vague, impossibly hyperbolic claim as valuable (to the sponsor) as a precise one.

Put-on hyperbole (hyperbole, that is, which is to be taken seriously but not *that* seriously) typically clothes itself in magical or fantastic garb. Thus, among cleansing products potency is represented—not in simile but in metaphor so immediately visual as to seem close to documentary—by armored knights charging on horseback, their whitening lances aimed at small children; by full-scale tornadoes; by meddlesome birds who fly in kitchen windows; by anti-dirt bombs dropped from fighter planes to score direct, highly explosive hits on soiled linen; by transparent shields that jet visitors at six-inch altitudes across scuffproof floors; by washing machines that, seconds after the product is administered, swell to three times their normal height, dwarfing the housewife; by Irish, Mary Poppins-ish maids sailing in from the blue, depositing their wonder-working suds, and soaring off again, singing a jingle; and by a detergent that zooms you out of the kitchen as though your sink were a launching pad. Toward the conclusion of each dramatization, the housewife praises the detergent godsend in a paroxysm of commingled surprise and delight that would seem disproportionate had she just been informed of her husband's election to high office. Had a sample of such frenzied hyperbole been offered fifteen years ago, in the time of earnest hard sell, viewers would have found themselves bewildered at an apparently insane joke. Hyperbole in humor has traditionally served as a device for satire or irony. Advertising, however, uses humorous hyperbole in a new and confusing way—deliberately trafficking in ambiguity to obscure the crucial questions for the consumer: What does the product accomplish, and why is it better than the competition?

Yet advertising is hardly the only form to use hyperbole whose relation to truth is confoundingly unclear. Similar obfuscation caused certain critics trouble when they tried to get at "MacBird." Finding it unfunny, they were instructed to look for political allegory; finding it impossibly farfetched, they were instructed to appreciate farce. This kind of hyperbole implies that we have been moved in the proper direction of truth—but some indeterminate distance beyond truth. We may or may not take it all seriously, but we may not hold the author accountable for our choice. An implied self-mockery claims the jump on mocking attempts from the outside. Tom Wolfe has, thus far, most fully realized these hyperbolic techniques in journalism. Put-on excess garnered an audience for the 007 books which would have been embarrassed to read Mickey Spillane, who was no less hyperbolic in a straight way. Fleming's names—Miss Moneypenny, Odd Job, Tiffany Case, Mary Goodnight, Kissy Suzuki—might have sprung from "V" or "Catch-22." Literary parodies of his series—and there were a number—tended to flop; they only exaggerated an exaggeration and were scarcely distinguishable from the original. With each James Bond movie, the self-mocking hyperbole became increasingly pronounced—fairly poking the viewer in the ribs, until, finally, "Casino Royale" was no more than a frenetic comic romp, devoid of thriller pretensions. Bond initiated a cinematic form, and then became the only possible parody of it himself—a sort of manufactured Camp. From revivals of the old "Batman" serials it was a short step to the fabrication of a TV series, the resuscitation of "The Green Hornet," and the invention of "Captain Nice" and "Mr. Terrific." More Campsters are waiting in the wings.

If people enjoy laughing at hyperbolic work that's intended seriously (Camp), the argument seems to go, why not confect "serious" work for them to laugh at (put-on)? This oddly marketable type of comedy—the earnest presentation of art that is so bad or so ridiculous that the public will pay to snigger at it—isn't altogether unprecedented. The Cherry Sisters, a hopelessly inadequate singing duo of the early nineteen-hundreds, were booked into theatres where customers came to hiss, laugh, and throw vegetables at them. Nobody ever knew for sure whether they realized they were terrible or not. Around 1920, George M. Cohan wrote "The Tavern," a melodrama that was directed and played for laughs, and again nobody knew whether it was written straight or as an intentional satire of melodrama.

Today, manufactured Camp is becoming an entertainment industry. The dramatic clichés of a generation

americana
OF SAN JUAN

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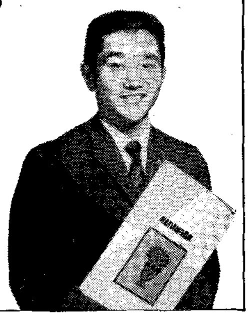

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ago—from "The natives are restless tonight" to "What did you say that masked man's name was?" to "How do things look, Doc?"—are suddenly coming back in droves, funny this time around. Invited to a "pig party," college boys ask the ugliest girls they can find and let them, as the evening wears on, discover the cruel principle of the soirée by induction. Capitol Records recently put out three successful albums featuring the off-key warbling of a talentless California grandmother named Elva Miller, who had always aspired to be a songstress. Mrs. Miller sang a few of her "greatest hits" with lush orchestral accompaniment on the "Ed Sullivan Show." The Fugs ascended to stardom when their sound was more awful than a roomful of drunken teamsters. (In the past year, their musicianship has improved; they've compensated by pushing their unconventional personalities further in the direction of the far-out.) Freddie and the Dreamers seemed to realize that their charm lay in their simpleminded badness, and who knows what to make of the New Vaudeville Band, a collection of Mod Rudy Vallées?

Artists may construct extreme personalities for themselves, which compete with their work for public attention. The put-on personality may be largely confected (as with Salvador Dali or Phyllis Diller or Monti Rock III) or an extension of actual traits (as with Brother Theodore or Gypsy Boots or the Rolling Stones). Celebrities may, after they are established, send up their legitimate selves. Many modern performers seem prepared to deliberately caricature what they once were or were expected to be. In an earlier era, John Barrymore and Mae West did something of the same thing. Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre all did it in "Beat the Devil," in 1954. But their self-mockery was diaphanous compared to the jobs directors have had other stars do on themselves: Burt Lancaster in "The Crimson Pirate," James Cagney in "One, Two, Three," Joan Crawford and Bette Davis in "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Marilyn Monroe in "The Seven Year Itch," Jayne Mansfield in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," Anita Ekberg in "La Dolce Vita," Frank Sinatra and friends in "Ocean's 11," Jeanne Moreau and Brigitte Bardot in "Viva Maria," and half a dozen French celebrities in Godard cameo roles. Do the actors fully realize how they are burlesquing themselves? What

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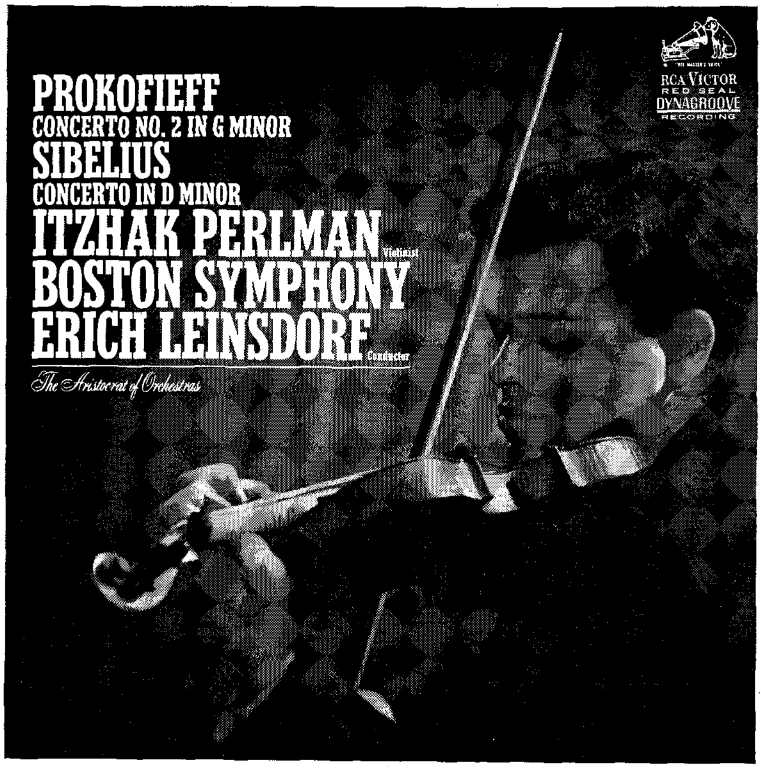

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is being made fun of? The star? Or the public's image of the star?

I REMEMBER being on both sides of put-ons circa junior high school, although we didn't use the word back then. An interchange would go something like this:

A: My grandmother died today.

B: Gee, I'm sorry to hear that. How old was she?

A: Ninety-three.

B: Gee, that's pretty old.

A: Yeah. Well, at least they saved the baby.

B: Gee, she must've had a good doctor.

Dialogues like this could go on for quite a while, given sufficient gullibility on the part of B. (They were always better with an audience.) An artful put-on elicited some genuine response to a phony statement. No one was wholly immune to the form; the initial essence of the put-on was plausible—it simply grew more farfetched as it went along. The trick was to catch on quick. If you did, you could laugh with the other guys, although any response, once you'd been hooked, left you looking foolish. If you didn't, you were a dead man.

Adolescent put-ons illustrate the intimate relationship between the put-on and the put-down. The put-down is an insult with imagination—a form that, at its best, leaves the offended party muttering, "Wonder what he meant by that." "Are you putting me down?" is asked nearly as often as "Are you putting me on?" The reason for this affinity may be partly that the put-on is a basically hostile means of expression (in a speaker, hostile to his own feelings and to his antagonist; in an artist, hostile to his materials, his audience, and his own talent) and partly that insult devoid of cleverness is no longer tolerated. The fanciful element that has refined the put-down is the put-on. (N.B.C. recently presented a gala resuscitation of the old "Colgate Comedy Hour" that featured "new trends in comedy, including the put-on and the put-down.") Much of Lenny Bruce's material was based on this conjunction. It is currently apotheosized in such so-called "insult comics" as Don Rickles. For years, Mort Sahl has come onstage carrying a newspaper. He reads a headline—say, " 'Johnson Denies Mining Rivers and Shelling the North Is Escalation of War, Calls Moves "Military Steps Toward Peace." ' " Before Sahl has even taken off from it, the audience responds to the tacit under-

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standing that the *news itself* is a put-on—doublethink that scarcely requires parody.

It may be that some element of the put-on has always resided at the base of art—what E. M. Forster called "shamming"—but it has taken the contemporary sensibility to discern and articulate these latent elements, to turn facetiousness into a full aesthetic, or even moral, category. It may be that the put-on offers the only remaining possibility for aesthetic or philosophical synthesis in a world that has become staggeringly confused and grotesque. It may be that when reality becomes too complex to master, the best we can do is adopt an attitude toward it. T. S. Eliot wrote that Pope, Dryden, and Swift showed how contempt, resentment, and disgust might be forms for genius. Perhaps our own self-conscious century—with its artists trying to transcend the limits of language, to redefine their media, to find the least uncomfortable view of their own lives—will, in time, produce the Put-On Genius. Unhappily, audiences that can't take any art straight with confidence will have paid a high price in the waiting, and may have a hard time recognizing him when he arrives.

A generation is coming of age in America that doesn't take the news straight, that doesn't take the utterances of public figures straight, that doesn't take social games straight. It suspects not only art but the whole range of modern experience. It sees giant con games everywhere. It sees "the system" itself as a con game. Paradoxically, this generation—so obsessed with the themes of falsehood, phoniness, and hypocrisy—has developed and refined the art of the put-on, as if driven to illustrate that what passes for "truth" and "reality" is often cruelly deceptive. A complex society depends for its survival on some degree of mutual trust among its citizens. But a generation of Americans, having lost all patience with the dishonesties that lubricate social transactions, now appears ready to propagate its own distrust throughout society, to foist upon communication the very cancer it has protested against. The put-on may be a destructive device born out of desperation—a weapon to force people out, through confusion and loss of confidence, toward honesty. Perhaps a hope exists, however dubious, that the debasement of discourse will soon become intolerable—a hope that people, when their legs have been pulled almost to the breaking point, will at last begin to kick.

—Jacob Brackman

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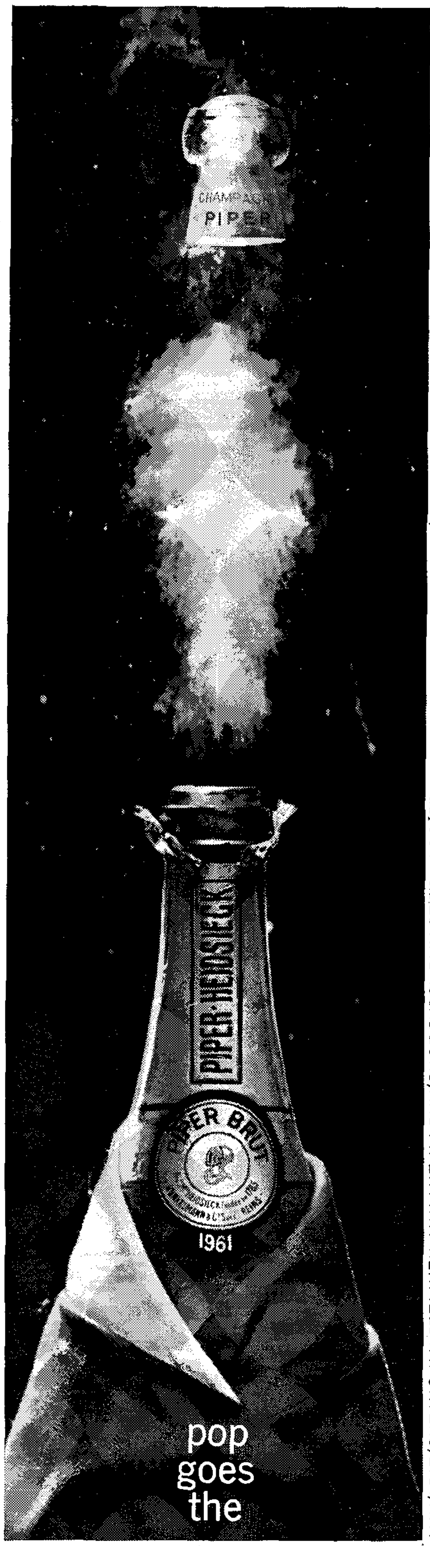

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nether Villainy

ANY film character who is introduced with only the bottom fourteen inches of his trousers showing is going to be a bad lot. The unidentified ends of leg in the new James Bond picture, "You Only Live Twice," which are eventually attached to the face of Donald Pleasence, do indeed turn out to belong to a wholesale rotter. 007's current enemy, who lives grandly in a converted volcano under the crust of the Far East, has developed a caddish mechanism for swallowing other people's astronauts so as to provoke a Soviet-American war and seize the earth. His foreigner's speech has the accent of an upper-class Englishman, which is no longer the sign it was in Imperial days of having learned manners and cricket, and he has a scar that must have meant a wretchedly early makeup call for Mr. Pleasence in the mornings. The ambitious despot also carries a white Persian cat in his arms, and he seems to have no secretary. In this sort of power-fantasy movie, having no secretary signifies a political villain on a big scale. The way the film framed the shots of the tyrant's trousers might have signalled the entry of any old burglar, but this one is recognizable as a sadist at the top of the tree as soon as it is established that he does no desk work. This is one of the conventions of the form, which isn't wedded to reality; I realize that no important dictators have come to power by unplugging the telephone and stroking a cat.

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

James Bond himself emerges crisply from a plaster mummy coffin after burial at sea—unpacked from an oxygenated cellophane container in which he lies like frozen food. The influence that he exerts over the picture is as nonchalant as usual. He is still emphatic about things like serving *sake* at 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit. But he seems even less than ever a man to care about; unlike most bang-bang movies, "You Only Live Twice" incites an audience to mind much less about the winner than about winning. Where the heroes of chase pictures and Westerns are people victorious through character, the idol of this picture is really victory itself. It isn't 007 you cheer so much as his success and the brilliant superiority of his hardware. In the same way, the sexuality of the film exists not so much in the girls themselves as in Bond's achievement of getting through as many of them as possible without a pang. His numb leading ladies in the picture, affable sexpots who are killed off at a rate of knots and who could surely be told apart only by their mothers, are subsumed into one long, cool act of painless ditching. One of them is eaten alive, dropped into a private pool of man-eaters through a trick floor that is operated by the villain's foot on a long-distance clutch. Another dies of a drop of poison that slides evilly down a piece of black thread into her sleeping mouth.

Practically every point in the film seems to have to do with gaping jaws, or openings in the earth, or gadgets with trick cavities. Floors suddenly yawn, and the jaws of the villain's whalelike spaceship snap on the rockets of the Cold War as if they were Jonahs. A desk opens up to show an X-ray machine detecting a gun in 007's pocket, a booby trap shoots him down a gullet of stainless steel, and the tyrant's open-plan living area is reached through a hole in the earth-face. The satanic drawing room is in the Bond-baronial style, with a huge fireplace, expensive modern furniture, and the religious Old Masters that murderers like. Hi-fi equipment is apparently somewhere, since the seating arrangements have the particular marooned look of chairs and sofas that are sited the right distance in both directions from hidden speakers. This enlightened room scheme for entertaining and listening, comically wasted on a nut case who lives alone with a cat in a constant racket of slaughter, is buried deep in the volcano. A cavernous launching pad and sliding roof adjoin it and carry out the lip-and-orifice motif, which is certainly both Freudian and intentional in a Bond picture. Ken Adam's sets for the series are celebrated and deserve it. The launching-pad scene makes a use of scale that gives it a look of one of the Romantic movement's prison engravings, turning the human figure into a pygmy in a towering dungeon of mechanisms.

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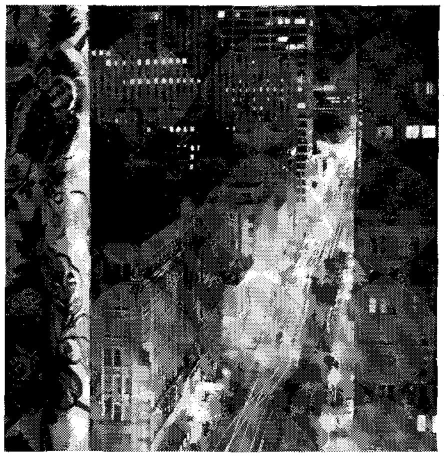
the colossal onslaught of neo-comic barbarisms, I suppose it is with the cat. The Sean Connery character seems deflated. Once dashing in himself, he has become the instrument of dashing production ideas. Some of the inventions are knockouts, but it would never occur to you that the hero's more stunning technical escapes from trouble could have originated in the head of the character. They obviously come from the director, Lewis Gilbert, and from the Saltzman-Broccoli production alliance that has always given the series its rollicking tone and squashed 007 when he got above himself. The man in the film is beginning to seem oddly inert, his eyes glazed with gadgets, as if this were Christmas morning in a millionaire's house and he a spoiled and lonely child with little flair for fun.

The feat of the series has always been its element of cheery self-parody, which managed to envelop Ian Fleming's brutish fantasizing in something more benign and secretly sensible. The gaggy screenplay for this installment coarsens the style. The earlier films had something genuinely blithe about them, unlike the grinding exhibitionism of the books, and in spite of their own surface sadism; but in "You Only Live Twice" the sense of play keeps getting lost. The most beguiling thing about it is the simple energy expended on bumper surprises.

PHILIPPE DE BROCA was the director of a fond and quirky comedy called "Les Jeux de l'Amour," about a wary trio of people plugging on with the necessities of their love lives in a hostile clutter of Victorian claptrap in an antique shop. His new film, "King of Hearts," takes on a comic subject that sounds everything that Anglo-Saxons nervously mean by "Gallic" when they speak of humor, having in the backs of their heads the caperings of the Comédie Française at its worst. The story, set near the end of the First World War, is about a Scottish soldier who is ordered to dismantle a bomb in a French village deserted by everyone except the inhabitants of a lunatic asylum and a zoo. One would expect the combination of French-fanciful and Scots-twee to be hard to surmount, and it is. Alan Bates—good, good actor and electric listener—is the wrong man to ask to leap winsomely in the air and chat to carrier pigeons. Producers and directors tend to see him as typecasting for born victims and go-betweens; they should try thinking of him for something more resolute. But all the same,



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something in the film makes it work. It looks beautiful, with easy dissolves from shots of frightened villagers fleeing the wet, field-gray streets to choreographed groups of the insane gently at liberty. The lunatics are dressed like generals and courtesans and acrobats, some of them raptly riding around in a coach drawn by a fluffy camel. De Broca must have real sweetness and force of character to turn the film into what it often is: a dream of a carnival respite from caution and death.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

How can we enumerate everything we have gotten on Sumerian Art, Babylonian Art, Hittite sites and Art, Art of Ancient Persia, Phoenicia, Phrygian Art treasures in the Museum of Ankara, Troy, Egyptian sites like Temples of Abu Simbel, Seti Temples of Abydos, Dendera with its wonderful Hathor Temple, the Temples of Edfu, Karnak, all the details of Tut-Amkh-Amon's Tomb (we finally learned how to spell this ancient king's name correctly), all the art treasures stowed away in museums around the world: Torino, Cairo, Boston, New York Metropolitan, Berlin, the Louvre, Leiden, Holland, Florence, Princeton University, Roman Ruins and Antiquities all over Europe, Greek and Roman portraits (at that time there was not as yet a Bachrach or New York Times Studio, so they are busts or statues): Alexander the Great, Aeschylus, Aristotle, Euripides, Hippocrates (Father of Medicine), Sappho (can we call her the most famous songstress and lyricist of Greece?), Agrippa, Caesar, Mark Antony, Trajan, the poet Virgil, Vespasian, Tiberius, Constantine the Great, medieval art treasures throughout Europe, Romanesque Cathedrals from Lund, Sweden to Verona, Pavia, Arles and Autun in France, Gothic Cathedrals like those of Bourges, Chartres, Rheims, Paris, Exeter, Secular Medieval Art Treasures, Manuscripts, Tapestries, Stained Glass Windows, Mosaics, Carvings?—*Newsletter from Shostal, a New York agency for color photography.*

Would you repeat the question?

•

"Teedie" Cummings has done it again. The once shy Mrs. Walter J. Cummings Jr. who blossomed two years ago when she single-handedly formed a woman's board for the USO, is fast becoming the most disarming speaker in town.

Her charmingly artless manner was displayed to a sellout crowd Friday evening in Guildhall when the third annual dinner dance to benefit the USO was held. She delighted the formal audience with her unrehearsed remarks and the one that especially tickled them was her explanation of why committee member Mrs. Myron Ratcliffe wasn't present: "because she has to go to California . . . with her husband."—*Chicago Daily News.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Northern Lights

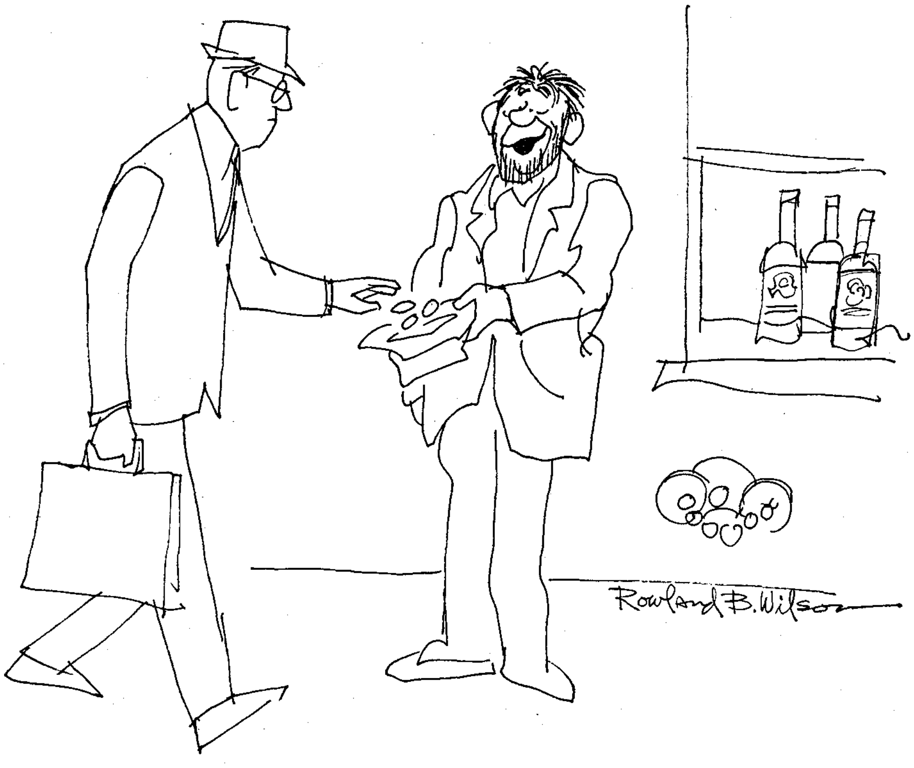
WITH the first appearance in the Western Hemisphere of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, Montreal has started the long schedule of important events of its Festival Mondial, a part of Expo 67 and, incidentally, probably the largest and most varied festival of the performing arts ever to be held on the surface of the earth. Five leading European opera companies, of which Stockholm's is only the first, will be heard there during the summer and fall months—all for the first time on this continent. The list of other attractions—both musical and theatrical—is staggering, ranging from the Ringling Brothers Circus to Yehudi Menuhin's Bath Festival Orchestra, and from "Hello, Dolly!" to the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Though a few of these groups, including the Bath Festival Orchestra and the Hamburg State Opera, will visit New York following their Montreal appearances, most of them won't. Montreal, for the moment, is the world capital of music, and so it behooves the New York music lover, as well as the New York music critic, to take himself northward—something that I did the other day, to hear the Swedish troupe.

I was surprised by the appearance of the city. It will probably never get over Expo 67. New skyscrapers and new skyscraper hotels have sprung up suddenly amidst those old-fashioned squares with their elm trees and their bronze men riding bronze horses. Among the other new structures in the middle of the city, and quite distinct from Expo itself, is the complex of buildings designed to accommodate the musical and theatrical events of the Festival Mondial—something called the Place des Arts, which is Montreal's answer to the present-day culture-arena problem. I am told that Montreal originally contemplated some temporary theatres to be used at Expo 67 and then torn down. But good sense prevailed, and the theatres now in the Place des Arts are permanent structures in which Montrealers can expect to hear and see operas, concerts, and theatrical productions long into the future. The Place des Arts is something like our Lincoln Center, though it is less ponderous in appearance and—to my mind, at least—a bit more tasteful in its interior appointments. It consists of three theatres, with the two smaller ones—the Maisonneuve and the Port Royal—housed under one roof, one above the other. The opera house proper is named the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, after the conductor, Canada's most distinguished senior musician, who is well remembered by New Yorkers for his conducting at the Metropolitan Opera House in the days of Edward Johnson. Mr. Pelletier, who is in his seventies, must feel deeply honored to have the auditorium named for him. It is a little as though we had named Philharmonic Hall the Salle Leonard Bernstein.

The Salle Pelletier, easily recognizable because of the distinctiveness of its architecture, stands at the top of an imposing flight of steps, with the building housing the Maisonneuve and the Port Royal on one side. As one approaches it from the front, it appears to be round, the façade consisting of a curved, glassed-in area supported by a conspicuous row of modernistic flying buttresses. Inside, however, after passing through the box-office-and-ticket-taking section and a red plush lobby, one finds a very up-to-date theatre, with walls in various subdued shades of gray, and a black proscenium arch that contrasts with the bright-red seats. This theatre holds nearly three thousand people, and is thus comparable in size to any of the three principal auditoriums of Lincoln Center. There has, however, been no nonsense about preserving the horseshoe shape of the traditional old-fashioned opera house. One can see the whole stage from any seat in the place. There are three balconies, known, in ascending succession, as the Corbeille, the Mezzanine, and the Balcon, and, attached to these on both sides, are thirty ivory-colored boxes, apparently cantilevered and looking a little like soap dishes. The ceiling is a weft of ivory-colored acoustical gadgets, which are, at least, unobtrusive. The whole effect is one of simplicity and of concentration on the building's main function, which is to enable people to see and hear what is going on.

My seats were in the front row of the Corbeille, which is an excellent place from which to see the stage, but in wandering around the hall during different parts of different operas, I found that the acoustics are best in the Parterre seats, and that the sound tends to thin out slightly as you ascend to the balconies. However, the Salle Pelletier is not plagued by the serious acoustical difficulties that have beset Philharmonic Hall. One hears clearly everywhere; one simply hears a richer quality of sound downstairs.

Scarcely anybody dressed up for the Stockholm Opera's opening night—or, for that matter, for any other performance. I found this refreshing. People were there not to be seen but to see and hear, and what was set before



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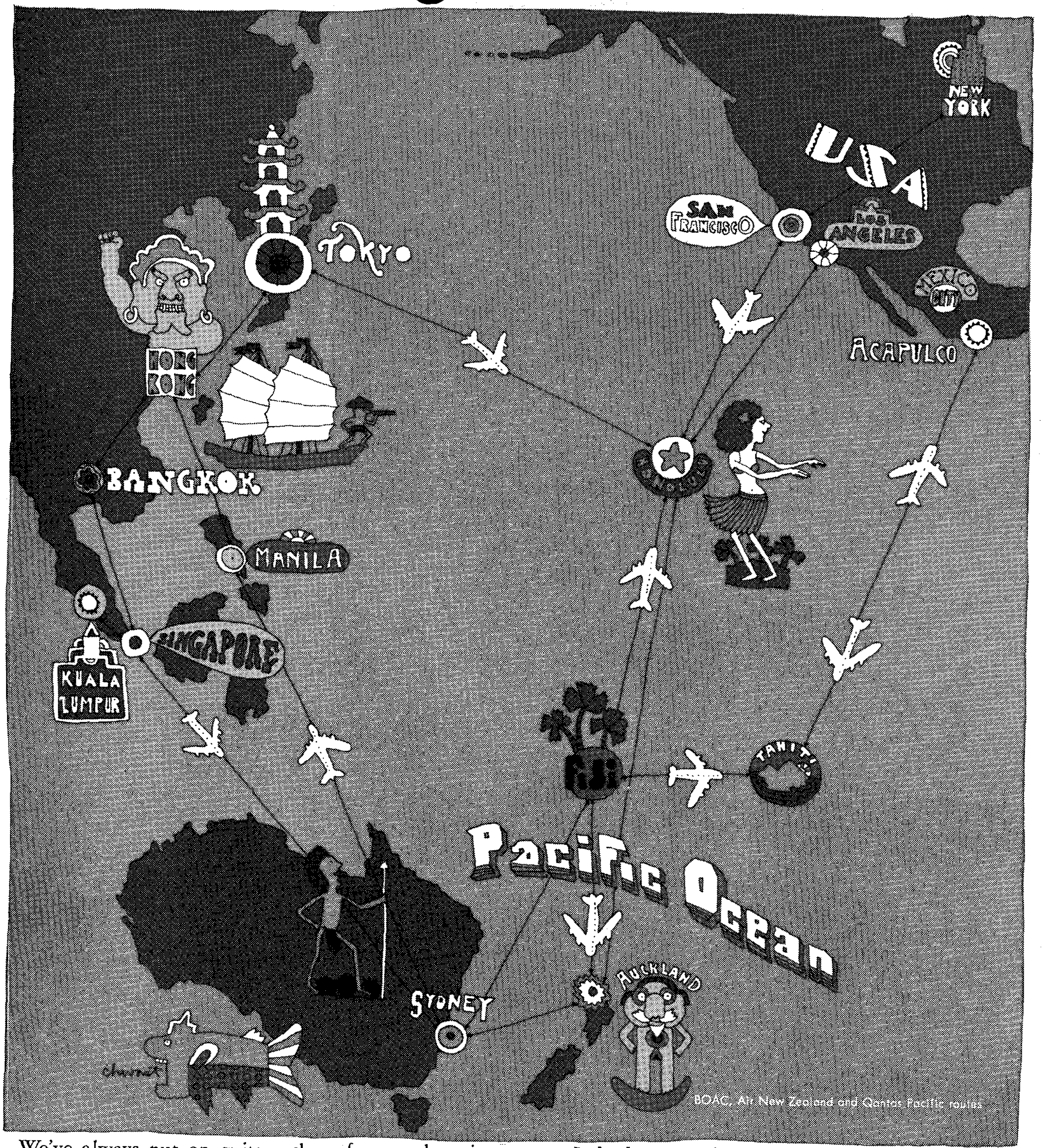
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them was certainly worth seeing and hearing. The Stockholm Opera has a personality of its own. The company has no voices that would be considered great by international standards. Sweden has been producing a disproportionate number of great singers for at least a hundred years, but the phenomenal Swedish singers—like Jussi Björling, and the Nilssons, Christine and Birgit—have tended to spend most of their time outside Sweden, though Birgit Nilsson returns regularly to the company, and, in fact, appeared with it as Isolde after I left Montreal. The distinctive personality of the troupe does not depend on vocal stars. It is, instead, composed of well-trained artists who obviously know each other's habits, and who are rehearsed to the point where they can play with, and against, one another like actors in a well-produced legitimate drama. Opera in Stockholm is apparently theatre first and singing second, though in the performances I attended there was no lack of musicianship, and the precision of musical interpretation, under the baton of the company's regular director, Silvio Varviso, and the guest conductor, Sixten Ehrling (who is Swedish but is busy most of the year conducting the Detroit Symphony), was exemplary. Everything was sung in Swedish—a language I do not understand—but the splendid direction brought across clearly the intimacy of the dramatic side of things.

THE opening-night opera was Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," which, in a way, the Swedes are entitled to consider their own, since its hero is Gustav III of Sweden, who founded the Royal Opera; wrote the scenario for Sweden's first opera, "Gustav Vasa," which was about his most distinguished predecessor on the throne; and was, unfortunately, assassinated in his own opera house during a masquerade party that was being held there. Nearly every operagoer knows the story of how Verdi wrote this opera (based on a play by Eugène Scribe), saw it banned because of Orsini's recent attempt on the life of Napoleon III (the censor apparently thought that assassinations were contagious, especially when shown on the stage), and then agreed to change its site to Boston, where Gustav III became the British governor, threatened by an unlikely uprising of Negro slaves. It was performed in this transatlantic setting for half a century in nearly all the world's important opera houses, and only in the past two decades has our own Metropolitan Opera returned it to its proper locale. The Stockholm Opera has gone even further than that. With the help of a Swedish poet named Erik Lindegren, it has set forth an entirely new adaptation of the work, based more on Scribe's original drama than on the rather poor Italian libretto by Antonio Somma. The result is tighter dramatically, but those who have seen the opera elsewhere will look in vain for a character named Count Warting, who has been dropped from the plot, and will find themselves slightly confused by the transformation of the assassins Sam and Tom into Count Horn and Captain Anckarström, the last of whom used to be somebody else. These changes do not seem to have affected the score in any important way, and, under the baton of Mr. Ehrling, the performance proceeded briskly, and often eloquently.

The most interesting of the characterizations was that of Gustav, done by a tenor named Ragnar Ulfung. Considered strictly as a singer, Mr. Ulfung lacks the velvety tone of a top-rank tenor, but he is a great actor. His conception of the personality of Gustav is entirely different from any I have seen on other opera stages. His is a portrayal of a kindhearted but weak man, slightly effeminate, pathetically anxious to ingratiate himself with his unruly subjects, and more attached to his page boy than to Amelia, the heroine of the opera. No doubt this portrayal arose from a careful study of history, and it has thrown the whole theatrical production into a different light. Now the overelegant eighteenth-century monarch minces about the stage and takes his second-act meeting with Amelia and the ensuing scandal fairly casually. When he is shot and lies dying in the page boy's arms, one feels a pity quite different from that evoked by most singers of the role—an indecisive, slightly silly, but good-natured and unquestionably important man has been shot, needlessly, by a member of the gentry who are in revolt against him. Later on, I was to hear Mr. Ulfung in two other roles, and to appreciate, by contrast, the depth and the distinctiveness of this particular portrayal.

The remaining roles were well taken from a theatrical standpoint, and one of them—that of Count Holberg, done by the baritone Ingvar Wixell—was sung with a really distinguished voice. Berit Lindholm was the Amelia. She is an impressive-looking woman with a powerful soprano voice, but she proved to be shaky in pitch whenever she arrived at a passage of any floridity. Bo Lundborg and Arne Tyrén were a convincing couple of assassins, Barbro Ericson made the most of some throaty tones in the contralto role of Ulrica but was not otherwise outstanding, and Birgit Nordin sang attractively enough as the page boy. The settings, by Sven-Erik Skawonius, were elegant, comparatively simple, and extremely tasteful—those of a hillside in Act II, Scene 1, and the final opera-house scene being especially effective. In that last scene, too, the ballet, choreographed by Mary Skeaping, was among the most pleasing operatic ballets that I have ever seen.

THE following night, the company set forth a novelty that has never been heard on this side of the Atlantic, though much has been heard *about* it. This was the space-age opera "Aniara," written by the Swedish composer Karl-Birger Blomdahl to a libretto by Erik Lindegren, adapted from an epic poem by Harry Martinson. I am not sure that "Aniara" is really an opera at all. It is certainly not one in the old-fashioned sense, in which the main consideration is the conveyance of drama by unusual voices. But it is a fascinating spectacle, and it is not without dramatic force. Its story concerns a group of refugees from the earth, which has finally been completely devastated by mankind's destructive inventions. They are aboard a spaceship on their way to Mars, to take up a happier and safer existence, when their ship suddenly goes off course and, owing to some celestial gravitational force, is sped on an unalterable course toward the constellation Lyra, which will not be reached for hundreds of years. The passengers grow old during the journey and die off one by one until, at last, all are mummified in their strange vehicle, which is still plunging ahead. The spaceship has a sort of mechanical soul—a sandless hourglass known as the Mima, which can transmit sights and sounds from life in other worlds, and which speaks electronic-tape music. The passengers include an experienced space sailor known as the Mimarobe, who tends the Mima and acts as a sort of narrator throughout the spectacle; a Chefone (or big chief), who, with three engineers, captains the ship; a comedian named Sandon; a female entertainer named Daisi Doody, who talks baby talk; a blind poetess; and a beautiful female space pilot named Isagel (a dancer), with whom the Mimarobe is in love. There are also a group of more or less indistinguishable refugees

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and a group of space cadets, as well as several visions materialized by the Mima, among them a Man Struck Blind and a Stone-Deaf Mute. The name of the spaceship is the Aniara. Curiosity—plus, I confess, an access of scholarly exhibitionism—led me to try to trace the etymology of some of these names. "Aniara" might easily derive from the Sanskrit negative prefix "*an*" plus the verbal root "*i*," meaning "to go." There is, in fact, a Sanskrit word, "*anaya*," which means precisely "ill-luck" or "evil course." And "Mima" is suspiciously like the Sanskrit "*mimansa*," meaning "profound thought" or "investigation," which were exactly the activities the Mima was engaged in. I regret that I could find no Sanskrit cognate for Daisi Doody, but in arcane matters of this sort you can't have everything.

The first act of this spectacle is concerned with the catastrophe in which the Aniara goes off course, the ensuing terror of the passengers, the attempts by Sandon and Daisi Doody to cheer them up, and the Mima's materialization of scenes from the destroyed earth, including the blind and the deaf men. By the beginning of Act II, the Mima herself—and by this time you are rather fond of her—has become so discouraged by the scenes she has materialized that she dies; the sandless hourglass in the middle of the proscenium sags before your eyes. Presently, the passengers become demoralized, expressing their neuroses in a sexual orgy and a fake Mass of Repentance. The Chief Engineer dies at his post and is placed in a glass-faced coffin and shot to a neighboring star. The Blind Poetess sings a song of hope but is eventually led away by a doctor and nurses. When things are at their worst, everybody has an impulse to sing something called the "Cast Iron Ballad." Finally, after nearly all the passengers have died, only the Blind Poetess, Isagel, and the Mimarobe are left. Then, while the poetess sings offstage in a cell, Isagel, too, dies, and the singing ceases. The Mimarobe, left alone, pronounces an epitaph:

"Mummified in our huge
  sarcophagus,
We were borne on across the seas
  of space,
Impervious to the sting of bitter
  stars,
And through us all surged great
  Nirvana's wave."

There was a suggestion in the program notes that deeper levels of symbolism were intended—that the spectacle was an allegory or metaphor depicting "a journey through the destitute and forsaken human soul"—and at one point the Chief Engineer likened the voyage of the Aniara to the infinitely slow motion of a "tiny bubble in the glass of God's spirit." One could, obviously, take the opera several ways. But the real point is that it was strangely moving. The composer had provided several types of music—tonal, atonal, and electronic—and the last seemed remarkably expressive, having been used appropriately and with artistry. Much of the effect was due to the beauty of Margareta Åsberg, who mimed the role of Isagel, and the manly fatalism of the Mimarobe—a role sung, as a sudden replacement, by the company's doctor, Rolf Leanderson, who turned out to be a fine baritone. Margareta Hallin, as the Blind Poetess, had the most melodious of the roles, and she sang her complicated, florid music beautifully. The other roles, including the Daisi Doody of Kjerstin Dellert and the deaf-and-dumb man done by the extraordinary Mr. Ulfung, were managed excellently, the choruses in particular being well sung. And Sixten Ehrling conducted the whole complicated score with notable precision and assurance.

THE night after that, we had Ingmar Bergman's production of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," and I must say that I never imagined that Stravinsky's highly eclectic and artificial score could be brought to life so magnificently by any staging. Bergman had matched its rather formal pseudo-eighteenth-century style with an elaborately formal eighteenth-century setting. There was no curtain. The stage was built out over the orchestra pit, and its footlights were backed by ancient reflectors such as you see in old prints. The scenes were changed, by means of rapid drops and movable flies, right before your eyes. The comic features were emphasized—Baba the Turk (the bearded lady) was extremely feminine—and yet the grotesque sadness of the final scene in Bedlam came across with a really tragic atmosphere. The whole thing was achieved, I think, because Mr. Bergman had put W. H. Auden's rather ambivalently conceived characters behind a screen of unreality, giving the opera the spirit of a cold, elegant masque, where tragedy and comedy could mix without either seeming to be taken too seriously. There was no end of ingenious stage effects. (I remember particularly that the breadmaking machine exploded every once in a while like a giant firecracker.) Nick Shadow's initial temptation was really menacing, and so was his scene with Tom Rakewell in the graveyard. Baba's house seemed to consist of a single room furnished with a gigantic bed and some spilled pillows. Birger Bergling's scenery, along with Kerstin Hedeby's costumes, had a good deal to do with all this esprit, but the Bergman touch was everywhere evident. The cast had been so well rehearsed that in one scene Shadow waltzed Rakewell around dizzily and then dropped him precisely on a couch—the sort of thing that is seen often in ballet but seldom in opera. The company's best singers were involved in this production. The role of Tom Rakewell was done superbly by Mr. Ulfung; Margareta Hallin, the Blind Poetess of "Aniara," was exceedingly effective as Ann Truelove; Barbro Ericson, who had sung Ulrica in "Un Ballo in Maschera," was Baba the Turk; Erik Sundquist was adequate as Truelove, Senior; and a singer named Erik Saedén did the Mephistophelean role of Nick Shadow with just the right combination of poise, cynicism, and contempt. Silvio Varviso conducted ably. It was altogether a superb achievement, and it made one hope that the Stockholm Opera will someday pay us a visit in New York.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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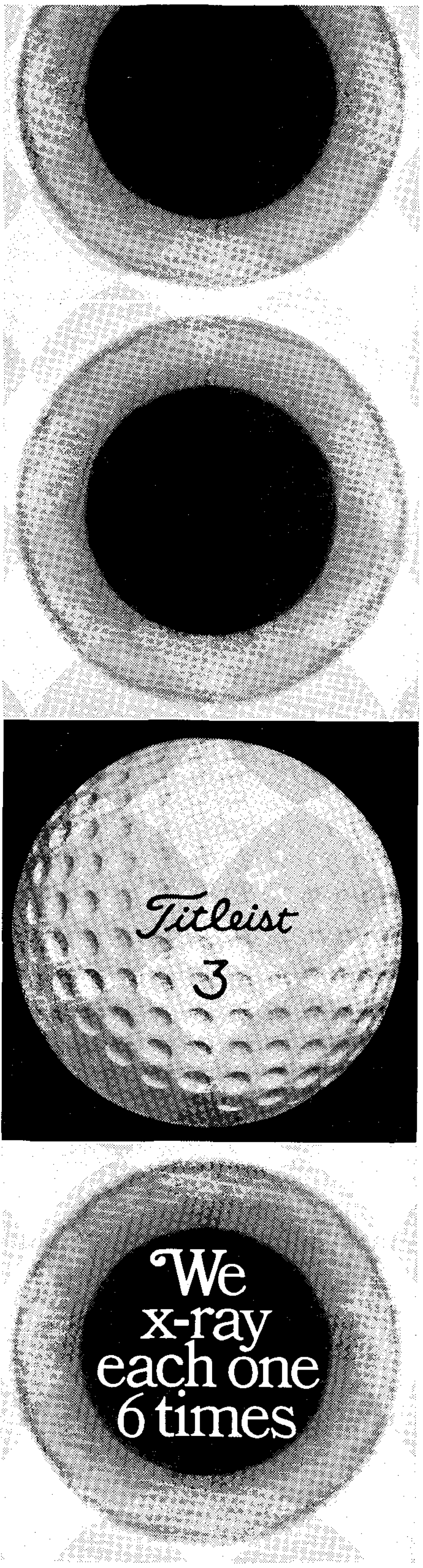
THE RACER'S WIDOW

The elements have merged into solicitude.
Spasms of violets rise above the mud
And weed, and soon the birds and ancients
Will be starting to arrive, bereaving points
South. But never mind. It is not painful to discuss
His death. I have been primed for this—
For separation—for so long. But still his face assaults
Me; I can hear that car careen again, the crowd coagulate on asphalt
In my sleep. And watching him, I feel my legs like snow
That let him finally let him go
As he lies draining there. And see
How even he did not get to keep that lovely body.

—LOUISE GLÜCK



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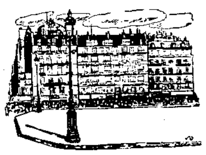
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 14

BECAUSE General de Gaulle founded his career and the salvation of contemporary France on his gift for the public spoken word—it will be twenty-seven years this coming Sunday since that eighteenth of June, 1940, when, as an unknown, he singularly introduced himself to history by stating over the London B.B.C., "*Moi, Général de Gaulle, actuellement à Londres, j'invite les officiers et les soldats français . . .*"—and because, in his unique, influential verbal style, he has been speaking on the air to millions of listeners ever since, his silence during the recent alarming six-day Israeli-Arab war attracted great attention. In the international confusions, power ploys, and mixed human affections or hatreds felt for Jews or for Arabs, plus left and right political emotions, all of which were influential on today's Catholic French mentality, the French people had to make up their minds for themselves as to what to think of it all. The only official guidance they received was slight and very second-hand, passed on by de Gaulle's Minister of Information after a Conseil des Ministres, presided over by de Gaulle himself. In the opening sample of this guidance, the Minister prolixly and tautologically divulged to the Paris press, "France is favorable to a basic settlement that will tend to lead to a true peace and to a settlement of the Israeli-Arab problems, and not to a mere sealing off of difficulties that would only delay new ulterior difficulties from making their appearance"—an idea that de Gaulle himself would certainly have stated with more enlightening clarity or else with much richer ambiguity. This official government-released news was, in the case of *Figaro*, printed not on the front page but on an inner page under an apparently irrelevant headline in huge type, "THE GREEN TELEPHONE FUNCTIONED." And, sure enough, in the scant accompanying text came the news that the General had "revealed to the Ministerial Council" that he had been in personal communication with Kosygin on June 5th and 6th. *Le Monde* reported that "the green phone functioned perfectly," adding, for the benefit of all its readers who happened to be science-fiction fans, that the instrument was not really a phone but a teletype that operated on a double circuit, one cable and the other radio. Foolishly asked by the Paris press what Kosygin and de Gaulle had talked about, the Minister discreetly refused to reply but, in a burst of confidence, gave a bloodcurdling revelation that "what seemed rather remarkable was that the great powers"—France, Russia, England, and the United States—"who had more or less refused to make close contacts with each other before the hostilities broke out, spontaneously got in touch as soon as the war became a reality."



An influential source for further confusion and split in the French reaction on the Middle East war lay in the fact that the French Communists, who comprise about a fifth of the most politically minded portion of the population here, loyally followed the Soviet line and were thus pro-Nasser and pro-Arab. The rest of the French, possibly as a belated form of generalized European guilt felt for the fate of the masses of European Jews lost in the horrors of the German crematories, were overwhelmingly pro-Israel, especially after Nasser's insane promise to wipe Israel's two and a half million Jews off the earth of the Holy Land. The Secretary General of the Communist Party, M. Waldeck Rochet, last week gave a speech on the Middle East tension that was reported in his party's daily paper, *Humanité*, in which he said, "In France, a violent anti-Arab campaign has broken out in relation to the State of Israel's right to exist. . . . Our party has always fought racism and anti-Semitism. Thousands of militant Communists in the Nazi concentration camps perished at the side of the thousands and thousands of Jews, also condemned by Hitler. But the fact of recognizing Israel's right to exist and of fighting against anti-Semitism does not oblige us to approve of the anti-Arab policy being dangerously practiced at present by the Israeli government. In fact, we consider that in lending itself to the maneuvers of American capitalism in the hope of imposing its own demands, today's Israeli government has put the security of its own country in a dangerous situation." He concluded with an indignant flourish, as if Washington had been about to launch another unpopular Eastern foreign war for our soldiers to fight in, "It is not merely by chance that today the United States threatens to intervene with force against the United Arab Republic and the Arab peoples' struggle for independence." On the other hand,

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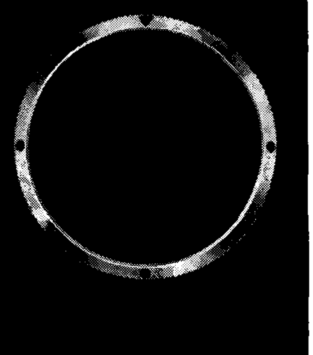

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the New York *Times* was reported by *Le Monde's* United Nations correspondent as having stated that "President de Gaulle is apparently willing to throw Israel to the Egyptian sharks." From Tel Aviv itself came the report that the Israelis were "very bitter at the neutrality of the French," with whom they thought they had enjoyed over the years an informal, friendly alliance that was still operative. Were the Egyptians at this moment in any shape to protest about anything at all, Paris Middle East experts suppose that Cairo, too, might well be complaining—in its case, about Moscow's failure to give any important support to the Arab cause during this last fortnight.

Israel's victory has, in spite of everything, been a piece of very good luck indeed for the Gaullist party, and certainly a stroke of good fortune for de Gaulle himself, since foreign affairs are his exclusive concern. And certainly his must have been the decisive voice in the only official statement of government policy made by the Conseil des Ministres, on June 2nd, when the war was about to break—"France is not committed, in any way or on any subject, to any of the states involved." Masses of Gaullists were shocked at what was immediately called his neutralization of France in a time of war between Israel and the Arabs, when the Gaullists felt that France could not, with morality, be neutral about the Jews. There was also the feeling on the part of most of the French that the escaped Jews, having made Israel their abode, should not be betrayed again, and this time by someone they had counted on to stand by them as a friend.

Apparently, the top Gaullist most familiar with de Gaulle's use of neutralism as a doctrinal resource was Premier Pompidou. He had already made a speech about it some time ago, doubtless at de Gaulle's demand and probably so as to put the idea into circulation without anyone's paying much attention to it, because de Gaulle wanted to insert it into history when the right time came. "In this dangerous world," Pompidou said in his speech, "in which the great powers have endless, incalculable strength at their disposal, there must be one voice that can be lifted for the right of nations, no matter how feeble they are, to answer for themselves and say what they want to say about their own destiny"—presumably, whether they get their wish or not. France has, it seems, on de Gaulle's decision, become that single voice, which will naturally give her a unique

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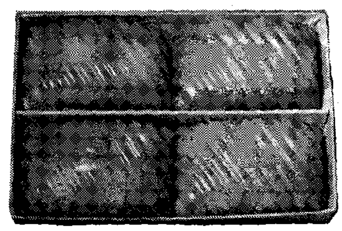

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new importance, if anyone is listening. On de Gaulle's theory of neutralization, an explicit, if puzzling, article with the semi-ironic title "Why de Gaulle Dropped Israel" was published in last week's *Nouvel Observateur*, which analyzes the General's theories, beginning at the beginning: "After having disposed of the Algerian war, after having given independence to the major part of the French empire, de Gaulle's France could claim to have no more colonial or imperialistic ties, and could thus make herself the apostle of coöperation and represent *les petites nations*," for whom no one normally speaks and who rarely get a chance to speak for themselves. In the world of the little nations, his doctrinaire neutralism seems to de Gaulle to be "the only manner of escape for them—and, indeed, for the entire world—from the blows that are dealt society by the power struggle between the Americans and the Soviet Union," whose "concerted hegemony is a yoke" equally to be resisted, if possible. In his pessimistic wisdom, the article adds, he feels that Russian-American agreements would be almost as dangerous for the world as Russian-American disagreements.

What seems the most unexpected development of de Gaulle's neutralization doctrine, which he reportedly hopes to make the axis of French diplomatic action, is the fact that General Moshe Dayan, the Minister of Defense in the Israeli Cabinet, has already stated, according to one or two Paris papers, that he and his people want to try to arrange the Israeli-Arab peace by talking among themselves, without going to the United Nations. Well, now is the time for France to lift her voice as the new apostle of coöperation. —GENÊT

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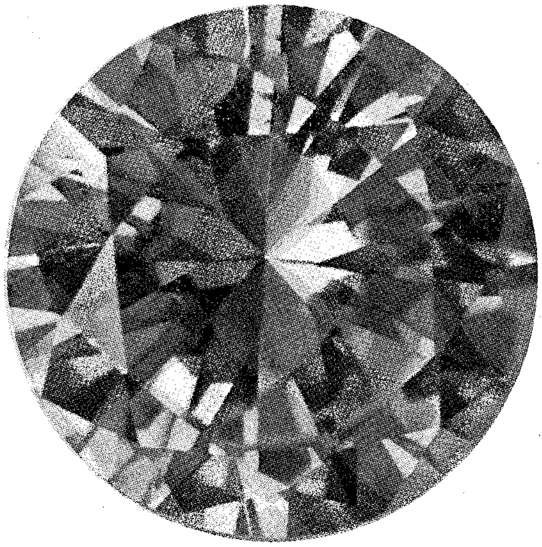

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THE RACE TRACK

A Long Run Ends

BUCKPASSER isn't going to Paris for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud after all. He finished third, four lengths or so behind his stablemate Poker and three behind the Cragwood Stable's Assagai in the Bowling Green Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday—his first defeat in sixteen starts. Shortly after the race, Ogden Phipps, who owns him, said the French adventure was cancelled; one reason was that Buckpasser had not run well on the grass wearing the smooth shoes that are obligatory on the French racecourse, and another was that he would have had to carry 134 pounds, or one less than he was given in the Bowling Green. I'm pleased to report that he is none the worse for that effort, and that his next start will be in the Suburban Handicap at the Big A on the Fourth of July—if the weight assigned him meets with his stable's approval.

Assagai will run for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud. As this is written, arrangements have not been completed for the trip, but MacKenzie Miller, who trains the sleek dark-bay colt, expects everything to be set in a day or two. Best of luck to him.

The Bowling Green Handicap gave promise of being a most enthralling event, what with Buckpasser, the best horse we've had in a decade, running his first race on the grass as a test for his trip abroad, and giving eight pounds to Assagai, who was voted tops on the turf in this country last season. However, the race was far from enthralling. From the beginning, Poker led the four other starters, who were strung out behind him, at an almost leisurely pace until he was about two furlongs from home, at which point Assagai began bearing down on him. If Adams, who rode Assagai, had started his run sooner, and hadn't made such a wide turn in the stretch, I daresay he would have won. For at least a mile and a quarter, Buckpasser was a distant fourth. Then Baeza showed him the whip, and he gave out with a faint copy of that astonishing burst of speed he turned on in the Metropolitan Handicap, and while it was enough to carry him past Dunderhead into third place, he was three lengths behind Assagai at the winning post. The time for the mile and five furlongs was 2:41⅖, which is three and two-fifths seconds slower than the track record set by Moontrip when he won the Bowling Green a year ago. This time, Moontrip was last all the way.

If Poker hadn't been coupled in the betting with Buckpasser, and there had been a separate price against him, as there would have been in France or England, he would have paid at least 20–1, for he had won only once in eleven tries this season. Full marks go to Boland, who rode him and who is one of the better judges of pace. Boland saved the bacon for the merry men who backed Flag Raiser down to 1–5 in the race before the Bowling Green and, after he had won by six lengths, sent it all back on Buckpasser. The Phipps entry paid $2.80. One of the many imponderables in racing is that a horse may run well on one track or one kind of footing but not so well on another. Buckpasser ticked off several smart workouts on the grass at Belmont, but the turf there is different from that at Aqueduct—not so hard, for one thing. No doubt the shoes he wore put him at a disadvantage. Baeza said that he was never striding right, but kept slipping all over the place. Poker, Assagai, and the other two wore shoes with toes and calks, which gave them a better grip on the ground. By the way, Buckpasser has bagged some part of the purse in every one of his twenty-eight starts. His share of this one was $5,540, which brings his earnings to $1,347,744.

FROM all accounts, Damascus won the Leonard Richards Stakes at Delaware Park last Saturday as easily as everyone had expected he would. He had beaten Misty Cloud, who was second, by eight lengths in the Preakness, and had beaten Favorable Turn, who was third, by more than that in the Belmont and the Preakness. Though his stable's plans for him haven't been announced, it's a good bet that he won't take on Dr. Fager in the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park in Chicago this weekend. —AUDAX MINOR

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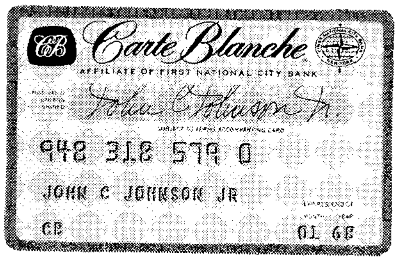

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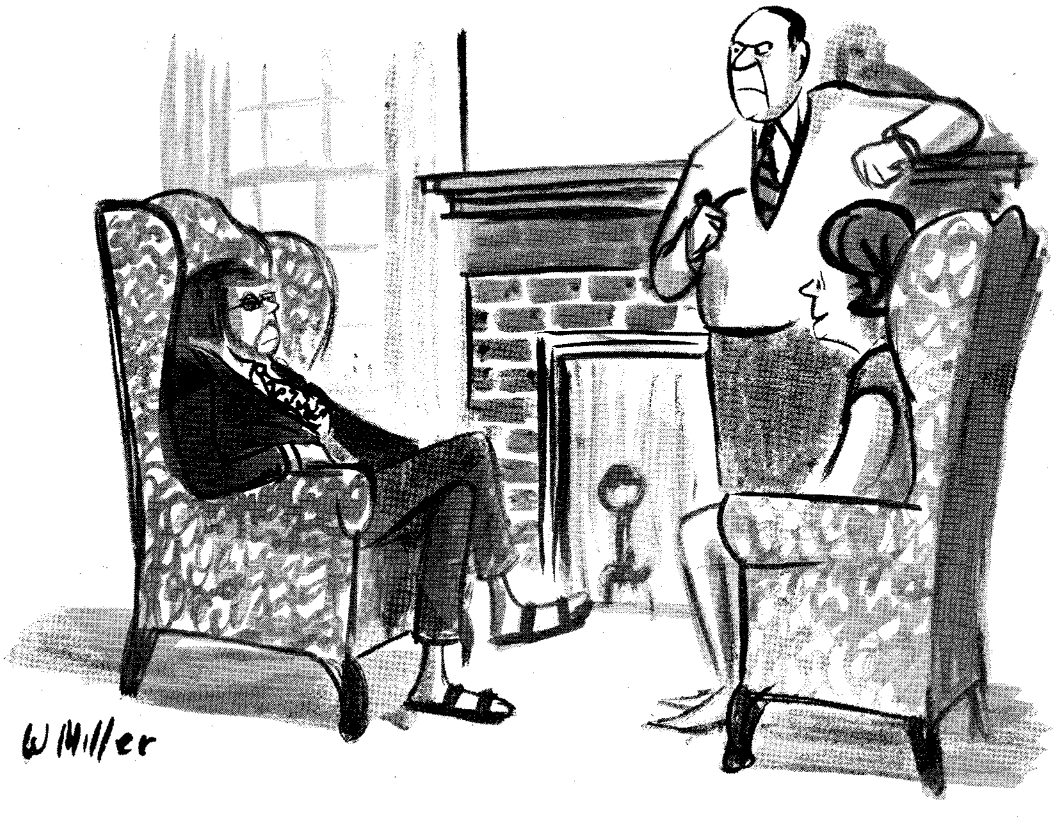
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 18

IT can be unsettling to dwell upon what might be the state of this union today if dumb luck had not favored it in moments of great danger during the last two decades. In June, 1950, a providential boycott of the Security Council by the Soviet Union made it possible for us to intervene in Korea as an agent of the United Nations. The Soviet representative was under orders to absent himself in protest against the presence of the Chinese Nationalists; had he been at his station, he would have vetoed the enabling resolution and thus compelled this country to abandon its intervention or, as we would almost certainly have done, to go on with it in disregard of the Security Council. Since then, the Russians have coexisted with the Chinese Nationalists in the U.N. and have not allowed pique or principle to get in the way of policy. However, their falling out with the Chinese Communists and the subsequent falling out of the Chinese leaders among themselves—developments that caught us by surprise and confounded many of our leading theoreticians—have so far worked very much to our advantage, at least in the sense of lessening the hazards of our unilateral intervention in Vietnam. Now, in what may be the greatest stroke of luck in our recent history, we are the beneficiaries of the power and swiftness of maneuver of Israeli arms—or, as it might be seen through Russian eyes, of the vulnerability of Arab defenses and the incompetence of the Egyptian High Command. No one here thinks that we could have avoided some kind of military involvement if the war had gone on for more than a week or two, or if there had been at any point a period of a few days in which the outcome was in doubt. The President had made non-intervention an aim of American policy and had so advised the Soviet Premier, who had replied that it was also the aim of his government. But the road to war in this century has been littered with such assurances. Moreover, Soviet non-intervention, as it had been explained to the Arab leaders, was contingent on American non-intervention, which in practice would almost certainly have been contingent on Israel's capacity for achieving an early superiority and maintaining it for the duration. Had there not been a large gap in the Egyptian radar net, and had not the Israelis learned of it and exploited it at the outset with the Mystère fighter-bombers they had been fortunate enough to be able to purchase from the non-aligned French, we would have faced, perhaps in the first week of combat, what would have appeared to be a clear choice between the defense of Israel, on the one hand, and, on the other, an acceptance of its destruction and of Soviet dominance throughout the Middle East. At the same time, the Soviets would have had to choose between non-intervention and the wrecking of the most audacious of their diplomatic designs. As things worked out, we had no need and they had no time to reconsider.

The Administration has not, of course, acknowledged the role of the fortuitous and the unforeseen. On the contrary, it maintains that the solid foundation of American strategy in the days immediately before and after the outbreak of hostilities was an estimate of the relative military capabilities of the Israelis and the Arabs that was shown by events to have been accurate in almost every detail. Its case here is a strong one. Whatever bungling and mischief may recently have been charged to its account, the Central Intelligence Agency served the government well in this emergency; for several weeks before the war, those who enjoyed access to its reports were saying that the Arabs were no match for the Israelis and that any conflict between them would be short. By "short," however, they did not mean three days but something more on the order of three weeks. Moreover, those who made such forecasts did not expect Jordan to be a belligerent from the start, and they were careful to point out that a war in 1967 would differ from the one in 1956 in that Nasser had been strengthened by several billion dollars' worth of first-rate Soviet equipment, and that the Israelis this time could expect no help from France, England, or any other European power. But if our military intelligence was far superior to that which the Soviet Union must have been getting, our political and diplomatic intelligence could hardly have been more misleading. As recently as the first of this month, White House and State Department people were persuaded that a military showdown, if it ever came to that, was at least weeks away. There was time, it was felt, to work out what the President liked to call his "multilateral" policy—a challenge of Nasser's blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba by, in the President's word, a "flo-



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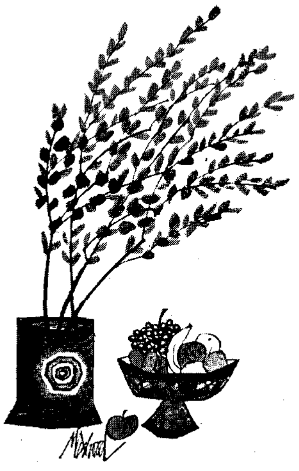
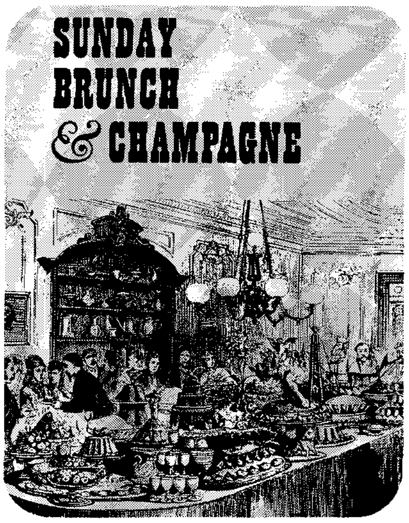
tilla" of vessels representing a consortium, as yet nonexistent, of maritime powers. Though skeptics were to be encountered here and there in the Administration, the prevailing view was that if this would not avert war it would surely delay it and narrow the theatre of operations. "This one is on a long, slow-burning fuse," a State Department spokesman said only a day before the British Prime Minister told an American television audience that the crisis might come to a head in a matter of hours. Harold Wilson was right; Israeli planes were on their way to the Egyptian airfields about twelve hours after he spoke.

It may someday be revealed, in the memoirs of Abba Eban and other participants, that the relaxed and sanguine atmosphere in this city had the effect of heightening tensions in Tel Aviv. Eban had been in Washington and had been told of our plan to call Nasser's bluff. He may have been unconvinced of the efficacy of our approach, but he evidently thought it was in his country's interest to go along with it for a while—if only to allow us time in which to educate ourselves as to its inherent weakness. At any rate, he urged patience on his fellow Cabinet Ministers. But while he was doing this, it became clear that there was not much enthusiasm elsewhere in the world for a multilateral cruise through the Strait of Tiran. The only firm commitment came from Portugal, and support from Portugal, from the Administration's point of view, was about as desirable diplomatically as the support of the John Birch Society would be in domestic politics. (On May 30, Nicholas Katzenbach, the Under-Secretary of State, returned from a fence-mending tour of twelve nations in sub-Saharan Africa, where he had learned that the heaviest of our liabilities was our alliance in NATO with the rulers of Angola and Mozambique.) On the eve of war, there was little sense here of war's imminence, and no policy except to organize—in some uncertain and, as it must have seemed in Tel Aviv, increasingly unlikely future—a maritime expedition in defense of Israel's right of access to one of its ports. We were isolated from our major allies and agreed among ourselves only on the desirability of American non-intervention and of Israel's survival. The Israeli Ministers had every reason to conclude that any support they might ever hope to get from us would be too little and too late to assure the survival of their state, which could have been cut to pieces while its navigational rights were being defended a hundred and fifty miles from its borders. It is assumed here that they reached exactly this conclusion and, upon reaching it, launched the war—or, as our strategists would put it, took preëmptory action. It was our good luck as well as theirs that the Egyptian air commanders, like the American policymakers, thought they had a bit more time.



THE war may have solved more problems for the Johnson Administration here than for the Eshkol Administration in Tel Aviv, which, partly as a consequence of its efforts to please and accommodate the United States, is said to face a formidable challenge from its opposition. As soon as it was clear that Israeli armor was meeting little resistance as it moved across the Sinai, the President had nothing to do except instruct Ambassador Goldberg to plead for a cease-fire in the Security Council and to be expediently long-winded about it; it was an assignment perfectly suited to the Ambassador's talents and to the political needs of the Administration, at home as well as abroad. The President can now, for the first time, point to a war into which he did not lead us. When this country is accused of seeking to police the world, it can respond that its role in the Middle East has been strictly that of a peacemaker. Since the Arab states still have their radio transmitters, the Arab masses may never believe this, but the grateful American masses will, and analysts in both parties are now agreed that the President's political future is measurably brighter than it was only two weeks ago. No politician of any stature and no faction of any consequence is critical of his management of affairs in this crisis. Opponents of his Vietnam policy are probably as numerous as ever, but the crisis undermined their solidarity and made it more difficult for them to argue that the President is an irresponsible statesman and a warmonger. Those who would



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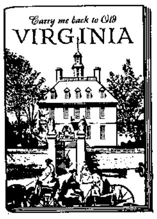

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have had him intervene on Israel's behalf if that had been called for have no reason to think he would have failed them and every reason to be grateful for the rhetorical support given Israel in the U.N. It is possible, though at present it seems improbable, that the United States and Israel will suffer a propaganda defeat in the session of the General Assembly that begins tomorrow. It would be a loss that we, at least, could easily afford, and that would strengthen the Administration every bit as much as victory would. The debate will offer Ambassador Goldberg and probably a half-dozen of his colleagues an opportunity to display, on network television, several sets of valuable credentials at once; they can establish their *bona fides* as stout friends of Israel, as lovers of peace, as partisans of negotiated settlement and the right of self-determination, and, of course, as anti-Communists. And all these benefactions and opportunities have come the Administration's way at no cost to it whatever. It neither purchased nor earned them. It did not pursue them at all; they came as a consequence of another nation's victory, and as far as this government is concerned, that victory was pure windfall.

We entered the crisis with nothing worthy of description as a policy, and it can hardly be said that we have one now. We will agree with everyone else that border questions should not be settled by force of arms, but such agreement is meaningless in this situation, and there is hardly anyone here who would not be delighted if the Israelis could manage to hold on to whatever territories they have seized and that are, in their view, necessary for the country's security. We will defend the Israeli position that the best chance of a lasting settlement lies in agreements reached by the recent belligerents themselves. But if anything is clear at the moment, it is that several Arab governments will have to fall and be replaced before any of them will concede Israel's legitimacy. For a time, a week or ten days ago, there was reason to hope that the Soviet Union had had enough of its Arab clients and would urge them to make the best deals they could. For the time being, at least, that hope has been dashed. For reasons that probably have less to do with its standing in the Arab world than with its standing in the Communist world, Moscow appears to be ready for another round in the Middle East. If that is so, then there will be no settlement except the one that Israel is now in a position to impose—at great cost to the future of its economy—with its own occupation forces. But whatever Soviet intentions may be for the short or the long run, recent Middle Eastern history seems unlikely to repeat itself; it will see the emergence either of conciliatory Arab governments prepared to negotiate a political settlement or of a new military conflict, in which Israeli defenses could not be assailed by Arab armies unaided by a major power. The American interest in a negotiated settlement is a powerful one, particularly if our commitments in Asia are to go on into the next decade and perhaps beyond, but there is little that we can do to promote it, except by arguing the case for its desirability and by trying to make the Arabs see our case with such lures as offers of assistance in, as the President's press secretary said last week, "the development of the entire area." (The Arabs, if they have been following American affairs lately, may be aware that neither the President nor his press secretary is in a position to offer them anything. Both foreign aid and Arabs are very much in disrepute here, and no prospect is more remote than a large American effort to make the Sahara bloom.) The only hope that anyone can see right now is that in time we can persuade the Soviets that their interests in the Middle East and ours are pretty much the same.

In time, they might agree. But if, as is now widely thought to be the case, their involvement in the Middle East is prompted by the difficulties they have been having with other Communist nations, we might find ourselves anything but pleased with the results. For, from their point of view, it might be perfectly logical to give up as a bad and thankless job their efforts to help the unreliable Arabs and invest their energies in more rewarding enterprises, such as the war in Vietnam or a resumption of the old hostilities in Korea or possibly even new trouble in Berlin and East Germany. If their aim in the Middle East has been to humiliate the

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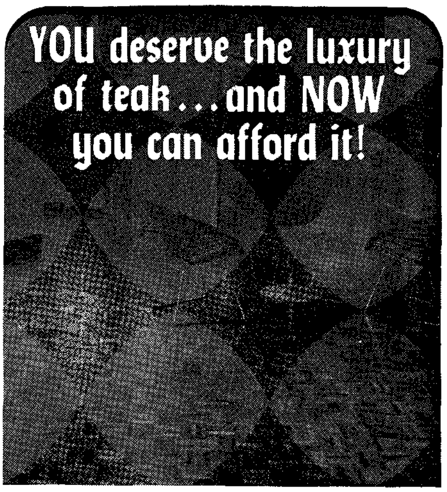
United States, then a withdrawal from the region might be nothing more than a prudent abandonment of barren ground in preparation for a search for a place of fertility and good hunting. To be sure, it is far from an established fact that our humiliation is the single aim of their policy. It may well be that they will conceive their interests—even as a government wishing to lead the forces of world revolution—as being better served by a global settlement that would bring an end to a profitless war in Vietnam as well as to a profitless armaments race in the Middle East. There are people here who think that the main task of American diplomacy now is to convince them of the soundness of this approach.

THE debate in the General Assembly comes at a time when the United Nations is lower in general esteem than it has been at any previous time in its existence. The Israelis do not conceal their contempt for it. The Arabs hope to salvage something from it, but if they fail they will join the general chorus of dispraise. Here, as in most other capitals, the majority opinion seems to be that the Secretary-General revealed himself as inept in the extreme in his speedy acceptance of Nasser's eviction notice. The unedifying debate in the Security Council led nowhere; the actual cease-fire came only when the Arabs had run out of ammunition and the Israelis had run out of targets. It is not likely that the General Assembly, even if it is ornamented with many heads of state, will do much to restore the institution's prestige. The attacks on the U.N., however, are being made by diplomats who have lived with it a long time and most of whom have never plied their trade in a world without such an organization. Whatever case there may be for the U.N., it can be made only by attempting to determine whether things would be better or worse without it. Quite clearly, nothing would be better if it did not exist or if it were now to be dissolved. If it was unable to stop the war, it was at least not responsible for starting it. If no good came of its debates, no harm came of them, either. On the one matter of substance before the Security Council—the cease-fire resolution—the Soviet Union and the United States were in agreement. The passage of the resolution did not put an end to the shooting, but it signalled an end to the possibility of a confrontation between the great powers involved. And now, if there is ever to be a chance of direct negotiations be-



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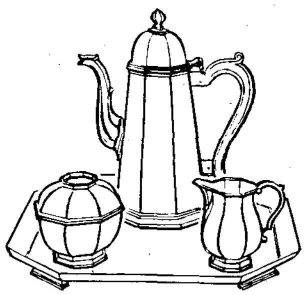

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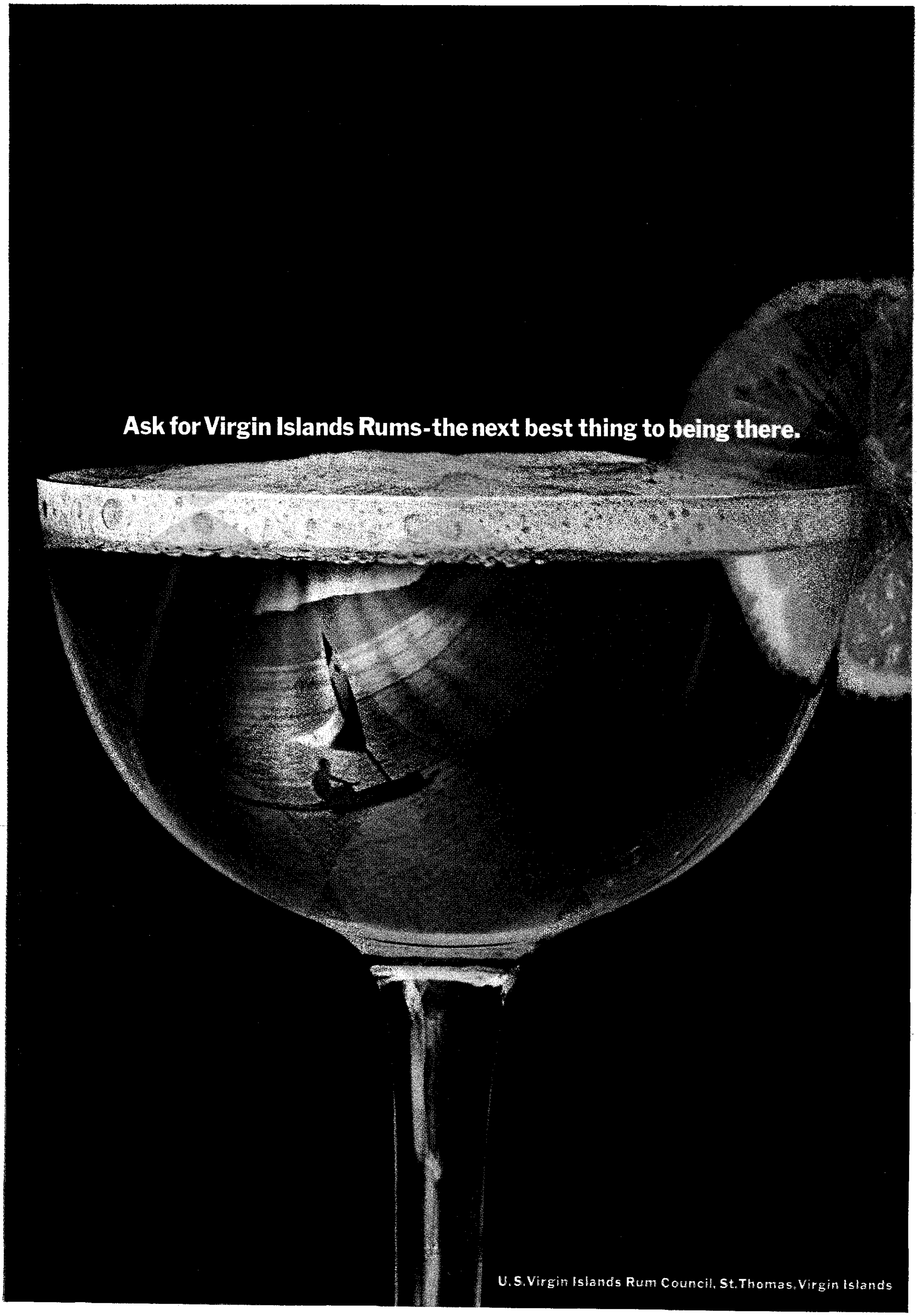
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tween the Israelis and the Arabs, the U.N. is the only organization that could encourage and sponsor them. Its chambers are the only place in which Arabs will sit in the presence of Israelis. And if it ever proves possible for the United States and the Soviet Union to arrive at a broad settlement of their disputes, then it should be possible for them both to provide the United Nations with the authority whose absence up to now has been the principal cause of its weakness and its present disfavor. —Richard H. Rovere

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Scene of the book is laid in Wyoming, and nearby is living the Indian Chief of the Cheyennes—Yellow Robe.

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BOOKS

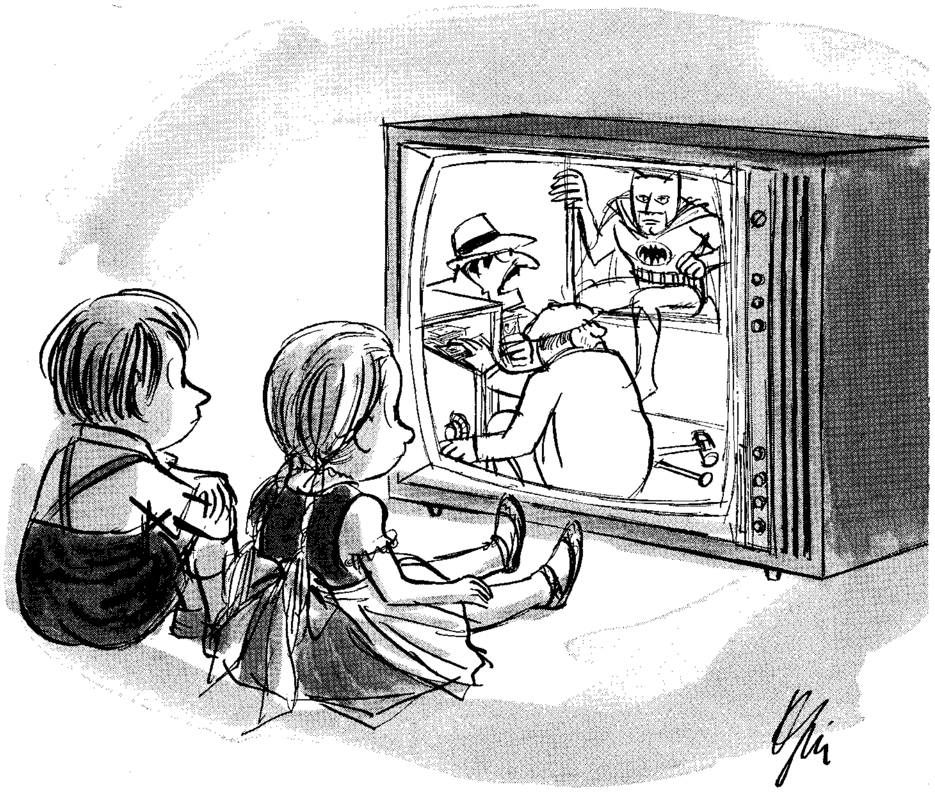
Process of Evolution

IN his foreword to "The Birth of Europe" (Evans-Lippincott; fifteen dollars), a comprehensive survey of medieval life, Robert Lopez warns his readers against the name Middle Ages. "The term 'Middle Ages,'" he writes, "is perhaps the most unfortunate of all the countless labels that we historians persist in attaching to arbitrary slices of the past." Nor are other labels much better: "The term adopted by romantics of the nineteenth century and our own day to rehabilitate this much-maligned period—'Age of Faith' or 'Age of Christianity'—is no more accurate." The variety of labels, and Mr. Lopez' reservations about them, suggests that despite its remoteness from our time medieval Europe has not achieved the clear, firm outlines of an object in the middle distance; its contours, its very nature, have remained fluid.

To all but the professional historian, periodization is a mystery or a bore. Debates over just what stretch of time to subsume under a single name, or just what name to apply, appear as verbal games empty of serious content. But this is a misconception. Devising, applying, and justifying periodic labels is among the historian's most difficult, most responsible tasks. Terms like Renaissance, Enlightenment, Romanticism—and Middle Ages—embody a complex judgment, often a value judgment. They are short names for hard decisions; they group together some phenomena and exclude others, and usually, implicitly but clearly, they assign praise or blame. Any historian who has thought about it at all knows that words are not things and that labels oversimplify, but he knows as well that things and their relations are clarified by the bold—and careful—use of words. Periodic names, in short, are inconvenient but essential.

The history of the name Middle Ages demonstrates the dual nature of periodic names and the emotional charge that often hides behind their innocent-looking façades. The idea of a Middle Age arose out of the claim, first made by Petrarch early in the fourteenth century and echoed by Renaissance historians for over two hundred years, that the Roman Empire had fallen and given way to a dark age. In 1644, the Dutch theologian Gisbert Voetius, following this line of reasoning, divided the history of the Western Church into three parts: the *antiquitas ecclesiae*, which came to an end between 500 and 600 A.D.; the *intermedia aetas*, our Middle Ages, which took up at this point and ended in 1517; and *nova* or *recens aetas*, or modern times. Not long after, in 1688, the German philologist Christoph Keller generalized Voetius's periodization of church history into the periodization of all history; in his scheme, antiquity came to an end with the accession of Constantine, the history of the Middle Ages—*historia medii aevi*—ended with the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and then modernity began.

The polemical intentions of these schemes are not far beneath the surface; the date 1517, when Luther affixed his ninety-five theses to the door of the Wittenberg church, leaves no doubt: to Protestant historians, the thousand years of Roman Catholic dominance over Europe were a time of darkness, the reign of anti-Christ. In fact, Voetius and Keller merely put systematically what German reformers and English Puritans had already argued in their sixteenth-century diatribes: that there had been a long and disastrous decline in the affairs of Christendom dating from the ascendancy of the papacy and happily ending with the mission of Wycliffe, Luther, and Calvin. It was polemics that brought the periodic label Middle Ages into existence, polemics that kept it alive. Hume, Voltaire, Robertson, and Gibbon, the leading historians of the Enlightenment, did not see the Middle Ages as a time of unrelieved darkness, stupidity, and superstition—they recognized revivals of trade, urban life, and philosophical speculation in the twelfth century—but on the whole the Humanist-Protestant periodic scheme served their purposes well: it permitted them to patronize the "Dark Ages" and Dante alike. Then, by one of those ironic reversals that are common in the history of historical writing, Romantic poets and historians at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century radically changed the significance of the Middle Ages; what had struck the *philosophes* as an age of darkness, of villainous barons and vicious priests, became in their eyes a glorious age of chivalry, of faith, of Christian unity. Thus the Romantics, by adopting the label, guaranteed its survival. Here was an anomaly that professional historians sought to resolve



"Ach! Das ist der Fledermausmann!"

in the course of the nineteenth century; Ranke was only the most prominent to denounce the term Middle Ages, without wholly giving it up. He had no intention of inculcating nostalgia for an age of knights and feudalism; his objection to the label was that it obscured the variety of medieval history and minimized its value to civilization.

In objecting to the name, therefore, Mr. Lopez finds himself with a respectable ancestry and supplies a clue to his estimate of the millennium between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries. In deploying his chapters and larger sections with commendable shrewdness, he gives a powerful impression of a vast cultural advance, a great gathering of forces for that superb final effort of bringing to birth the world of Europe. In Book One (and here I follow the rhetoric of Mr. Lopez' strenuously informal headings), "The Birth of Europe" moves from the collapse of the Roman Empire to its reincarnation, from the triumph of barbarism to the frail stability of the Carolingian Empire. These are the centuries when Rome becomes senile while Germany remains immature, when Arabs attack the Mediterranean basin, when feudal institutions and vernacular languages emerge. But then, in Book Two, we confront "The Dawn of Europe." In the tenth century, darkness begins to lift. New kingdoms arise, populations increase, young cities spawn a commercial revolution, feudalism establishes its complex order, and thought splendidly soars. Clearly, we are being prepared for the third act, the climax in the long birth of Europe: in the thirteenth century, the medieval world reaches its zenith in politics, economic life, theological inquiry, and social order. Then comes a time of decay and exhaustion—"The Middle Ages ends in a crisis, just as it has begun"—and a new equilibrium, from which Europe, fully born, may launch into the Renaissance.

I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Lopez is relentlessly sunny. As an economic historian with admirable command of the archives, determined in this book to move beyond economic history to a total view of medieval civilization, he gives space to the misery of medieval existence, the travail of the poor, the cost of pestilence, the burden of war, the risk of life. Moreover, he is moderate in his optimism. In his sparing and cautious employment of another touchy periodic term, Renaissance, he retreats (and does well, I think, to retreat) from his earlier claim that the tenth century could be called a Renaissance; he carefully places the word be-

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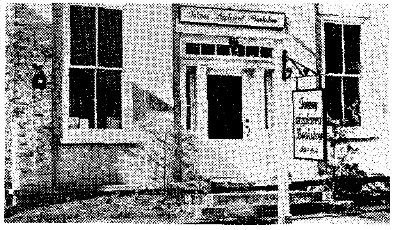

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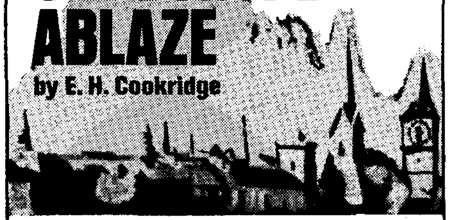

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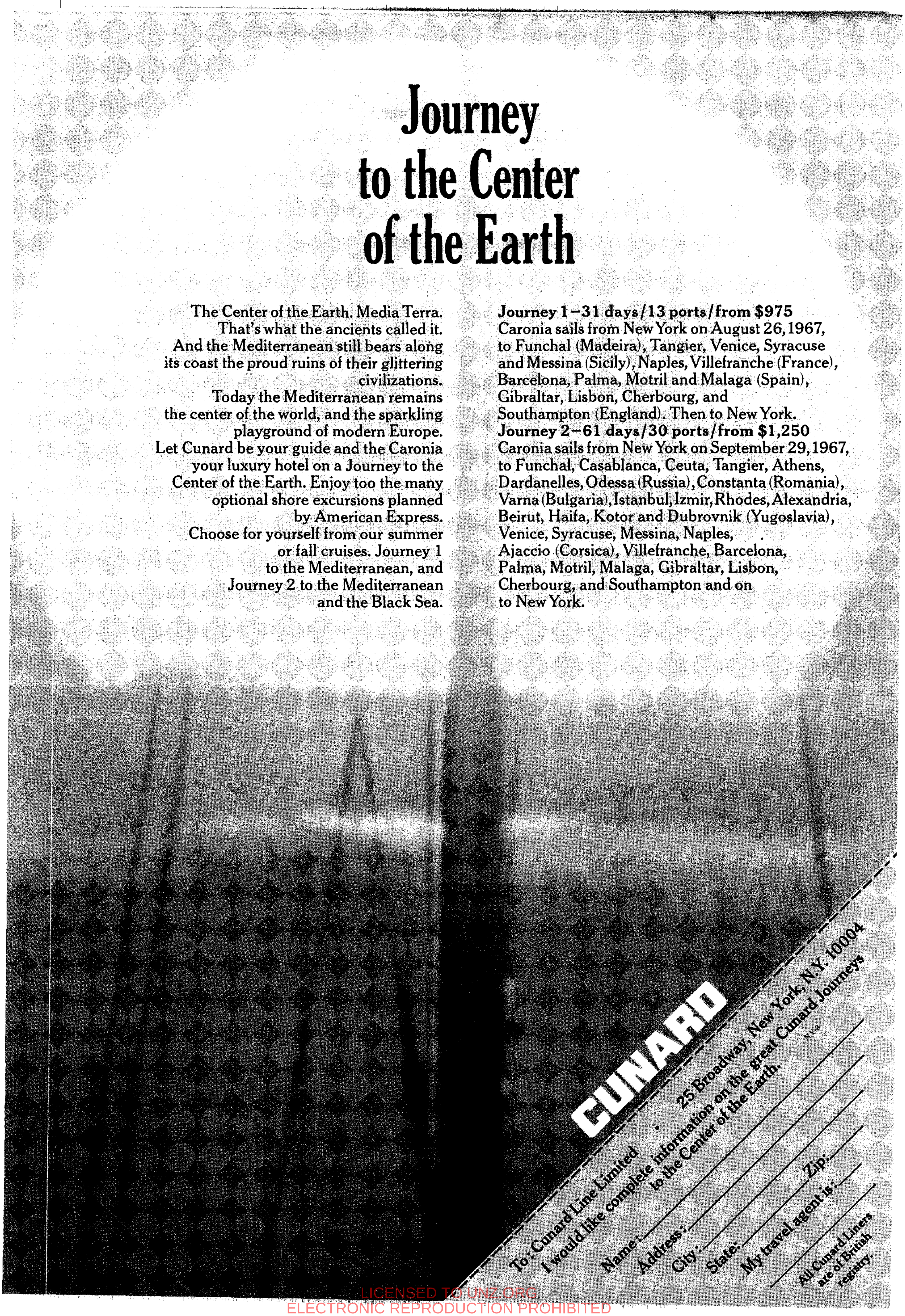
tween skeptical quotation marks, and notes that the much used name "Renaissance of the twelfth century" is really improper, for all the cultural revival that took place in that time. The concession is important, for as the name Middle Ages has generally had, and still has, a derogatory flavor, so the name Renaissance implies enthusiastic approval of a magnificent cultural flowering. It is not offered as a description but bestowed as an accolade, and this accolade Mr. Lopez is unwilling to bestow on the Middle Ages.

Yet the general impression Mr. Lopez offers of medieval life is one of high appreciation. Dealing with substantially similar material, Marc Bloch, the great French medievalist, like Mr. Lopez an economic historian, whom the Nazis shot in 1944, conveys a sombre view of existence in these centuries—a sense of anxiety, of failure, of early aging and pervasive superstition, of unappeased physical and intellectual hunger—which is, if not absent, at least muted in Mr. Lopez' pages. In appraising medieval philosophy and theology, Bloch is likely to stress the feeble results, while Mr. Lopez stresses the magnificence of the effort. There is a question not of scholarship here—Mr. Lopez' scholarship is impeccable and wide-ranging—but of subtle differences in the interpretation of elusive evidence. Whatever reservations his synthesis may provoke—and I am inclined to side with Bloch against him—it is likely that his position will find a wide audience and a sympathetic hearing. Mr. Lopez is a persuasive though hardly a stylish writer, and his control of the evidence is impressive. Besides, he has had an effective if rather overwhelming ally in the pleading of his case—his publishers. The physical appearance of "The Birth of Europe" is bound to produce two distinct impressions. At first sight, the book seems to be just another commercial product, to be placed conspicuously on the coffee table, glanced at but not read; it is bulky, fairly expensive, gaudily wrapped, lavishly illustrated—in short, ostentatiously beautiful. But a closer look corrects this impression; the apparatus is in itself appealing—the color plates are true, the photographs clear, the drawings pleasing, and the maps superbly legible—and it supports the text. Precisely because the medieval world is so remote from our own, the illustrations are more than pretty decorations: they give valuable information.

A final question remains, however, and it is the illustrations that keep the difficulty unresolved. The men and women, their dress and their occupations, their dwellings, their pastimes and their beliefs are strange, part of a world that is not our own. They may be participating in "the birth of Europe"—a title that is, after all, as tendentious as the despised name Middle Ages—but their Europe is not ours. And this was precisely the point that eighteenth-century historians were trying to make about the medieval world. Surely Voltaire's and Gibbon's view of the Middle Ages was a malicious caricature, but it embodied a truth worth remembering: medieval ways of thinking about space and time, life and death, science and theology were fundamentally different from modern ways. Mr. Lopez is not happy with the name Age of Faith, and it does sound quaintly old-fashioned. But it is a good name; the master metaphor of medieval thought was the hierarchy, ranging from God to inanimate nature—a hierarchy in which each had his place and his duty. In this hierarchy, the heavens were higher than the earth, theology was more dignified than philosophy, the spiritual superior to the material, the Word of God infinitely more significant than the words of man. There were secular occupations, and medieval men had secular thoughts. But their final concerns, their highest endeavors, were directed at religious fulfillment; men desperately wanted to avoid damnation and deserve salvation. The Church symbolized man's purpose and dominated, figuratively and literally, his landscape. The medieval world, as Mr. Lopez has no occasion to deny, was, in his words, "a universe straining towards God."

Diplozoon paradoxum.
C. Scotus pinx.

But modern Europe is not an age of faith. Some of its institutions, notably the universities and representative government, were born in the Middle Ages, and some medieval ways of thinking have survived. Nevertheless, the style of thought that marks the Europe of our time and has marked it for centuries came into prominence first in the Renaissance, and came to full expression for the first time in the Enlightenment. It is a style dominated by critical detachment, by doubt, by sci-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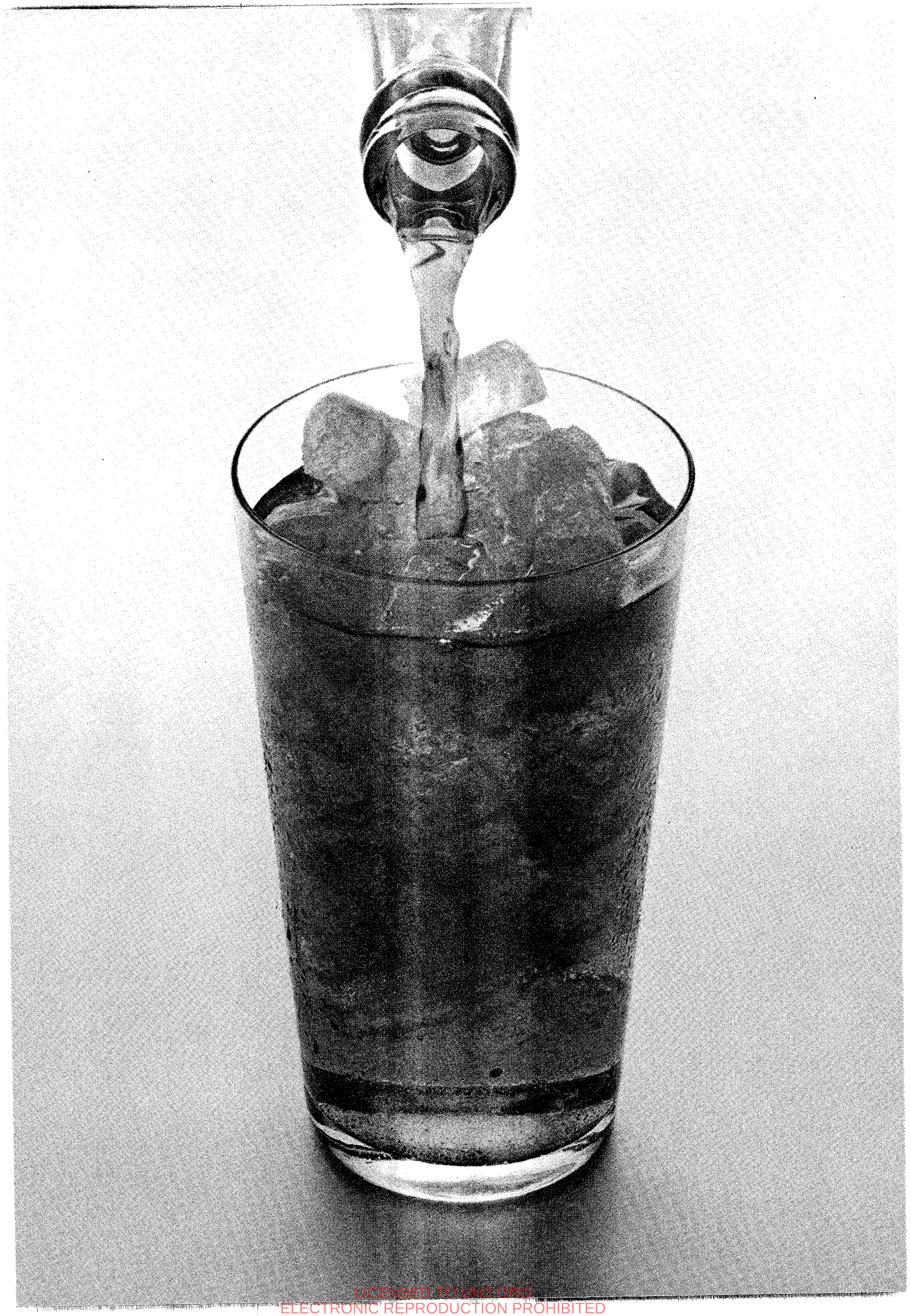

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ence, by secular interests, and freed, by and large, from the metaphor of universal hierarchy. Is Mr. Lopez' title, then, less likely to create misunderstanding than an old-fashioned title would have done? It is a serious question, but then only a very good book could provoke it. —PETER GAY

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GREEN LIGHTS ARE BLUE, by Ursule Molinaro (New American Library). Philippe Lapparent, a middle-aged Frenchman who has become an American citizen and is successful in advertising in New York, returns to France when his mother dies. He is accompanied by his Boston-born and Boston-bred wife, and they go straight to his native town, Vierzon, where the family glass factory was owned by his mother and her sister. Philippe and the sister, his aunt, were lovers once, and although they have not met for more than twenty years, they become lovers again without delay. The family parrot, who has a good memory, recalls their first amorous encounter, and recalls other facts about the family. The aunt's husband, a man with angular emotions, discovers in himself an enthusiastic appetite for necrophilia. The American wife is embarrassed by her husband's family, but embarrassment does not curb her natural aggressiveness. Miss Molinaro's tricky stop-and-go prose creates a thick, coy atmosphere that is not pleasant but that is effective in fixing the small incidents and comic-obscene attitudes on which her work depends.

THE GODMOTHER, by Janice Elliott (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Less a novel than a brown-paper pattern of a novel. Throughout her work, Miss Elliott maintains the capable, even tone of a well-ordered housekeeper ticking off her grocery list, and her satisfaction with her insight into the failings of her unfortunate collection of female characters is so evident that one cannot help feeling an impatient sympathy for them—they are dull women, but helpless in their dullness, and they should never have been exposed to the light of print. They are not suitable material for the kind of irony Miss Elliott strives very hard to achieve, and she should pit her strength and cleverness against people her own size. The scene is English, and so are the women—the godmother, an old lady whose life is

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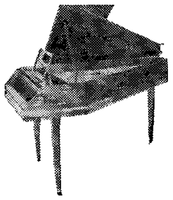

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almost finished; her nephew's young wife, a confused girl who is erased in midpassage for no reason made real to the reader; and two disagreeable, good-looking sisters who have nothing much in common except their edgy manners, which seem to be governed entirely by a subterranean spite that is never quite identified or made to seem a natural or ineradicable part of their natures. There is also James, a limp figure in male dress, who takes the place of a man in the story.

Diary of a Mad Housewife, by Sue Kaufman (Random House). Miss Kaufman expresses herself in a very shrill voice in this overstuffed account of the life of a thirty-six-year-old wife and mother who lives in a large, comfortable apartment on Central Park West and has no money worries. The lady's name is Bettina Balser, and she writes in the first person, setting down all her anxieties, regrets, fears, and fancies, giving a résumé of her life, and telling of her difficulties with her children and with her husband and with her servants. It is a commonplace tale, which would not matter, since most life stories run to one type or another, but Bettina is ordinary, and so is her husband, and while they are both pitiable, they cannot stand up under the lengthy investigation they are subjected to in this niggling novel. It is surprising that a writer of Miss Kaufman's proved talent should offer this as serious work.

GENERAL

Manhattan Project: The Untold Story of the Making of the Atomic Bomb, by Stephane Groueff (Little, Brown). A serious account, though done in a popular, journalistic style, of the tremendous enterprise that translated the theory of the bomb into a bomb-production industry during the years 1942-45. The author, chief of the New York bureau of *Paris-Match*, arranges the narrative in suspense-novel form, which suits his material, and, while tucking in a half-semester course in atomic fission, he describes the leading members of his huge cast in enough detail to make them plausible persons, even when their talents (Fermi's ability to calculate with a slide rule) are beyond a layman's comprehension. General Leslie Groves is the leading character, and Mr. Groueff enables us to appreciate exactly what the man in charge of the project—a combination of ring-

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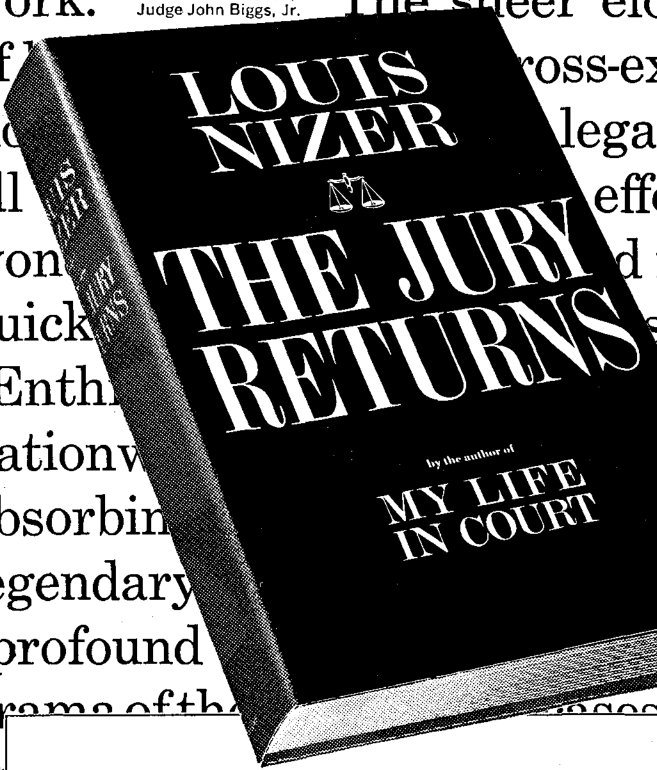

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master, slave driver, and arbiter of policy questions that were logically insoluble—had to do. The book is a remarkable achievement. Its one fault is the author's professional breathlessness.

THE 1826 JOURNAL OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, transcribed, with an introduction and notes, by Alice Ford (University of Oklahoma Press). The first publication in its entirety of Audubon's day-to-day account of his visit to Britain (Liverpool, Manchester, and Edinburgh) in search of an engraver and publisher for his projected "The Birds of America." Audubon was a painstaking diarist, and this eight-month memoir, written in the form of letters to his wife in Louisiana, shows him at his best—naïve, sincere, proud, and, above all, ebullient: "I was asked to imitate the Wild Turkey call, and I did, to the surprise of all the circle. Hooted like a Barred Owl, and cooed like the doves." Miss Ford's notes—particularly her explanatory footnotes—are excellent, but it should be added that the index is not perfectly reliable. Illustrated with sketches and drawings done by Audubon during his trip, and portrait studies of some of the many Britons who befriended him.

THE BLACK ARTS, by Richard Cavendish (Putnam). One of the few sane and sensible books on the subject, which is really what Sir James Frazer called it—"the long history of human folly." Mr. Cavendish describes numerology, alchemy, cabala, the tarot, witchcraft, and such without either sensationalism or advocacy, explaining how they are practiced, what they are believed to attain, and why they are believed to attain it. Illustrated with diagrams.

NOTE: Random House has published "A Comprehensible World: On Modern Science and Its Origins," by Jeremy Bernstein. All the articles in the book first appeared in this magazine. . . . "A Prelude: Landscapes, Characters and Conversations from the Earlier Years of My Life," by Edmund Wilson, which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. A number of photographs have been added.

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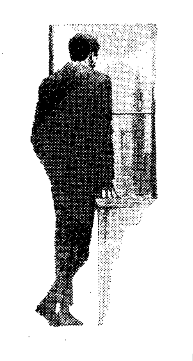

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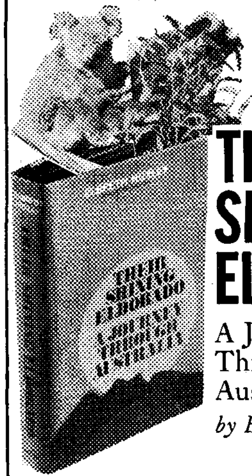

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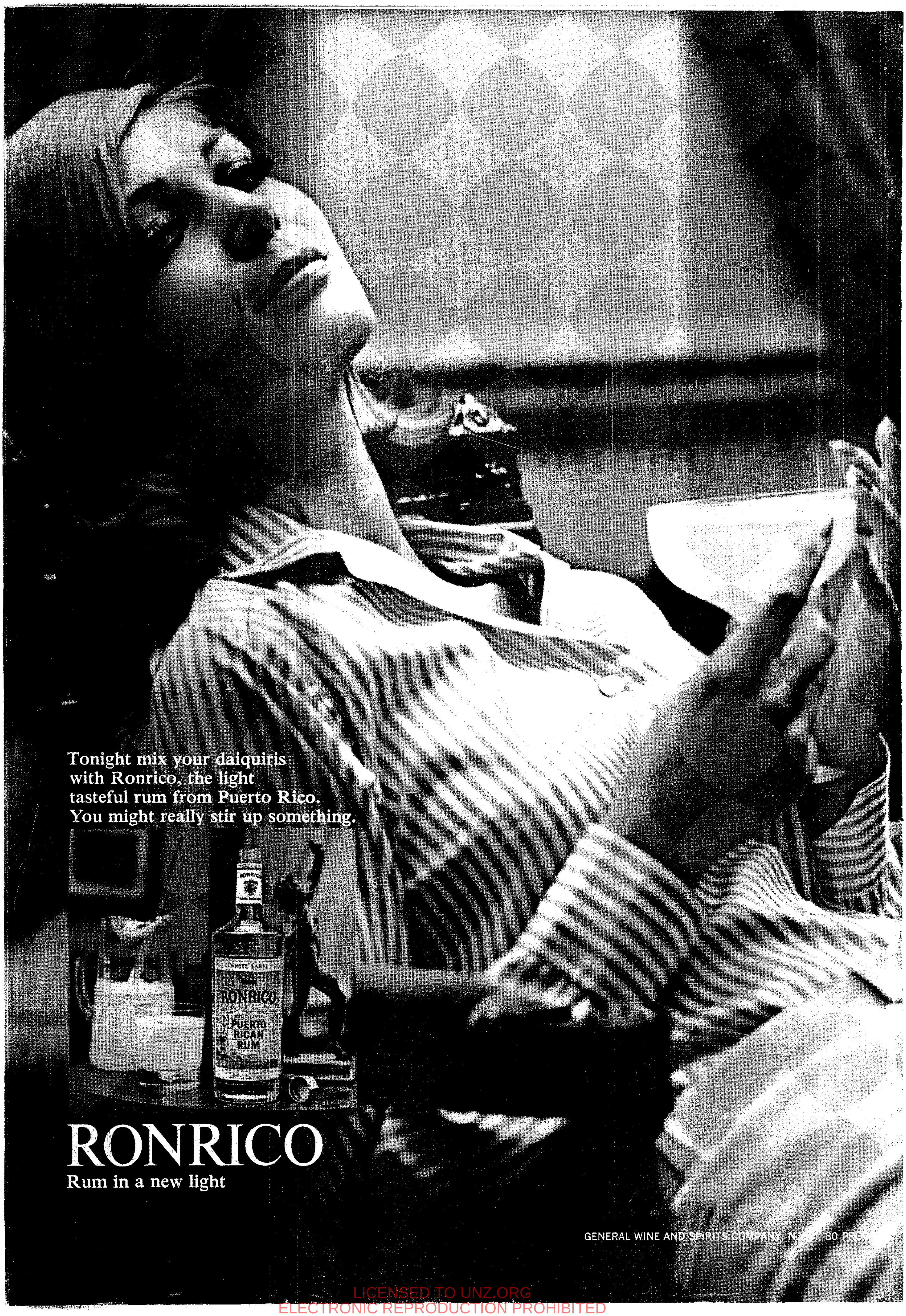

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